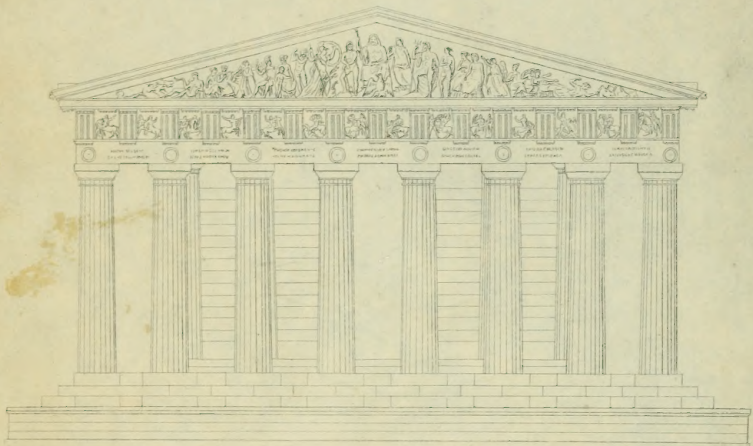




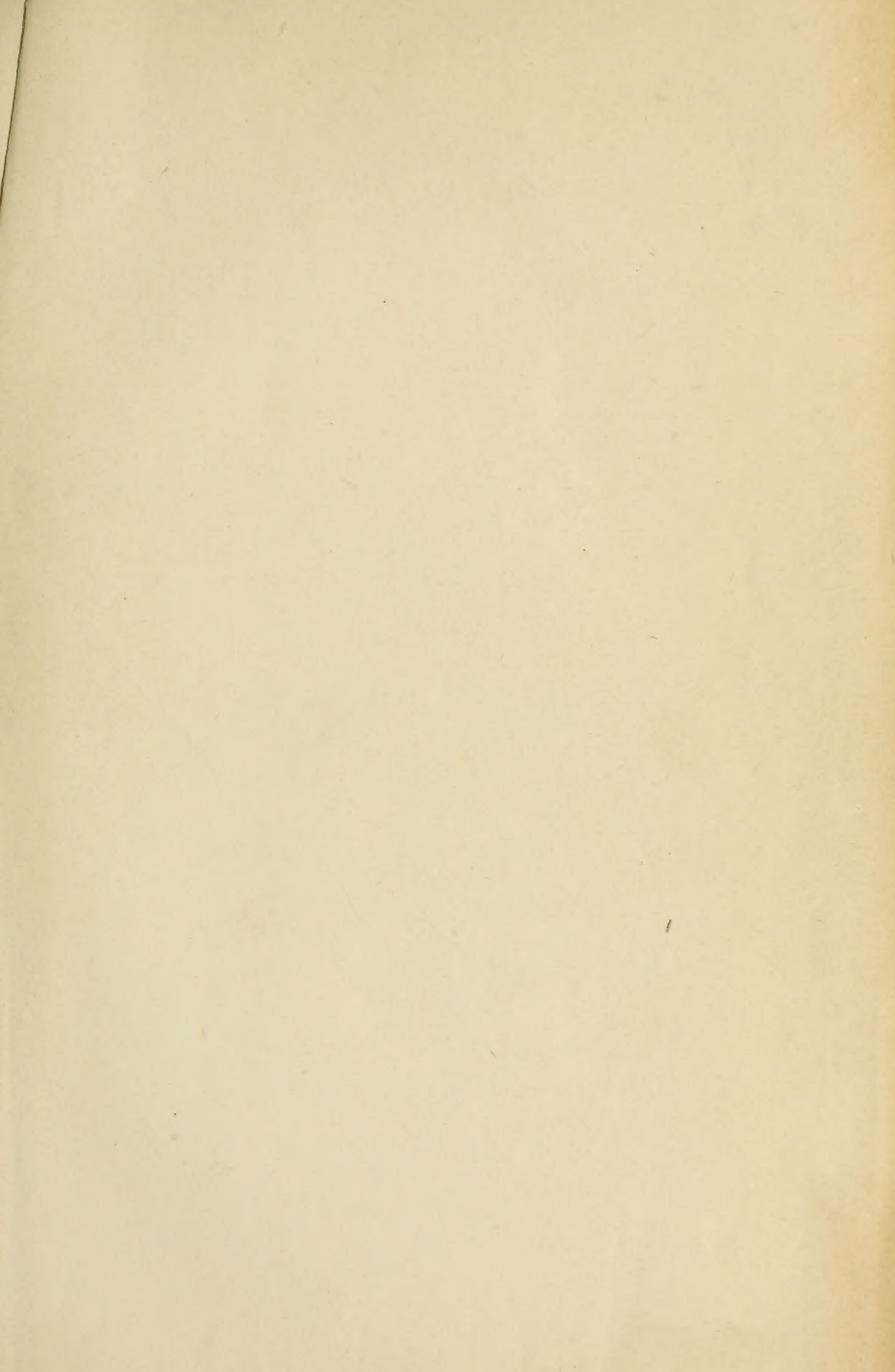
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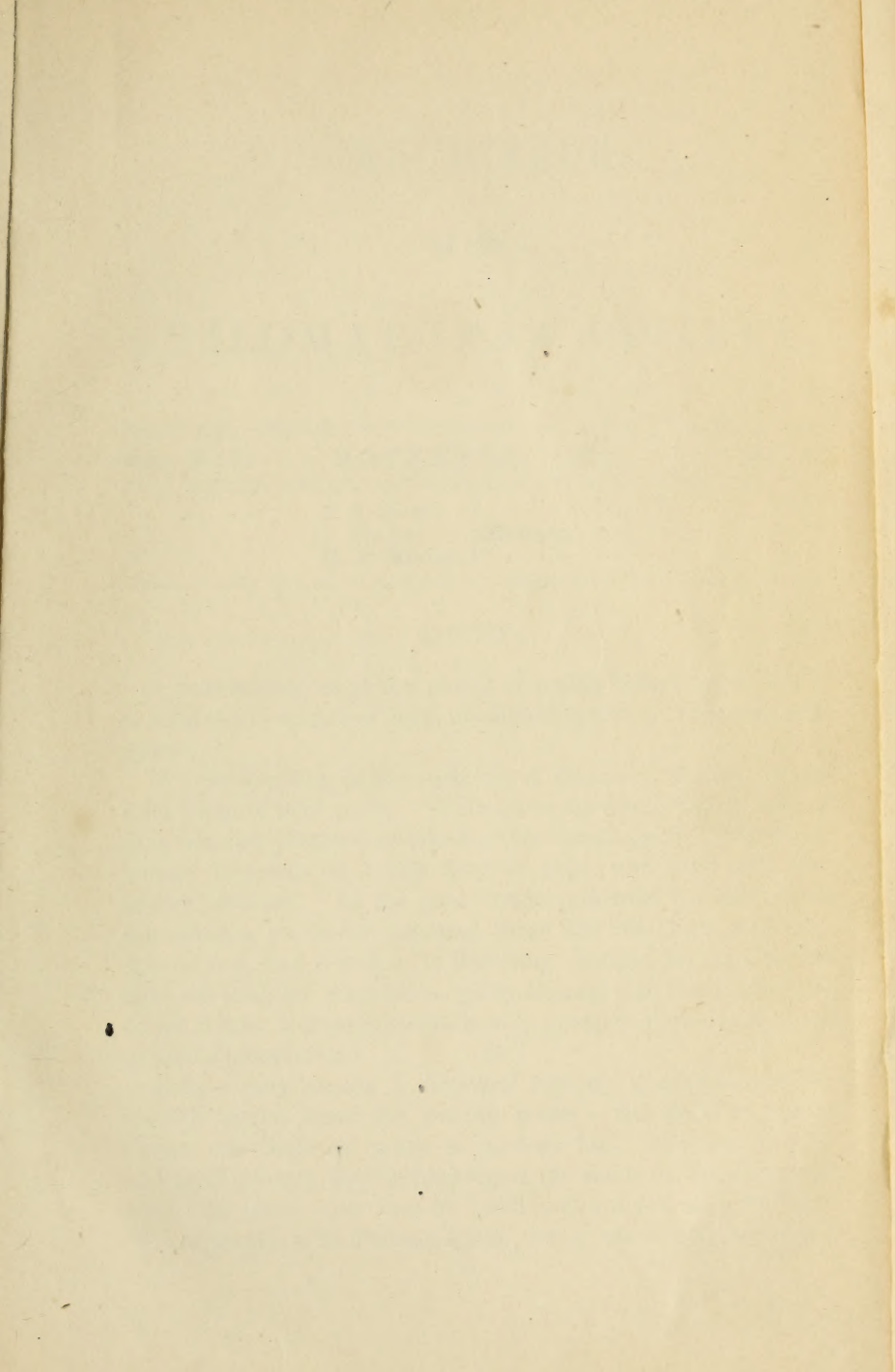
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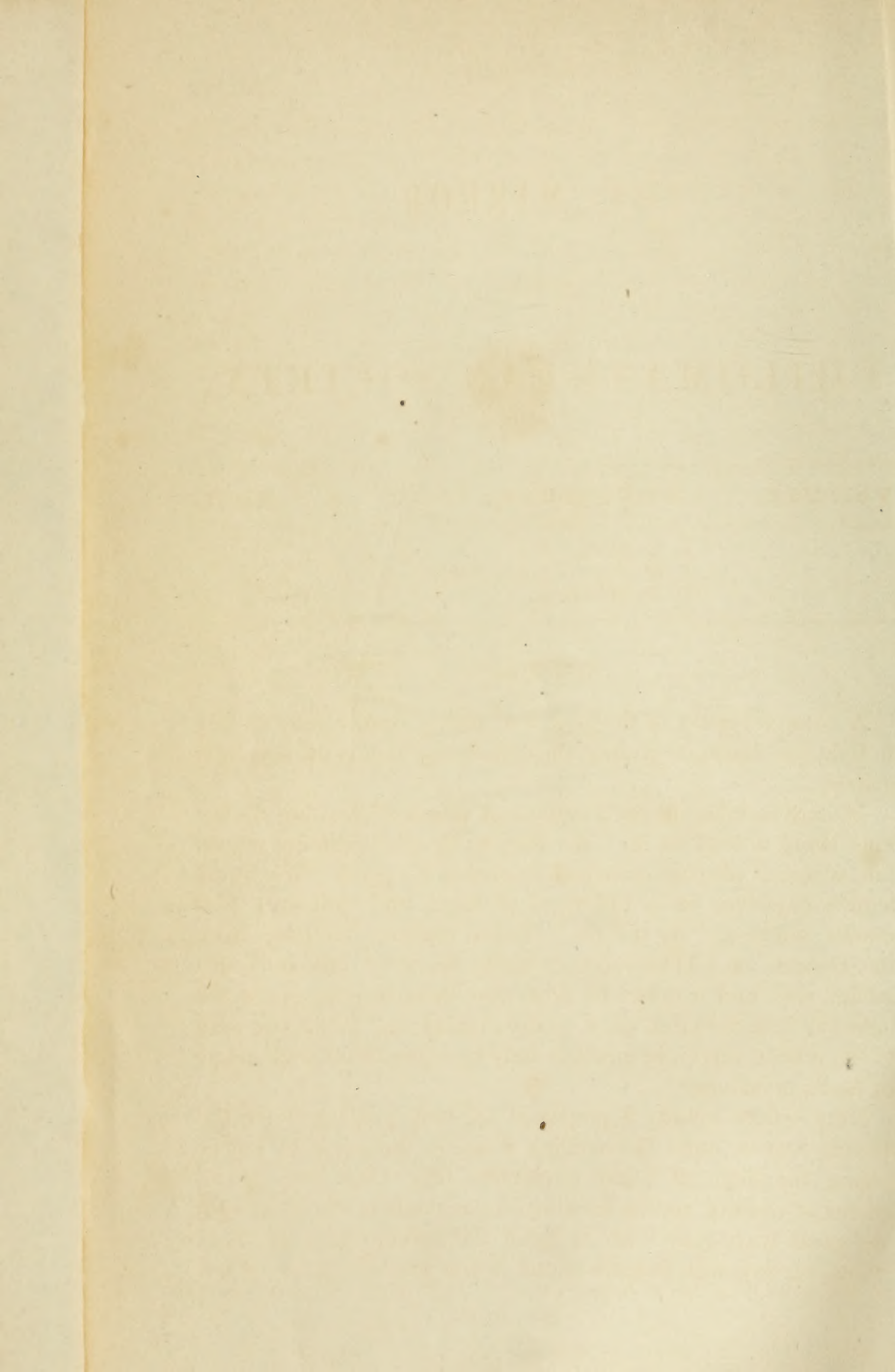
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H. P. MOORE, }

DUTY.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of the power of reality brings more clearly to light the demands of duty, obedience to which is the only safe course.

We are standing in the vestibule of manhood, waiting for the kind Hand to lead us in. We burn to sip the brimming cup of fate, whether pleasure-crowned or chalice-dregged. We would launch ourselves on a full flood of hope, and drift only God knows whither. As the poor Hindoo embarks his lamp upon the Ganges, on whose constant flame his heart and soul misguided rest, and watches its flickering, devious passage, so we light our faith too often on a guilty fantasy, and strain our eyes to see it float, wavering onwards only to expire in the dark deeps of God's providence.

Duty—duty sounds a perpetual fog-bell, pealing above the roaring waves, amid the wailing winds—the knell of joyous hopes, the dirge of many a careless life. We live on the shores of eternity, and lie basking on the sands of the strand till the great wave rises with its swell and sweeps us—whither? We never say, with Pascal's friend, when asked why he did not

rest sometimes, — “Rest! why should I rest *here*? Have not I an *eternity* to rest in?” Pythagoras enjoined a silence upon his pupils of five years. Some can hardly preserve a silence of five moments. Diogenes stood with eyes fixed on the ground, in deep and earnest thought, for a whole day. Some would call him a fool who does not show his face in every crowd. He asks a king — the great Alexander — not to stand between him and the sun. We flock to touch the garment-hem of a youthful, journeying prince.

Compliance with the demands of duty exhibits the qualities of true manhood. True manhood decides the question, “What shall be our destiny after this brief day is over for future ages?” Hence youth reaches into unending years, and the every thought and act rolls on its echoing influences down the “silent halls of death.”

Though life, which to experience is a vast kaleidoscope wherein are shifting the woof and web of joy and sorrow, presents new circumstances each moment, yet duty, which surrounds it all, keeps on through storm and sunshine around it still. An incident changes the whole aspect of existence, looking outwards upon it, and makes substantially a new world; and in a year we tread the walks which traverse five hundred thousand worlds and more. If this in one year, what unresting souls are groping, unknown to each other, through the changes of fleeting time. “Our clock,” says Carlyle, “strikes when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the horologe of time peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era.”

If duty exerts such controlling sway, it follows that any sacrifice for it, though troublous and painful, results to the highest good of the one who makes it. To none but the recording angel is it known how many times daily a man allured by gain, tempted by lust, takes his thirty silver pieces and goes out, having denied the appeals of conscience, and commits a moral suicide. No one knows how many a soul feels the heaving tide within, and shuts it down, and in, and is safe, though well-nigh wrecked.

Reliance upon the results of well-doing compels a just appreciation of it in others; and hence arise the standards of truth and moral integrity upon which rests society with its intricate

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windings and its various institutions. Trust, honor, sacrifice, are its columns, and he who is successful in spite of them, is like that ambitious wretch who burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus — it is to his shame, not glory. Yet we should not be disheartened if history shows, with the emperors styled good, the moral abortions of Caligula, Heliogabalus, and Nero :

“ Yet not less guilty they
 Who reach false glory in a smoother way ;
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;
 Who stifle *nature* and subsist on *art* ;
 Who *coin* the *face* and petrify the *heart* ;
 All *real* kindness for the *show* discard ;
 As marble polished, and as marble hard.”

Cherish, then, your love of principle and honor. Keep it, if all else is lost, and it shall prove a soul-preserver in the final wreck. It seems a little thing, but nobler, happier is he who is guided by them, than proudest kings in robes purpled with Tyrian dyes and revelling in Trinacrian wine ; for when principalities shall lie shattered, and powers shall have passed away, and nothing remain but a world of tombstones, still shall justice and truthfulness live on — for they are the attributes of God, and He is eternal.

J.

ABOUT WRITING.

To accomplish any great good, to reach any exalted point in any station of life or in the esteem of any class of men, one must have a purpose, a motive proportionate to the end sought. What one wishes to perform must be clearly defined to the mind, else how can the ever-shifting net of incidents and circumstances by which we are enveloped be improved, be “ taken at the flood,” and thus “ lead on to fortune ” ? There must be a plan, a purpose, a soul running through all our acts, to give them life, to make them fit into one grand whole ; otherwise our life, though strewed here and there with generous actions and noble

deeds, will as a *whole*, be nought but a bundle of splendid vagaries devoid of point and deprived of effect. If this principle be applied to individual acts, it is equally true, and the necessity for its observance equally great. If, in writing, one sits down for an hour or two hours with no well-defined idea of what he wishes to accomplish by thus writing, with no fixed purpose, except perhaps to produce an article, said article, when produced, without doubt will be a failure. The words and sentences may all be obedient to the rules of grammar, many good things may be said in a good way, yet there will be lacking a connection, a completeness, which must be had, or the effect of the piece is destroyed, — the life and pith are gone, and nothing remains but husks, which might have covered fair and perfect fruit, and such was their intention; but the vital force is gone; they are husks, and nothing more. The whole came forth from a barren mind, and leanness of soul can be the only consequence.

The one thing lacking is a purpose on the writer's part to bring forward something interesting, — not of necessity new, — concerning his subject, to make others better acquainted with it, to tell others what he knows of it, and, if possible, benefit them thereby. To carry out these purposes fully, one must have a complete knowledge of the subject, gained by much hard study and many days or years of patient thought, adding perhaps one new thought a day, and maybe less than that, but still holding the subject in the mind, ready to receive any accessions of information concerning it. Being thus prepared, how soon does the drudgery of writing disappear, and in its place is an enthusiasm and fervor of mind outstripping the swiftest pen, and filling one with delight; the thoughts and ideas which have lain dormant so long are springing into life, eager for utterance.

Now, the poor brain must not be scourged and goaded to produce thoughts from little or no material; but, having had abundant time for reflection and observation, can now produce an abundance of ideas. Under such circumstances as these, *viz.*, a perfect knowledge of the subject, and a clear perception of what is to be said concerning it, should one undertake to write. It is morally wrong to do otherwise.

It may be objected, that in following a plan like this, one would write very few articles — only two or three in his academ-

ical course, and a proportionate number in college, which is all very true ; but, instead of being an objection, is a positive recommendation of such a plan, for is it not better to write one or two good articles which will repay one for the thought and time bestowed, and will have some chance of being read, than to pour out a host of literary abortions and monstrosities, such as may be found by the score in any of the weekly issues of story-telling papers ?

Other authors have labored long to produce the articles which established their fame — as Gray, who spent ten years on his immortal Elegy, which was pronounced by Byron to be the most perfect thing of its kind in the English language ; and Goldsmith, well pleased to finish four lines of his “ Deserted Village ” in a day.

Of course it is not to be supposed that one shall confine his mind to one thing alone until he had fairly exhausted it, and then turn to another in like manner, as that would be next to impossible. The mind is capable of containing a variety of subjects, which may be acted upon at intervals, and gradually encrusted with ideas, as twigs are covered with stone when dipped in certain streams.

By such a course we gain much good to ourselves by the correctness and thoroughness of thought which one must of necessity employ, as such a plan is wholly at variance with all looseness or superfluity of statement, and we are led to place less reliance upon genius, and more on plain labor ; or if genius is a thing to be relied upon, *we* may possess it and make the most of it ; for what is genius but a perfect knowledge of the subject, — a burning, earnest desire to give one’s thoughts upon it to the world ? Aside from the intellectual strength gained, there is a positive joy in nourishing in the mind for months and years a subject to which we daily add some new item, and when the mind is surcharged with it, to put pen to paper, and thus send forth our long-cherished friends to their fate.

Better than all is the hope, that by some expression of ours, some thought differently expressed, some noble truth made plainer, some mind has received a new hint which may help it toward its far-away goal, or some weary one has been inspired with courage to make one more effort, which may be sufficient

for success. If any one of these results, or one *less* important, shall be gained by any words of yours or mine, then it will not be in vain to have written with a purpose. W.

THE MISSIONARY'S LAST HOUR.

A SOLDIER of Christ's legion was dying at his post,
 Far from his native country, on Afric's dreary coast :
 His day of life was over, the night of death had come,
 But it found the hero ready, and waiting to go home ;
 For he 'd waged life's battle bravely, and, with his armor on,
 Had fought 'gainst sin and Satan, the victory had won.
 The partner of his toilsome life was sitting by his bed,
 To whom, in pitying accents, the dying Christian said —
 " Weep not that I am going, and leave you here alone,
 For soon you 'll come to meet me around the Father's throne.
 But when the breath of life is gone, and struggles all are o'er,
 Let my body rest beneath yon tree, upon this heathen shore ;
 For here I've toiled and labored, and here my joy has been,
 Because I've found my Saviour here, though far from home and kin.
 And when you've laid me down to rest, and set the willow tree,
 Go to our own, our native land, far, far beyond the sea,
 And tell the friends and neighbors, when they come and crowd around,
 That one whose childhood there was spent, is now beneath the ground ;
 And tell, O tell them, dearest, that he did not fear to die,
 To tread the lonely valley, for Christ his Friend was nigh ;
 And tell them that the heathen now are stretching out their hands,
 Are waiting for salvation to come from Christian lands.
 O, tell the young men everywhere that in this world of sin
 There's work enough to do for Christ, if early they begin ;
 That Christ to them has given his kingdom here to raise,
 And then to sing his love in songs of everlasting praise.
 But now, my love, I'm going, — I see the promised land, —
 I feel my Saviour near me, — He's leading by the hand !
 I see the gates of glory ! I hear the angels sing !
 I see the glassy river ! I see the crystal spring !
 The golden gates are opening now — angels are beckoning me —
 Farewell, farewell ! Yes, Saviour, glad I'll go and dwell with thee ! "

He struggled but a moment, he drew one fainting breath,
 And then his partner closed his eyes in the long sleep of death.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE CARNIVAL.

THE great bell in the Church of *Santa Trinita dell' Monti* is slowly striking the hour of three as we hasten down the *Via Condotti* to the *Corso*. Looking up toward *Capitol Hill*, as far as the eye can reach, one continued maze of splendid equipages, persons arrayed in every variety of fantastic costume, soldiers, priests, and peasants, present themselves to our gaze. The monotony of the dark stone walls is now relieved by balconies and galleries richly adorned with crimson and gold. Woe to him who enters the throng with unbecoming garments; showers of confetti salute him from balcony and carriage. This mimic hail consists of little plaster pellets, which, as it pours down upon the unhappy victim, leaves a mark not easily erased. A harlequin, with an immense wooden sword, strikes him on the back, and as he turns round to chastise him, he receives a stunning blow from the opposite quarter, from an inflated bladder containing a handful of dried peas, and tied to the end of a stick. This is the signal for a general assault; *confetti*, and bouquets whose primitive colors have long since vanished in the mud of the street, force him to gain some friendly shelter. In the mean time the fair occupants of the balconies are exchanging bouquets with their admirers, and showering down confetti upon the passers-by. All respect of persons vanishes; the cowl of the priest and the helmet of the dragoon share alike the same fate. After this sport has continued about an hour, battalions of French infantry file into the *Corso*, through the side streets, and clear it of carriages. The waving plumes of the Papal Guard are now seen slowly to approach, escorting the Senators — senators but in name. As this procession disappears, French soldiers, with fixed bayonets, are seen lining each side of the way, and mounted *gens d'armes* occupy the side streets. No one is allowed to cross the street. But, behold, an adventurous dog rushes between the lines, perchance in search of his master. Instantly sticks, stones, and mud fall about him in showers; any attempt to escape is baffled by the glistening bayonets, and happy he if his life is spared. Presently, from the lower end of the street, a low murmur, gradually increasing, heralds the approach of a splendidly

mounted and equipped company of dragoons, who come slowly trotting up the street; but soon returning at full gallop, they present a most magnificent appearance; their gorgeous uniforms, the horse-hair streaming from their glittering helmets, their gleaming swords and impetuous speed, give a faint idea of the resistless force of a cavalry charge. They soon reach the *Piazza dell' Popolo* at the lower end of the street, where a temporary amphitheatre has been erected, out of which they pass through openings in the sides. The horses which have been entered for the race are now led in, riderless, each held by a groom. They are gayly decorated with little flags, streamers, and large sheets of tin-foil, under which are fastened small balls of lead, into which sharp steel spikes are inserted. At a given signal, away they all rush at a tremendous pace, goaded on by the cries of the populace, the rustling of their ornaments, and the cruel torture of the spurs. Suddenly, as they approach the goal, a dozen powerful men spring out upon them. Now comes the tug of war. The raging animals, knowing no fear, struggle with vain endeavors to free themselves from their captors; but the power of man soon prevails over mere brute force, and, conquered and cowered, they are led away. A gun is heard from the Castle — the carnival is over.

N.

Xaipete.

MOUNTAINS and rivers may sink and decay —
 God never forgets;
 Time with his restless wings onward may flee,
 Measuring cycles on cycles to be,
 Till he dips his gray locks in eternity's sea —
 God never forgets.

Empires may rise from the dust of the dead —
 God never forgets;
 The garments of honor may change to a pall;
 Nations may flourish, and falter, and fall;
 Dashed like a wave on the ocean's dark wall —
 God never forgets.

Darkness may waft her wild wing o'er the world —
 God never forgets ;
 Peace, holy peace, may extinguish her light,
 And cover her woes in the vesture of night ;
 Bright visions may darken, no more to be bright —
 God never forgets.

War's ghastly visage may threaten and frown —
 God never forgets ;
 The smoke of its fury may rise from afar,
 Obscuring the brightness of liberty's star,
 And the bondman may sink 'neath the wheels of its car —
 God never forgets.

Tyrants may laugh at the tears of the slave —
 God never forgets ;
 Sad hearts may sigh to the cold midnight air,
 While no cheering glimpses of hope linger there ;
 Humanity's teardrops may fall in despair —
 God never forgets.

Youth, with its buoyant hopes painting the sky, —
 God never forgets, —
 May furl its bright pinions bleeding and torn,
 Crushed to the earth by a cold world's scorn,
 And die like a star at the rising of morn —
 God never forgets.

Struggling manhood, with purposes strong, —
 God never forgets, —
 May meet the stern shock of oppression alone,
 And stand for his rights when his friends are all gone,
 And fall like a hero with panoply on —
 God never forgets.

Old age, with its sunken cheek, reverend with years, —
 God never forgets, —
 In the cold vale of sorrow may pillow its head,
 And pray for the dying and weep for the dead,
 And drop from life's stage, like a tear that is shed —
 God never forgets.

Love's golden urn may be broken in twain —

God never forgets ;

And the heart once as light as the lark on the steep,
When at slumbering morn's waking his vigils he keeps,
May banish its laughter and learn how to weep —

God never forgets.

Life all aglow with the halo of hope —

God never forgets —

May sink in its course while its efforts are blest,
And close its career while its lights burn the best,
Like the sun when he shuts his bright eyes in the west —

God never forgets.

There is a bright morn in the ages to come —

God never forgets ;

When the children of sorrow shall no longer weep,
When the angels the harvest of heaven shall reap
From the woe-stricken earth and the pitiless deep —

God never forgets.

When these spirits that now only struggle in vain —

God never forgets —

Shall burst their dark bondage, and soar up afar,
And leap in their glory from star on to star,
Till infinity's fields shall present them no bar —

God never forgets.

Come, then, ye that weep at the close of the day —

God never forgets ;

Come ye, with your bonds, and your cares, and your fears ;
Come ye, with your blighted hopes, cherished for years ;
Come ye, with your sorrows, and dry up your tears —

God never forgets.

And ye who have wept at the fountain of love —

God never forgets ;

And ye who have made sullen musings your choice,
And ye who have listened to nature's sweet voice,
Rejoice in your hope, all ye people, rejoice ! —

God never forgets.

TO WENDELL PHILLIPS!

PHILLIPS! undaunted by the taunts of those
 Who strive to crush sweet Truth with lusty might,
 Most nobly dost thou battle for the right,
 Scorning the rest a neutral mind bestows.
 At thy bold front are aimed the savage blows
 Of fiends in man-like forms, who ever fight
 For hydra-headed Wrong with grim delight,
 And mock with grins the Slave's intensest woes.
 But though the "crown of thorns" be thy reward,
 From those who'd gladly nail thee to the cross,
 If God approves, what if by man abhorred?
 Is not all love but God's the vilest dross?
 Work on thou great Reformer, and the Lord
 Will amply pay thee for thine earthly loss!

SUCCESS.

THIS is what all are seeking, and with every nerve striving to secure; and yet how often do we hear of those disappointed in their search, and perhaps complaining and casting the blame on every one but themselves! It is true "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," and that often we are defeated in our plans by influences beyond our control. It may be that at some time in our life our whole course was changed by the events of a single hour. We may have been compelled to leave home and friends, abandon long-cherished hopes of improvement or pleasure that seemed just about to become fruition; and such occurrences as these we call anything but success. But, looking at them in a different manner, we may conclude far differently. So far as these particular plans are concerned, we did fail; but had we succeeded, should we have been put forward toward the great end for which we are all now preparing? Was not a defeat more necessary to us than a temporary success? It may have been just the discipline needed to fit us for usefulness and honor in years to come, and it may have been the *only* way. It is a common remark that

the decision of the world, or, as differently stated, public opinion, is final and conclusive, and therefore when it is adverse to us we are disheartened at what we call want of success, and ready to give up; for it is a hard thing to struggle single-handed and alone against a whole world; but it is a noble task, if we are in the right, to maintain our cause, though all men are striving to crush us. But we have proof that public opinion is not always in the right; it has been wrong ere this; it may be again. Then when we often seem to be unsuccessful, it may be the reverse. Our mistake is in having our mark too low, in acting on too mean a plane.

Then let us cherish a higher standard, and pronounce no plan a failure, provided it was undertaken with good intentions and carried on with the best of our abilities and knowledge.

W.

SUNSET — MIDNIGHT.

The golden sun went slowly down
 Below old Hampshire's hills of blue,
 And far above — a regal crown —
 Rose tinted clouds of every hue.

The shades of night came stealing up,
 Where light heralds the dawning day,
 And, frisking o'er its azure blue,
 Chaséd the trembling light away

The stars peeped, laughing, out to see
 Night's victory o'er the day,
 Then springing forth in joyous glee,
 Went twinkling on their merry way

Pale Luna, with a conscious blush,
 As night her charms revealed,
 Shed modestly her silvery light
 O'er hamlet, forest, lake, and field.

'T is midnight, and no sound is heard
 Save old ocean's sullen roar,
 As, foaming, in relentless check
 It wildly beats the rocky shore.

F.

LOVE OF APPROBATION.

THAT we should experience a thrill of satisfaction when our course receives approbation is not unnatural; indeed, for the sake of this pleasurable sensation, men are led to conform their dress, habits, and even their thinking, to the opinions and prejudices of the circle in and with which they move. Thus in every great movement men are seen acting in parties, or cliques, and whichever way goes the majority, — which often consists of a single individual who is the head, that which does the thinking for the clique, — so goes the minority. In great movements we take note of the fact; but it is no less evident in the most common intercourse of daily life. In an opposing clique we make mention of it, but we may be certain that our own party feels its influence. Everywhere, and at all times, consciously and unconsciously, men act and refrain from acting under its power. It influences a Washington, — almost the peer of angels; and its power is felt by a Heenan, — the last link between man and brute. It is exercised very differently, yet exercised by both. The former always sought and loved the approbation of God, not the adulations of men; the latter prized the hellish howl of applause rising from the degraded mass, — not the quiet voice of an approving conscience. But these are only representatives. They stand for all men; and somewhere between them all others take their positions, just as they more nearly resemble the one or the other in the exercise of this sentiment.

Whatever we sometimes say about men possessing an inordinate degree of this instinct, is usually meant only of its wrong exercise. Never do we complain of him who desires, however earnestly, the approbation of goodness; but he who whines about the feet and licks the hand of every man, satisfied if in return he can be patted approvingly, we naturally associate with the animal he so much resembles. Nor are we deceived for any long time by him who deems himself the very opposite of this, and, scorning by blandishment to seek the favoring smiles of others, loudly boasts of his independence. He differs from the former only as the barking bull-pup from the whining cur; both want us to consider their importance.

Observation shows that, in a greater or less degree, every man possesses this sentiment. Hence it is folly for any single individual to boast that he does not. If nature has bestowed it on us, the question whether or not it shall be exercised is already settled; all that is left for us to decide is, how it shall operate. Nature has furnished the fountain, man may direct the stream.

Like all the sentiments which in themselves have no moral character, this may be exercised to excess only in a wrong direction. When abused, we see a weak, unprincipled, servile spirit, craving smiles of approval on what a good conscience must condemn, and always uncomfortable because

not always praised. When rightly exercised, we behold a strong, conscientious, and truly independent character, who is made uneasy only when his manhood is assailed, and is above the scoffs of those who would be his enemies, and the flatteries of unwise friends; who loves the praise of the wise, the virtuous, and of Him who is the centre of all wisdom and virtue, more than the praise of small and self-seeking men. S. Y. Y.

UNREST.

THIS valley small and green
 Is like a prison. All unsatisfied,
 I search its narrow and contracted grounds,
 And find no good therein.
 I look beyond, and feel
 A pricking of my dormant, unused wings;
 My feet burn with desire for the race,
 My hands to break the seal.

Mountains delectable,
 Azure and violet, and a passionate sea
 That holds them in its strong, unquiet hands, —
 Grand, old, and wonderful, —
 These guard my valley; and
 I ponder on their friendship beautiful, —
 The almost fearful vastness, truth, and strength
 That bind them hand to hand.

And I would know the things
 Of which they talk, — would climb the mount, and walk
 The sea, and hear that strange, rich, wailing voice
 Repeat the songs it sings
 Perpetual, and sublime:
 Songs, like the human soul, with heights and depths, —
 The hymns of birth, and marriage, death, and hate,
 And love, and life, and time.

I know the mount and sea;
 But they can never know the struggling soul
 That holds them in itself, yet vainly strives
 To reach immensity!
 Only a boundary,
 Distant and blue, — a thing of strength unreached, —
 To me must be the everlasting hills,
 And the vague, boundless sea.

THE REAL.

LIFE and death are to all men stern realities. We are not at all times aware of the power of realities. We are apt to forget, in the heyday and Mayday of youth, in the hurry of business, and in the serener twilight of life, upon what insecure foundations and evanescent shadows we rest our peace and security.

To dispel the gloom of a dark future we conjure up insane idealities, and revel in them; when by it we acknowledge the power of that unchanging, undeviating force which can sweep them away forever.

Man *must* think: never can he be satisfied with idle confidence; and the more he thinks, the more he learns his insufficiency, his helpless weakness. In strength he is laid low; in fairest hopes he is blasted. Truly, after "the golden gates of youth" are closed behind him, he is alone. Nor is that collection of differing, plotting, masking men, which he calls society, any more an aid to him, but an amusement. Sickness listens not to it; ruin smiles even in its midst; death sees him then, as in life, groping blindly for a more perfect peace.

When a boy, he remembers the awakening thought of it when he saw the deserted school-house with moss on its benches and grass in the road; but youth spurs on, haloes on, like the Wild Huntsman, until he is startled at a friend's reputation ruined by crime. So

"He shall sink,

As sinks a stranger in the busy streets
Of crowded London; some short bustle 's caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowd close in,
And all 's forgotten."

In the pride of his intellect, and in the glare of success, manhood does not forget it, but lays it away in some recess of his memory for some rainy day — some leisure hour — which never comes.

He lays his streets with echoing stones; he lines them with solid masonry of granite and of marble; he gives reluctantly a little space for a gorgeous cathedral, with pealing organ and fretted aisles and painted windows; he adorns his rooms with triumphs of living art in breathing sculpture, and robs the

heavens of their blushes in his glowing paintings ; he crowds the exchanges with shrewd and desperate men ; he rings the chimes of thanksgiving and of joy, and the gay city reels under the excited masquerade.

And Reality stalks there. She lurks in the waves that plash against the rotting wharves ; she knells the doom of the poor sailor far out at sea ; she glides into the noisy hum of business, and the roaring, rumbling streets ; and pale faces flit in the almost empty corridors ; the marble crumbles to the earth ; despair shakes his dusky wing over the city, and night closes in.

The demands of Reality are as various as the conditions of men. It levies upon all ; its ministering servants, unmindful of their task, swarm around the earth. Happy he who can fulfil the duties of life, and meet it without a shudder ; who can live inspired by its solemnity, and confiding in its decrees.

He can live despising the little brawls of little men, — the tinsel and drums of his march ; he patiently endures the cold of his cheerless camp, the tramp of squadrons ; for he goes to the innermost earth, and he finds it raging fire ; he ascends to the clouds, and they are mists ; he peers into the heavens, but the countless worlds bewilder him ; he looks to the earth, and hears the muffled drums of despair and misfortune, and funeral marches, and wailing dirges of humanity ; and, resting his heart, his hopes, upon Him who holds the universe in his hands, he toils on, a nobler and a better man. No crowd may follow his steps, no multitudes hang upon his lips, no applause lift him to dizzy heights ; but his heart is a perennial Garden of Eden, as when the stars sang together in the morning of time, and he can say, with Goethe, for a perpetual watchword for the faithful and the good, —

“ Like as a star
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His God-given hest.”

J.

NEVERMORE.

THE restless sea keeps heaving,
 And breaks on its shell-strewn shore ;
 I list to its sad, sweet music,
 That murmureth, " Nevermore ! "

I sigh, and think of my boyhood,
 When I roamed these fond scenes o'er,
 With a Maid dark-haired and lovely,
 But the sea saith, " Nevermore ! "

I walk 'neath the silent stars,
 Alone on the sandy floor,
 And shout her name in anguish —
 But the sea saith, " Nevermore ! "

I've taught me strange tongues since boyhood,
 And have sought in ancient lore
 To forget the song of the sea
 That murmureth " Nevermore ! "

But now, though my hair is snowy,
 And my years are ten and threescore ;
 I have never forgotten the Maid,
 Nor the sea's sad " Nevermore ! "

 THE CALL TO MANLINESS.

THERE are times in the life of every young man when a still but earnest voice seems to call him onward and upwards, when his whole soul is filled with yearnings for greatness and glory. At such times fortune seems ready to bestow on him her richest blessings. She seems to stand, with outstretched arms and smiling face, ready to welcome him to positions of influence and honor. Something within tells him he has only to stand firm in the principles of truth, to strike manfully for the right, and all these things shall be his own. A voice prompts him to deeds of goodness and benevolence.

Without, his country calls upon him to stand forth in the strength of manhood for her defence; truth calls him to stand by her side, in her struggle with wrong; liberty calls him to fight with her the battles against oppression and slavery.

By some these calls are heeded, and they, girding on the whole armor of truth, are ready for the storms and tempests that are gathering around their pathway. By others, the calls are heard, but, idle and careless, they refuse to obey. They neglect to prepare themselves for the stern realities of life, while the opportunity is offered, and when the commotion comes, and society is disturbed from its very foundation, they are found buried in the ruins. Such, alas! is the history of too many a young man, who, had he but heeded the admonitions of wisdom and conscience, might have gained for himself a name which would call forth the acclamations of the good, and the envy of the world.

Then, O youth, whatever may be your condition in life, remember this: that you must always abide by the answers you now make to these calls; remember, that as you prepare yourself now, so you will be prepared when life with all its manifold interests shall press upon you; that with whatever armor you now select, you will be obliged to contend in the great battle of life.

Then be wise in season, and adopt for your own those principles of truth which cannot be overthrown. Make sure that right is on your side, and then go forth manfully, resolved to overcome whatever may oppose, or fall beneath the banner of truth.

H.

THY WORD.

In the gloom, in the tempest of life's dreary sea,
 Thy promises cheer me, thy word strengthens me:
 'Midst sickness, 'midst sorrow, 'midst anguish, 'midst death,
 Thy word still supports me, — the word of thy faith.

Thy word is the beacon, whose light shed abroad,
 Points upward to heaven, to bliss, and to God:
 Thy word is the rock, to which safe we can cling,
 Secure 'neath the shadow of thy mighty wing.

To the troubled in conscience thy word brings relief,
 To the criminal pardon, though of sinners the chief;
 To the down-trodden slave, though oppressed he may be,
 Thy word gives refreshment, thy word makes him free.

When life's battles are over, its conflicts are past,
 True faith in thy word will support me at last;
 In thee while I trust, to thy word while I cling:
 O grave! where thy victory? death! where thy sting?

N.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

COULD all mental bankruptcy be traced back to its first great cause, certainly one-half could be ascribed to the erroneous impressions rife concerning genius.

We err, not in setting our standard too high, but in placing it too low. We have degraded the original by a careless and indiscriminate application of its name to that which is far inferior to it. By this association it has become adulterated, and the whole is now made to pass current for the pure essence and "gift of Heaven." On the contrary, we should preserve its identity; our conception of it should be higher; we should regard it not as of human, but as of divine origin; as something that we find dropped, as it were, from Above, here and there, at long intervals, in the world's history, bequeathed to mortals in the person of a Milton or a Homer, for a great pattern or ideal, towards which we may *approximate*, but never *reach*. If we *will* worship genius, let us worship the Divinity itself, and waste no devotion on its shadow; and let us acknowledge its divinity at the outset, that we may at once renounce all claim to it. We are too apt to spend our lives in ransacking the brains of our neighbors, and closely scrutinizing their mental traits, powers, and eccentricities, in search of this *ignis fatuus*. We foolishly imagine that we have discovered the "Life Divine" in the few, who simply make good use of their time and talents; and thus we not only fail to do them any good, but we even make our

own lot more miserable. We have no time to waste in brooding over impossibilities : it were far better to forsake our *hobby*, to use a little common sense, that we may the sooner and the more wisely conclude that we shall be what we *make* ourselves.

Labor is to genius what art is to nature ; the one is as indispensable as the other. What man's condition *might* have been, if he had not apostatized, is of little concern to us ; it is sufficient for us to know that man fell from grace, and is now under the primal curse. Hence is it that his life is made a field of labor, and not a place of rest. Labor is the great transformer of mind and matter. This is written all over the world's history, both past and present ; it is proclaimed all around us, in the progress of the "Times;" in the numerous adaptations of nature's forces to the wants, comfort, and happiness of man ; in the diffusion of knowledge ; in the dissemination of truth ; in the elevation and intelligence of the masses ; hence, labor is just the agent man requires to develop and perfect his several natures into one grand symmetrical whole ; the character of our natural endowments also enforces its necessity upon us. Only the raw materials — only the wood and stone — are furnished us, out of which we are to hew our temple of life. Mind, heart, and soul, with their manifold and diverse capacities, affections, and faculties, are implanted within us only in their crudest state : all these are to be educated ; while some are to be stifled, others are to be developed ; while some are to be restrained and purified, others are to be quickened and sanctified ; in fine, all are to be so adjusted and regulated, that they will not only act in perfect union, but also best contribute to the formation and perfection of a noble character. These are the fruits of labor. Are they then not worth an effort ? Before we reply, let us remember that there is a life to live, a character to form, a reputation to earn, an influence to exert, a death to die, a soul to save, a legacy of example to leave behind. If, then, we can spurn labor as dishonorable, let us hug the delusive phantom of ease ; but if not, — if we would accomplish anything here, if we would not shirk the responsibilities of life, if we would show ourselves *men*, if we would work out for ourselves a noble destiny, and benefit mankind, if we would fearlessly grapple with life's stern realities, — let us no longer hesitate through mistrust, but at once

buckle on our armor, and get to *work*, as there is no time to spare; or, in the words of the poet, —

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

F. C.

SAPPHO.

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung.” — BYRON.

THE waves wash wild, with sullen roar,
 Leucate's sides, — 'Carnania's rocky shore;
 The mountains rear their storm-defying crests —
 Their frowning battlements the eagles' nests,
 O'er which, of earth and sky the elemental rage
 Lightens dark ocean with the giant war to wage;
 Unequal contest on the rock begun,
 When long the sun his darkened course has run;
 Thunders, terrific in the murky air of night,
 Flashes dark forms upon the shuddering sight;
 Screams the storm-bird through the tempest's sleet,
 Caught-up, bewildering echoes oft repeat.
 Below, their heavy bass the breakers deep prolonged,
 To stunning drum-beats of hell's forces joined,
 Swell chorus dire, at midnight's mystic hour,
 And in the ear of darkness, dying, pour
 The wail of spirits lost for evermore.

.
 The pearly gates of East are opened now.
 Of Night the laurel's faded from the brow:
 Upon the hard-worn floor of time
 Her foot-fall, like the noble thought sublime,
 Unheeded dies, forgotten by the hurrying mind, —
 Like precious jewel in the wreck gone down,
 To mortals only, not to God unknown.
 Angels of light, with sadness, pull the veil away —
 Sing sweet farewell to passing King of Day.
 The waking earth steps from the shades of sleep —
 With joyous song the air resounds replete;
 The foam-crest waves upon the beaches curl,

The passing vessels all their sails unfurl.
 Against the cliff the long-swept weeds are tossed
 With silvered spray upon the rocks' green-mossed;
 And rippling murmurs whisper through the grove —
 The songs of birds reply in notes of love.

O'er all this hazy calm, the dazzling pall
 Of gorgeous sunset Night lets fall.
 Long shadows from above roll down
 To kiss the advancing wave, and crown
 The pebbly strand with darkling shades,
 From water's edge to forest glades.
 Through purpled clouds now sinks the orb of day,
 And o'er the blue expanse his lingering streamers play;
 Painting with golden tints the blazing west, —
 The heavenly colors tip the rock's dark crest;
 The sparkling ocean and the golden sky
 Melt into one, and in embracing, die.
 Still let us linger on the shore of Greece,
 Where hero bold and peasant sleep in peace;
 Where Hellas' lofty mountains soar,
 Throwing dim shadows over sea and shore.
 The evening breezes from Ionia's heaving blue
 Sweet odors waft, and stay the falling dew;
 No sound is heard save distant breakers swell,
 Creeping around the cliff to some dark cell.
 Through mazy avenues of light
 Her placid way takes beauteous Queen of Night
 The twinkling stars their tribute pay,
 And scatter jewels o'er her silvered way.
 Before her smile a mellowed light she throws,
 Where mountains rise, and flashing ocean flows.
 In this lone spot, remote from human sight,
 She, who lived to love, took final flight;
 Sappho, who opened wide love's labyrinthine door,
 Intent on visions not of earth, returned no more.
 A lone, sad dirge the waters moan;
 Pale moonlight sees her form alone,
 Standing, wild-painted, 'gainst the sky,
 Her long hair streaming, and her arms tossed high;
 Her long, last look to earth, and him to save —
 And shrieking, Sappho sinks into the wave.

ABOUT READING.

MUCH has been said on this subject, and well said, as to the necessity of reading extensively; and more especially about reading carefully and thoughtfully, which all know is indispensable, if one would in any degree get good thereby. Yet many seem to read only for the sake of reading, as it is a pleasant way to pass one's time; and one is often agreeably excited by the plot of the story, or by the incidents narrated by their author. To such every admonition of that kind is utterly lost; they have in reality ceased to read for the profit or the good they may receive, but only to gratify a taste never meant, or at least never needing, to be cultivated, and which with them has become morbid and unhealthy. If any mention is made of reading a book the second time, the idea is scouted. Yet how little do they know of the joys they lose. They do not realize that to read any good book a second time (and, as a *general* thing, we may say that no book is good enough to read once that will not bear reading a second time) is like meeting an old and valued friend after a long absence. Who that reads appreciatingly, is not glad to renew his acquaintance, time after time, with some of the characters portrayed by Dickens? Our heart is moved with anger at Squeers for his cruel treatment of poor simple-hearted, yet true and faithful, Smike. We are filled with sorrow and and tears when Smike breathes his last, with Kate, his heart's idol, by his side. Again and again we join with Cap'n Ed'ard Cuttle mariner, in his honest admiration of Florence and Walter, and join our maledictions with those which Cap'n Bugbee occasionally dares to vent against Mrs. MacStinger. Again and again, and each time with new pleasure, do we go with Scrooge — of the firm of Scrooge & Marley — through the scenes of Christmas-eve, and the gladsome Christmas-day. We laugh at Mr. Micawber's long letters and pompous talk, but every time we read, our indignation increases, as did his, against the hateful and hated Uriah Heep; and our admiration for Agnes and Betsey Trotwood increases in like ratio. And so with any author. Every time we read Tom Brown increases our admiration for him, and our love of the Doctor and kind George Arthur. And

we laugh as heartily the last time as the first, at Martin the madman's pranks; and burn each time with equal anger against the bully Flashman. And taking the hand of Geoffrey Crayon, we wander with new joy, for the second time, among the pleasant scenes about Bracebridge Hall; and with jolly Diedrich Knickerbocker, are just as heartily received by the worthy burghers and buxom lasses of New Amsterdam, on our third or fourth visit, as at the first coming.

Instances might be indefinitely increased, but here are enough to show to any candid thinker that here is a vast field wherein lies much good pleasure and excellent instruction.



EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

WE gather up the fallen leaves of our Fall Mirror, and wreath them around the monument that others have begun; thanking the kind friends who have assisted us with their genial contributions, and hoping for them future distinction and honorable fame. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and caution should be observed in handling giant weapons, lest their influence be that of noblest genius reeling through the licentious mazes of Don Juan or the pages of Swift. Rather choose the classical and faultless periods of Addison, the massive strength of Johnson, the cutting shafts of Junius, or the chaste and pure gliding of Irving's pen. Create an ideal that shall sweetly beckon upward, like Dante's Beatrice, nearer the holy and the pure. Let us shun impassioned appeals to sympathy, where none is needed. Let us follow Una

"With her heavenly face,
Making sweet sunshine in a shady place,"

through the pages of the Faery Queen; accompany Shakespeare, probing the heart and lighting the windings of human nature; roam the highland hills with Burns, and among the hedge-rows with Goldsmith; enjoy the fertile genius of Scott and Cooper, the brilliancy of Macaulay, the intense glowing of Carlyle, and the dreams of Tennyson. From such as these, learn to appreciate the truly noble, and reading *heart*, write *heart*.

We bid you farewell; we shall recount no more the hard-won triumph of

foot and base ball games; the "hares and hounds" must peal their wild halloo through other's voices; the tide of joy from Pennsylvania's plains, must sweep with other floods of soberness and wit: the thread-bare themes of by no means thread-bare Nuns and "chimeras dire," shall oft be sung upon the well-worn string. Yet, school will soon be over for all of us. May we stand firm on the foot-ball ground of life, nor be a timid hare when principle bids us hound on the flying wrong — may Republican triumphs find us victorious, if with as noble principles. Wear them thread-bare, yet they shall be ever fresh and inspiring. Above all, when we do meet, let it be as *men*, — fearless, honest, true, — standing shoulder to shoulder, fighting side by side, falling together, if at all. But ere starting forward, recline for a moment at our Table till refreshed, we bid a last farewell.

We envy our reporter if he often falls in with such jolly scenes, and would wish that we might have been beside him.

DINNER ON THURSDAY NOON AT THE UNION CLUB.

By a special Reporter for the occasion.

PRECISELY at 12, M. the tables were groaning beneath a load of Irish apples, some call them murphies, shell beans, and green corn on the cob, and all the nameless little extras, which go to the making up of a good dinner, and which our friend Towle can furnish in good style, and our accomplished hostess can arrange in an inimitable manner. Out o' doors there was a stiff gale, and some dust, just enough to quicken one's appetite, and set one's teeth on edge, so that we were all sharp-set. As the members took their seats, one could detect by the quiet smiles on many faces, that they had the

"Stern joy which warriors feel,
In foeman worthy of their steel."

Contrary to common custom in severe struggles, the fellows *let out* their belts three holes, as a preliminary. Then they fell too, and great was the fall. S. laid a ground tier of two potatoes, a pint of beans, and an ear of corn, and then declared his readiness to begin. M. and T. followed suit, while L. and C. stayed their stomachs very much in the same manner, only C. took two ears of corn, and L. but half an ear, as it was evident that he was reserving his strength for the last round. Just at this point W. and A. enter; both valiant trenchermen, especially the former, and more especially the latter.

They made such havoc on the corn, that C. soon hailed B. to know if there was any corn in the dish at his part of the table. Fortunately there

was a good supply, as there they chiefly affect beans and potatoes. While B. was sending up an ear to C., T. and W. concluded that they might worry down another ear, and were accordingly supplied, and as the one which W. had, was small and bad tasting, he took an ear of corn to get the taste out of his mouth. Then L. made a great commotion, by getting strangled on some of the small kernels at the tip end of his small piece of corn, and during all the rest of the dinner, would eat nothing but bread and water.

(The Reporter would say in passing, that Mr. L.'s conduct has been the subject of serious discussion by the members of the club; but, as yet, they have come to no conclusion.)

Then came in the apple dumplings, and with a sigh W. declared that he could not do justice to the subject, and could only be pacified, when B. threw him a big ear of corn.

But not so with the other members; every one fell to most manfully. W. had quite enough to do in answering the calls on the dumpling dish, and by the time that D. had passed up his plate the third time, he was compelled from very shame to fall upon them, which he did in fine style, and smote them hip and thigh; so that soon there was not a crumb remaining to tell what once had been, and he felt to say with my Lord Byron:

“Shade of the mighty, can it be,
That this is all remains of thee!”

And then from sheer exhaustion, the members were fain to stay their hand, and leaning back in their chairs, they slept the sleep of the just.

Why have we good reason to believe the English Department does not expect to live a great while? Because it is well known that its Coffin is “*engaged!*”

If the Senior Class were about it set out on a journey, why would they have no trouble with their baggage? Because they have a stout *Porter*, and their *Carter* never fails.

Why are there no storms in No. 9? Because *Fair Weather* is generally there.

When is there a prospect of the New Maine Liquor being kept in the Senior Class? Not till they remove *Stout* and *Porter*.

Why is a certain Fem. Sem., like a bridge recently made free? Because she dont want toll (Towle) any more.

Why is one of the Nuns like a flock of sheep? Because she has a Shepherd?

PARODY.

On Wednesday, stowed in No. one,
 A lad was dreaming of the hour,
 When after speaking Ex. was done,
 He might play ball with all his power.
 In dreams, through mud and slosh he bore
 The ball just like a conqueror.
 In dreams, the shout of triumph heard ;
 Then all the fellows make a ring ;
 Then of the Campus he was king ;
 And in his dreams began to sing
 Much like a barn-yard bird.

An hour passed on, the lad awoke ;
 That bright dream could not last.
 He woke to hear the last one speak,
 And then to hear the bell-rope squeak.
 He woke to rush with quip and joke,
 And at the foot-ball have a poke ;
 Mid shin-digs falling thick and fast,
 Like hailstones from a summer cloud.
 And hear with voice as trumpet loud,
 Tip Chandler cheer his band ;
 Rush ! till the others pant and tire,
 Rush ! don't let them have umpire,
 Rush ! boys, and kick the ball up higher,
 I'll strike it with my hand.

They kicked like brave men, long and well,
 They dug the ground up where they stood,
 They conquered, but Tip Chandler fell,
 All covered o'er with mud.
 His few bespattered comrades saw
 His grin when rang their loud hurrah,
 The foot-ball was kicked home.
 Then scraped the mud from off his clothes,
 And rubbed his eyes, and blew his nose,
 And marched off to his room.

There is *this* difference between a *looking-glass* and a "*Mirror*," the *Nuns* can endure any "*reflections*," the Phillips boys may "*cast*," upon them from the "*Mirror*," but when they cast "*reflections*" upon them, from a *looking-glass* it is more than they can bear.

Two Fem. Sems., met the other morning, and one of them wishing to show her proficiency in Latin said, — “Well, my dear, how is your *res* (Reese), this morning?” Whereupon her companion blushed and said, “there, I told him everybody would find out that he made me an early call!”

NOTICE.

The hounds are hereby notified that the hares will be in readiness to-morrow afternoon for another grand trial of speed and bottom. They will run through Lowell, Worcester, Salem, Springfield, and will stop in Fall River.

Per order of the *hare-y* Committee.

What is the peculiar characteristic of the Senior Class? The love they have for their *Holmes*.

“Sambo, dah! what am de worst *ills* dat our flesh are air to?”

“Now I gib in, dat’s where dis ar nigger am sot.”

Den I will propound ye to it.

Dey am de *Church-ills*.

THE YANKEE’S BET.

A Yankee once, of powerful frame,

And powerful lazy, too,

Got tired of working on his farm,

And said to himself: “By Gewhittiker! if I don’t

pull up stakes and go out West, where I’ll not have so much to do.

His farm and house and cow he sold, —

Turned everything to cash;

He bade good-by to all his friends,

And when he got all ready he bought a ticket for the

West, which sent just about half his capital to smash.

By night and day he travelled on,

And talked with all he met;

He stopped at every station, and

Arrived at Louisville — after a most tiresome journey

of six days — at about sunset.

Next morning — 't was a freezing day,
 The wind was high and cold —
 Our friend walked out upon the docks,
 Meditating with himself' whether he would ever again
 be as well off as when upon the farm he 'd sold.

Some loungers there were throwing stones
 With all their might and main,
 To see who 'd throw the nearest o'er
 The Ohio River, which in that particular place was
 full five hundred yards wide, not less a grain.

But Yankee beat them out and out:
 He laughed at all who tried;
 And then, to prove what he could do,
 Said he 'd bet fifty dollars he could take any man
 there and throw him to the other side.

The bet was taken, money staked,
 And Yankee soon was "manned;"
 He pitched the fellow into the stream,
 And for about fifteen minutes 't was very uncertain
 whether the poor fellow would ever get to land.

At last the man came dripping out,
 To claim his well-earned "dosh,"
 When Yankee, turning to him, said:
 But, friend, I reckon I'll try that about sixty or
 seventy times afore I'll give it up, by gosh!"

Now, all who dwell beneath the sun,
 From here to the Pacific,
 Whene'er you with a Yankee bet,
 Be very careful what words you use, and state things
 "a little more specific." H.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

CABBAGEVILLE, STATE OF FELICITY, Noctover 35th.

Dear Festerpooch: — Yesterday I visited in this place a solemn scene. According to contract the loftiest ruler of the province died. There were several orations delivered which set forth the character of the criminal in glowing colors. I make most of my extracts from Peter Easy, of Toad-

ville, which are as follows: He stated that the gentleman was born in the early part of his life, and his memory served him; and now in his old age and declining years he died for want of breath; and when he became too lazy to mind the cows, fight the fleas, and ride the geese to water, his paternal emigrated him "post mortem" to New England, where he made his fortune inventing bass-wood pumpkin seeds. Encouraged by this, he adopted immediately, if not sooner, the following motto: *De Cicero thespis Vesuvius avalanche!*" which, being interpreted, is, "Rise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" — (Dry-un). He ever kept in view that this is a world of non-consequential, and demands the real aristocratic spunkibus, and the consanguinity of all the inexpressibilities of our aliquantulum, to meet its diversified changes of the moon and the ecthlypsis of the Democratic party. And with his poetic vision he foresaw that doctors, lawyers, and several other natural Indian curiosities, would remain in hemispherical darkness until the obnulated windows of science were opened on the principle of *perriwinkle*, and the elucidated conglomerative preconceptionable locomotion let in on the mutability of the immutable "Little Sucker." And that the sun — that great apple of semiduplicative perspicuity — was hung behind the unseen storm-cloud to shine only on the pusillanimous Democratic party of the nineteenth century.

He left the following eloquent and instructive words to console the dilapidated companion of his life: "I am teeth and toe-nails opposed to your associating with those indefatigable, greasy-fisted Douglassites, whose feet are so everlasting big they are compelled to get out of bed to turn over. Although invisible earthquakes may hurl you from the sunny summit of Mount Chimborazo, yet you shall remain unmoved and unchanged. Gentlemen, fellow-citizens, and the gals, too, men may talk as they please, but as long as the crimson foam of the stupendous Shawshin dashes over Plymouth Rock at the foot of Gibraltar, and the Mississippi lashes her mountain surges, there will be found staunch men in the Fusion party, and James Buchanan will remain as happy as the middle herring in a barrel.

GALIO, JR.

P. S.—I send the following diffusion of the Cabbageville *Star of Mo(u)rning* (u on account of Fusion's confusion). The editor wrote it from hysperience, being "thar or tharabouts" during the funeral:

Not a word was heard, not a quip or a joke,
 As the body down cellar we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 As the sheriff the kerosene carried.

We soaked him quickly, in the first of the night,
 That he might be the quicker in burning;
 We soaked him down stairs, by the lantern's light,
 Each one of us quickly returning.

Quickly, but carefully, we pulled him up,
 For he was greasy, and dirty, and slimy,
 And we dragged him into the middle of the road,
 And we burnt him, we did, by jimimy !

REMEMBRANCES OF VACATION.

SHALL I tell you of vacation,
 How I spent my last vacation —
 Golden spot of my experience ?
 Yes, you say. Well, 't was in this wise :
 After we were all examined,
 And the seniors had done spouting,
 And had gorged themselves at supper,
 And had smoked the ancient class-pipe,—
 Class-pipe made of costly earth-ware,—
 Pipe which must have cost a dollar —
 And had marched forth in great valor,
 With a copy of Old Kühner —
 Kühner loved so much by seniors, —
 Loved by middlers, first and second,
 Feared and hated by the juniors, —
 But they 'll love him when the time comes
 For them to recite *βουλεύω*, —
 When, I say, they 'd taken Kühner, —
 Having soaked his leaves in fluid, —
 Borne him out in sad procession,
 While the band discoursed sad music,
 Burned his leaves with execrations ;
 When the Nuns were serenaded,
 And the seniors each got bouquets, —
 All except a few who did n't ;
 When these deeds had all transpired,
 And seniors were no more called seniors,
 But their places filled by middlers,—
 More than filled by gallant middlers,
 Then it was that I departed
 From this land of books and study.
 Having passed through various trials,
 Landed safe in Happy Valley ;
 Not the valley Johnson tells of,
 Where each one said he was happy,
 But in fact was most unhappy ;

But this valley, where I tarried,
Bordered on th' Atlantic Ocean ;
And the people formed a part of
This great State of Massachusetts, —
Though in fact they 're most all women,
For the men are all gone whaling.
This may be in part the reason
Why vacation was so pleasant.
There I slept, and read, and studied ;
But I did n't study Virgil ;
Did n't read Old Baird or Balbus ;
Did n't sleep until near midnight.
But I studied human nature,
With some practical illustrations
To enforce each point, and fix it
Firmly in my memory.
And I read on navigation,
And the pleasant art of angling ;
And I practised each, alternate,
Until I was quite proficient,
And was skilled in catching tautog,
Sailing, rowing, fishing, swimming.
Then I myself and several others
Had a clam-bake, jolly clam-bake ;
And some one — but I won't name him —
Ate so freely at the clam-bake
That he could n't go to meeting ;
But on Monday he was able,
By the aid of wine and cordial,
To play at chess and peg, called wumble ;
And in the evening we went sailing
With a lot of jolly maidens.
While we sailed we sang together
Songs too numerous to mention.
Then there was a lull in singing,
And the wind completely quiet,
Let the sail hang loose and useless.
Then there was a little whispering,
Little laughing, maybe sighing ;
There were sounds like wavelets kissing,
Breaking on the distant shore,
Simply that, and nothing more.
Then the walk home, after landing, —
Now in shade, and now in moonlight, —

All surpass my poor description :
 And I'll leave each one to guess it,
 Or write it from his own experience.
 Now I've told you of vacation,
 And will close by simply wishing
 That each one of our vacations
 Be as pleasant as the last one,
 Which I spent in Happy Valley.

As one of our reporters was searching for an item on Wednesday evening, during the illumination, he overheard one of the Wide Awakes repeating the following verses. He (the Wide Awake) had evidently been drinking success to Lincoln, and confusion to the Democrats.

They say that Buck's to write his life ;
 Thank God, to help he's got no wife,
 How strange it is, the man for history (hic)
 Is he who never had one — ah, boo!

All up! Wide Awakes, forward march!
 For Douglas's benefit the band will play, —
 "I've got a mother in the promised land"
 "I'm after my mother; I cannot stay."

All up! Wide Awakes, forward march!
 For little Breck's benefit the band will play, —
 "Believing, we rejoice (hic) to see the curse removed;" —
 Good bye, boys! I cannot stay.

All up! Wide Awakes, forward march!
 For John Bell's benefit the band will play, —
 "This is the last of sweet Johnny Bell;"
 "I've crossed the Jordan to — politically speaking, of course
 — a charitable institution provided with heating apparatus for those who
 are deserving 'down among the dead men' far away."

Good bye, Wide Awakes! long may you wave!
 Your country — your freedom — your honor to save.
 I must be gone — I cannot stay —
 For "Honest Old Abe" the band will play.

JONADAB JONES'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER "DOWN
EAST."

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., }
November, 1860. }

My Dear Widdered Mother: — No doubt you have been wonderin' and wonderin' why I haint writ to you afore now; and perhaps you have thought to yourself I was an ongrateful son, and, in the language of the poit, "had forgut the buzzum that nourished me." Now, if such are your pheelinks, I hope you will invest yourself of them at once, for I haint forgut yeou, by a hornfull; and it is fur *this very reason* I haint writ you afore. I haint forgut the scenes that perspired under our ruff afore I come away. They are as fresh as a June rosy in my mind. I don't forget how you was pheelin' all along afore I left about my "goin' out into a cold, unfeelin' world," as you called it, "coz," you said, "I had never staid away from you one single nite since I had seen daylight," and "I knew nothin' at all about human natur," and you was een amost sartain I should be larfed at and imposed on, etc., etc. You know you told me "that coz we was poor, and couldn't dress well, and hadn't none of these highfalutin' airs, and hadn't been round, that you afeared I should be a larfin'-stock down here to Andover. You sed there was somethin' *in* me, if it was only *out* of me; that you hadn't any idee but if I was 'Squire Nubbins's boy I should p'raps be a governur; but now you hadn't no idee I should be nobody, or at least you was afraid so; and then you said an extract from "The Eulogy on a Church Yard," which is so dear to you,—

"Full many a flower is borned to blush unseen,
And waist its sweetness on the desert are" —

and then your good old motherly breast heaved up a sigh, and you said "we don't — know — why — these — things — are — so —." I remember too how you felt as you took down father's beever hat from the square room cubbard, which you said you had allers kept there since the day he and you were married, thinkin' that praps in the common run of things it might be needed in the family some time. And his swaller-tail coat, too (which hadn't been worned since that same interestin' occashun), which you took out of the chist in the bedroom we keep for company, and sed I should have to wear that for handsum down here. How you hated to give up these ere things — didn't you?

But I spose I ort not to harrer up your pheelinks in this way any longer, so I will go on with my story. I come down here to Andover, full of hope, thinkin' all the while you was mistaken about the world, — that I should find things different from what you told me. But alas, you was right, I

concluded. When I first come here, I didn't seem to be noticed at all. The fellers all passed right by me, and never spoke a word, nor bowed to me, nor anything else. I didn't know what to make on 't. I tell you, I was pretty down in the mouth; and oh! I knew you would take on dreadfully if you knew how I was feelin', and so I didn't write, for I knew I should gin down my pheelins as easy as our old Brindle gives down her milk; and that's jest why I haint writ afore. But things have turned right strait round, *versa visa*. I was entirely mistook about these fellers. I spose one reason why I wa'nt noticed more at first is that these fellers are all cousins — *first cousins* — and Mr. Taylor is *uncle* to 'em all; and bein' related so, 't aint so strange after all I didn't git took notice of at first. But I don't see *now* but I get along *jest as well* as though I was related. No, mother, this ain't no such place as I thot 't was at first. They don't appear to mind dress here, but trew worth is what they want. These senior fellers are mighty quick to scent out merit. They do it jest as easy as our old dog scents out a wood-huck. *All to once*, three or four weeks ago, they begun to take a *site* of notice of me, especially two of 'em, who are *mighty* poplar here, I guess. One of 'em lives "Down East" and t'other up in New Hampshire, I believe. They seemed all to once to see a good deal of merit in me! I guess they are *rather quicker* to see such things than some of the others of the senior fellers. O, they bow to me *just as perlite* as can be, and such sweet smiles as they do cast at me every time they meet me! Then they go to walk with me, and ask me up to their rooms. And the other day they asked me if I knew I had a head some like Daniel Webster's; and they said they believed I had a talent for speakin', and seemed dredful anxious I should join the Philo — that's their debatin' society — down here. They say it's just the place to draw out my talents for speakin', and they seem so mighty anxious I should join the Philo, and it seems *so entirely disinterested* on *their* part, I have reason to feel that p'raps I shall make a *speaker*. *How can I help likin' such* fellers, mother? They are Seniors, and I only an Englishman, and still they don't hesitate to notice me, *everywhere* and *anywhere*. *They must be a good deal alike*, I guess; at any rate, their *ways towards me* are *just alike*, and I've noticed it towards *other fellers* too, who don't appear to be *very much*, outwardly. I guess they are tip-top *friends*, though they don't hold to making a *great show* of it. You'd almost think, to see 'em here in school, they didn't care *anything* about each other; but I like this kind of *friendship*, that *ain't all outside*. Their *ways* are *so much alike* they must be "congeenyal sperits" — in the words of the poet. But 't aint only so with *these* fellers, but with all these Seniors. They don't appear to feel one bit above common fellers. They ask me *now* (though they haint, till within three or four weeks) to call upon them, and when I don't, they seem to feel sorter bad, coz I don't; and they go out to walk with me quite often, and *almost allus* say somethin' about Philo. Sometimes I think they think I wa'nt made for anything else but a speaker.

But I must draw my letter to a close. I have writ you enough to show you that this is a nice place, and that *here*, if nowhere else, a person is noticed for what he *is*, and not *what he has*. You needn't have no fears I shall not be depresheated in future, for I don't have a single one.

Now, mother, I hope you will write me often, and remember I am your
Affecshunate son — as ever —

JONADAB JONES.

P. S. — I haint writ much about the school, you may think, but I was so much taken up with my *intimate friends* that I forgot to say anything else. They don't allow us to smoke or chew tobaccar down here, so that pound of pigtail I bought jest afore I came away is useless to me ; but I shall need it when I pack away my swaller-tail next summer, to keep the moths out. I notice some of the fellers' spittle looks rather tobaccerish, *even now*, but no doubt it is owing to the habits' being broken off so *suddenly* and *lately*, and the system haint got use to making it the nateral color. It will all come round right bumbye. It don't seem to *scare* 'em any. My chum says a publisher, who is getting out a book of fables and their morals, and is going to have it illustrated, has written to the Senior class that he will pay them a large sum to set for their pictures, as a class, to illustrate the moral of the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. And it is expected they will do it, as they are hard up for funds for the graduation. I don't believe it is *true*, though — I *can't* believe it, somehow. Write soon.

Ajeu,

JONADAB.

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THE POETRY OF THE AGE.

It is very fashionable to speak of the present as practical, utilitarian; and, unlike much fashionable talk, this is true. Ours is emphatically an age of work. To its representative man *to be* is a mere condition of *to do*. Hence the crowning glory of life is to have done, and its blighting shame is to have not done. And yet he who would faithfully represent this ever busy, accomplishing age, although standing face to face with the actual, and guiding and moulding the real, is by no means a stranger to the poetic, the beautiful, and ideal. While he draws less inspiration, it may be, from mere conjecture, or the mystic visions of an excited imagination, he kindles a deeper enthusiasm from the certainties of his own surroundings. And while, before the searching scrutiny of his practical eye, the far-famed temples of mere poetic fancy or of romantic tradition melt away, like the baseless fabric of a vision, in their place comes the far more brilliant and glorious revelations of science, and the rapidly succeeding steps of an ever onward and upward human progress. In this way comes the poet's power, whose spirit is in harmony with his age. Kindling his genius at the altar of present,

actual life, he sings the simple "Song of the Shirt," and henceforth the sewing-woman's smoke-stained garret is more sacred than the tapestried chamber of the countess. He chants of the "Bridge of Sighs," and, the wide world over, every eye moistens with sympathy as it sees "one more unfortunate," and every voice softens as it joins in the wailing entreaty, "take her up tenderly, lift her with care."

But not in words alone can such an age embody the conceptions of its poetic genius. Deriving its life and inspiration from the actual and the real, the actual and the real alone can furnish an adequate medium for expressing its creations. Using these, therefore, it sends forth its poetry arrayed as a mighty leviathan of the deep, or as the fire-breathing chariot, whose fearful course a child might guide, but in comparison with which the fabled war-cars of the gods seem powerless toys. Or, perchance, it may assume the various forms of wood, iron, or brass, which the genius of the age has daintily carved, and so infused with its own spirit that it appears to live, and goes on day and night performing subtler and more curiously transforming devices than the most daring poet's imagination in the past ever conceived, or fairy queen practised with her most potent spell. But, perhaps, wearying of material forms, behold this same genius again, as with unflinching eye it presses hard upon the hitherto unapproached line which divides the sphere of the creature from the domain of the Creator, and with audacious hand draws from its cloudy home, where unchecked, it had roamed since creation's morn, the deadly thunderbolt, and enrolls it among its most trusty body-servants, thus making it the embodiment of another of its poetic ideals.

The maiden's fair bosom palpitates with responsive emotion as she listens to the sentimental, fancy-hued ditty of some poet inspired by soul-lit eyes, gentle breezes, murmuring brooks, fair tresses, and such-like sources of tender ecstasy. But as she beholds the chemist sitting day after day in his laboratory, among his crucibles and retorts, adding to and taking from, dissolving and precipitating, watching and pondering with great care, she disdainfully exclaims, "Prosy plodder!" And yet this maiden one day blesses God for the poetry of chemistry, when, in her dire extremity, by breathing that colorless, invisible vapor, dis-

titled by that chemist in his silent plodding, she, as by a miracle of benign enchantment, roams in an elysian dreamland while the surgeon's knife passes to and fro through the quivering but insensible muscle, artery, and nerve, and a living limb is severed from a body lying placid and calm as a sleeping babe.

Night after night the astronomer sleeplessly watches the stately movements of the planet world above him. Day after day he bends over figures, diagrams, and calculations, patiently noting the little divergence of their actual motions from what they *should be*, until at length he has the secret—there is a world as yet unseen. By science alone the glass is pointed, and, lo! a new planet sails majestically before his enraptured vision, thus revealing the poetry of astronomy. But again, in harmony with this practical spirit of the age, its poetry assumes a new embodiment, the most exalting and divine of all.

Behold a few frail men and women, voluntarily and with no means of defence, throw themselves into the heart of hostile, cruel, and blood-thirsty nations, for the sole object of doing them good. Educated and refined, they voluntarily exile themselves from all they can enjoy of congenial society, and from all their fond ties of friendship, for the love of distant, unknown, and degraded barbarians. With but the single weapon of a book, purposing to assail and overthrow systems of religion sanctioned by many ages and generations, and supported by strong authority and great wealth,—with but the banner of the cross—everywhere the symbol of the deepest disgrace—aiming to overturn custom, caste, prejudice, indolence, and sensuality,—the merest handful against millions, weakness against strength, poverty against riches,—they yet confidently expect to conquer, and more than conquer, through the mysterious power of the blood shed nearly two thousand years ago of One who was a “man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” Surely, compared with such an enterprise, the crusades of old were as devoid of poetry as the merest matter of fact of every day life. And in the same catalogue, too, might be named the many reformatory movements of our time,—all of them efforts at embodying more or less lofty ideals,—the great questions of human rights and capabilities now agitating the civilized world, and all questions of thought-ideals in process of becoming realities.

But it is idle to attempt to enumerate; for, by pursuing this train of thought, and thus analyzing life, its objects and motives, we shall find to-day in every department of practical life an effort to embody its loftiest conceptions,—the actual and real close beside the ideal, and all as far beyond the brightest pictures of the most brilliant imaginations of the past as noonday is beyond the dawn. In short, we shall find that this toiling, practical present may justly be called the poetical age of the world; when the life of the masses is becoming imbued with, and the exponent of, the highest thoughts and grandest ideals; when poetry is not merely *dreamed*, but *lived*.

APPRECIATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

IN every man there is an innate love of the beautiful, whether natural or artificial; and it is but the development of this inborn sense that has produced the sublime trophies of art which have come down to us from former ages, and still remain the monuments of genius.

But this development is gradual; it naturally must be so. Imagine the first artist endeavoring to fix the portraiture of the human form on something less fleeting than itself,—the rough outline, the faulty perspective. But a second, though following close on the verge of his predecessor's footsteps, still advances, until at length victories are obtained which fill the world with wonder and admiration.

Although a love of the beautiful is common to all, it varies in degree. One whose powers of recognition of it are expanded by culture sees in the simplest flower, in a blade of grass, beauty denied to the vulgar eye. The most graceful and perfect capital is the Corinthian. Its designer caught the idea from a withered acanthus leaf which a stray gale wafted to his feet. One whose faculties were less cultivated, whose appreciation was less refined, would regardlessly have passed it by.

The man who is alive with sensibility, and awake to beauty, not only appreciates the charms of nature, and loveliness in any form, but is himself a living example of what the refining and

chastening influence of the development of this natural capacity of appreciation will effect.

It is a melancholy thought that we are daily growing more and more oblivious to beauty, less and less able to detect, still less to originate it. Can any conception of modern times equal or even approach the ancient system of Greek mythology? — a system so replete with beauty and variety that it has furnished themes for the chisel, the pen, and the pencil, from time immemorial; and though drained upon for ages, is still exhaustless, — a living fountain from which unailing supplies of sparkling and delicious nectar can be drawn.

The ancients found an object of veneration in every tree, in every stream. Their fertile imaginations peopled the heavens, the earth, and the sea, with Nymphs, Fauns, and Dryads. The most trifling object in nature had its own appropriate guardian divinity. We, more intelligent, and with a more enlightened creed, reject these, the most charming fictions fancy has ever created, as absurd. But while we deny their plausibility, as contrary to reason, we are forced to admit their unsurpassed beauty, and yield to them to satisfy our longing love for the beautiful, which, though deteriorated and enfeebled, still struggles up, through the mass of foreign elements which obstruct its growth, to the surface.

It is not natural that a love for the beautiful should predominate in the minds of a people who rush over the travelled routine of life disregarding everything outside their immediate sphere of action. But still it by no means of necessity follows that it is out of place to introduce it into our daily lives. The beauties of nature are common to all; to none are they denied; and though it may not be permitted us to revel amidst the triumphs of art of the Old World, still, by the full appreciation of those natural means of enjoyment which a benevolent Deity has bestowed upon us, we can elevate ourselves and refine our minds in a degree inconceivable.

Why not, then, make it our duty and study to search out and bring to light all the hidden forms of beauty within our reach, not merely to ramble over the surface of life with the common herd, attentive but to our own selfish interest? Let us have a higher, nobler purpose. Let us remember that this life is not

all toil, not all privation, but that if we will but appreciate the blessings which are showered around us on every hand, that our life may be a peaceful journey; not stormless, it is true, — for monotony is always finally tedious, however pleasurable it may have been, — but that with all our powers of appreciation of the beautiful fully developed, we may not be ungrateful and thankful for the blessings we enjoy. N.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WILL UPON THE PHYSICAL POWERS.

In every individual there is a continual contest between mind and matter, between intellectual strength and brute force.

There are certain influences which work upon the physical powers and mould them in peculiar ways. Influence is as irresistible as it is universal. Our minds receive an impression from some exterior object, and soon exert the influence derived from that impression on the physical being, and turn and sway it as the rivers of water are turned.

But what influence does the will, that property of the mind by which we determine to do or to forbear, have upon the physical powers? The unconquered will gives us decision of character. Having grasped the different bearings of an object presented to one's mind, he can, if he is thus influenced, come to a decision most favorable to himself; and having arrived at it, if he is a man of determination, he cannot be shaken. This may sometimes be contracted into a dogged mulishness, between which and a firm determination there is a wide difference. But a man had better be a mule with some backbone of his own, if a choice must be made, than a fawning, cringing hound beneath his master's lash. For "I think," said one of the greatest writers of antiquity, "that in a military commander these four things are necessary: A knowledge of military affairs, bravery, determination, kindness." And not only in a military commander is determination necessary, but also and equally so in one who would govern himself, and be successful. The truth of this is shown in the life of any man who has succeeded in this eternal

strife to see "who shall be greatest." For his success has always been obtained by the influence of his will.

The will influences the physical powers by increasing the hope and expectation of success at last. Every man needs a firm foundation, — something which he can rest upon, — an anchor to his soul; and this we conceive to be found in an expectation of success at last. The poet says:

"As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm."

By a man thus influenced every difficulty is not magnified and lamented, and his aim is not so low that the breath of others can impede his feathered arrow or retard its flight. This truth which we have endeavored to establish, that the will influences the mind in different and important ways, is proved by the history of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, perhaps more completely than by any other example in the history of the past.

In the dreary advance the soldiers were sustained by the expectation of great booty awaiting them in the palaces of Moscow. And in the desolate retreat, while combating their two enemies, the Russians and the Russian winter, they were sustained by that "unconquered will;" and by the influence of that alone they achieved their success: for if the retreat from Moscow was not a victory, it was second only, in the catalogue of military exploits, to the retreat of the Ten Thousand.

Therefore, in view of these proofs, we come to the conclusion that it is not by those miserable, doubting words "I will try," but by those other proud, defiant words, "I will do," that a man can expect to be or do anything in this world.

ISLE OF ACHILL.

THERE is an isle in the distant sea,
Where the billows are rolling wild and free,
And are lashing the shore with many a shock,
But it heeds them not — 't is of granite rock.

Rugged and bluff its tall cliffs rise,
 Impending ocean, threatening skies,
 Where the eagle looks out from his æry dome
 On the elements' rage through the tempest's gloom.

The sea-fowl in myriads their concert keep
 On some jutting ledge o'er the mighty steep;
 And nature herself is forced to smile
 As she looks with pride on this rock-bound isle.

In his majesty there old "Slievemore" rears
 His cloud-capped summit above the seas,
 And guardian true of a sacred spot,
 The hurricane's rage to him is nought.

And, oh, what feelings must surely cling
 Around the base of this mountain king!
 Where those on errands of mercy sent
 The dearest hours of their lives have spent.

In boyhood here I oft have roamed,
 And watched the billows that seethed and foamed;
 From the wild Atlantic rolling in,
 They shook the shore with a thundering din.

And gazing out on the wide, wide sea,
 A boundless waste it appeared to be, —
 Where the porpoise rolls and the dolphins play,
 And the sunbeams dance at the close of day.

On a lofty peak I loved to sit,
 And on fancy's pinions away I'd flit
 To realms beyond the rolling main,
 To the land of patriots and of fame.

As proudly as Xerxes, from Ægaleos' height,
 Beholding his hosts join Salamis' fight,
 I surveyed the prospect from this mount,
 Imbibing deep draughts from nature's fount.

But, ah! indeed, how little I thought
 Of the changes that time unseen hath wrought
 On places, on people, on friends I loved,
 Embarked since then on life's restless flood.

A few already have crossed th' abyss
 That holds us back from eternal bliss,
 And, glorying now in redeeming love,
 Are waiting their friends in the mansions above.

Some are wedded and anchored fast,
 Contentment's banner nailed high to the mast;
 Whilst others are serving the Queen and Crown,
 And many are scattered up and down.

But I had a mind 't was hard to tame,
 And I loved to roam on the foamy main;
 With spirit as light as the wingéd bird,
 I longed to wander and see the world.

Yet no cause have I for any regret,
 That the tide of youth's dreams in this way set;
 Prudence might chide, but Providence blessed,
 And steered my bark to the golden West,

Where youthful friends are firm and true,
 To friendship's cause and the end in view;
 Where are those I love — and who love me;
 Where I'm at home, though beyond the sea.

Yet ne'er indeed shall I forget
 My island home, and the friends I've left;
 But ever most dear shall be to me
 Achill's isle in the distant sea.

R.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

A REMARK often quoted, but yet as fresh and true as when first it came complete from the author's mind, and is in itself an exemplification of the truth it embodies. There are none, of whatever country or clime they may be, but have at times experienced its truth. The mountaineer feels it intensely; so the dweller by the ever sounding sea. The one is never weary of watching his Titanic friends; and the other, if parted from it

for a short time only, is weary and sick : his heart yearns for its never-ending murmur, or even its awful, devastating storms. The reason for each feeling is the same. A part of the soul's longing for the perfect, the pure, the infinite, is met and satisfied by these manifestations of nature.

We never grow weary of looking at a beautiful engraving, or painting, or any work of art. This is true not only of the refined and cultivated, but of the masses, the rude laborers. Full as many plebeian noses are daily flattened against the windows of the print-stores on Washington Street, as those owned by the higher classes, the patricians of our modern Athens ; and the possessors of the former feel the same joy as the latter, only differing in degree.

When the old Quaker, in helping two ladies across a muddy street, gave the preference to the prettier, he but obeyed the natural promptings of man's heart. We honor him for his discernment ; and, as a further instance, might mention the pleasure that one may get in public assemblies from studying the beautiful and noble faces gathered there — faces of men as well as woman's fairer, brighter form.

There are men in every general gathering whose faces are a pleasant and profitable study. And not their faces alone, but their every look or movement, however slight, expresses a noble character, an honest, well-trained mind, and a warm and sunny heart. And their opposites are also there, "fiends in human shape ;" or you may see, as Titbottom did with his magic spectacles, some sleek porker walk in disguised as a merchant, or a serpent may hiss through a lawyer's teeth.

And you may also see that, as a rule, the truly homely man (and by this must be understood men whose looks give pain and disgust) are misanthropes or dyspeptics, cheats, misers, or others of that sort, whose extreme tenuity of soul is repeated in their faces. And one class of men and women, almost without an exception, have faces whose perusal will give pleasure, even if they cannot be called exactly beautiful, and these are the thinkers. Hard thought, it has been said, is like an artist of rare discernment and skill : it cuts away the gross and the merely animal, and discloses the spiritual and refined, thus unavoidably beautifying all it works upon.

Then it is manifest that we are, to a great extent, responsible for our beauty, and, confining the word to its strict derivative meaning, *almost entirely so*; for beauty of character is oftener expressed by pleasant looks than by fair words; and a face trained to express the impulses of a noble soul can but be beautiful. And the reverse is also true.

No one can long retain unworthy or unmanly thoughts without their being marked on his face. The voice may be trained to simulate that of a noble man, but not so the countenance. There the character is enduringly and truthfully marked; for when Sir Launcelot *spoke* —

“ The lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she looked,
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments :
The great and guilty love he bare the queen,
In battle with the love he owed his lord,
Had marred his face and marked it ere his time.”

Then would you have a “noble, kingly mien,” a face that a child will trust and a base man fear, let your heart be free from guile, and your thoughts be ever pure. W.

OUR FLAG.

FLING to the breeze its ample folds,
And let it float o'er land and sea,
'Till every nation, people, tongue,
Break forth in songs of liberty.

Ne'er let a traitor's hand pollute
That flag which waves o'er Sumter's walls, —
Which conscious Right unfurls in prayer,
Till every patriot vanquished falls.

Then rouse, ye freemen in the South!
Ye East and West pour forth!
Take up the watchword, Liberty!
Lead on, O gallant North!

Not with War's deadly implements
 The tocsin peals to arm ;
 Nor to the death-fraught battle-field
 It sounds the dread alarm.

Truth seeks no human sacrifice
 To feed her quenchless flame ;
 For, know, who'd check her onward course,
 She'll yet triumphant reign.

Then ye, who'd live for Truth and Right,
 For ages yet to be,
 Rouse, to defend our fathers' trust —
 Our blood-bought liberty.

And bid Oppression, Error, Strife,
 Yield their unhallowed sway,
 To let the eternal morn break forth
 Of Peace, Truth, Liberty.



EDGAR ALLEN POE.

As the shades of evening closed the first Sabbath of October, 1849, the restless spirit of Edgar A. Poe exchanged the shadows, amid which he had found a gloomy pleasure, for realities, whose existence he had never loved to consider. Ask not what comforts were his, what luxuries he missed, what friends gathered about him in his dying hour. The hospital bed, the stranger's hand, and the stranger's care might have been supplanted by all the comforts and delicate attentions which the pure affection of a noble woman could suggest, or his own home supply. But he did not so choose. His reckless, roving spirit loved not the restraints of home. Hence, when he was picked up in the streets of Baltimore three days previous to his death, he was taken to the only home for which he had prepared, — to end his misspent life in a city hospital.

His thirty-eight years of alternate opulence and extreme poverty, enviable and unenviable reputation, — years in which he

had stood erect on the sun-lit heights of prosperity, and bowed low in the dark abyss of adversity, — these might have stamped on him an abiding impression of reality. But no; life's discipline failed to make him other than the one who clung to dreams, terrific or gloomy, as the only realities. He always trembled on the outmost verge of the probable, "wondering, fearing, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." Perhaps he owed this tendency to her who gave him birth; for her life was wasted in personating creations of the fancy, to terrify or delight sensitive or senseless lovers of the drama. No one who reads his productions can fail to be impressed with the shadow of probability that rests on his wildest fancies. While enveloped in the gloom and mystery of "The House of Usher," we are ready to mourn with its melancholy inmates; and even that very extravagant story, "The Black Cat," makes us forget, for the moment, its untruth, and shudder with fear. These never could have the power thus to affect us, did not their author conceive of them as more than probable. In one way or another, he constantly exhibits his love of the unreal, the inconsistent, the untrue; and a failure to appreciate what is true, consistent, real.

Having assumed that his guess was as true as any axiom, and hence needed no proof, he proceeds, with much ingenuity, to explain the cause of gravitation, and is himself so satisfied with the result that he calls his work "Eureka." This is undoubtedly more studied, and contains more thought, than any other of his works. Some of the sentences can hardly be equalled in combined terseness and explicitness. Having stated his proposition in plain terms, he first carefully prepares the way for his proof by explanations and definitions of peculiar phrases he intends to use. Then you can feel the nervous energy of the man, as he attempts to build up a firm support for his main proposition. Yet this production, on which he expends all his energies to establish what he professes to believe true, he wishes considered a romance, or, at best, as a poem; while, in his lecture on the "Poetic Principle," he declares truth and poetry antagonistic. In like manner, he closes a long, severe, and unjust article in which he labors to prove Mr. Longfellow a contemptible plagiarist, by a sentence which declares the fault for which he would stigmatize Longfellow common to eminent poets of every period.

His writings speak him a very Cicero in self-conceit. Perhaps the most palpable exhibition is where, referring to Laplace, he remarks: "The ground covered by the system of the great French astronomer is, to the ground covered by my system, as the bubble to the great ocean on which it floats," Were his favorite motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," universally adopted, the name of Edgar A. Poe would soon find the "Al Aaraaf" for which he sighed. He was given to dissipation, violated the most sacred compacts, despised his race, and has left on record no single instance where he performed a self-denying action for the good of another. He was accustomed to speak of himself as "already damned," and indeed seemed to experience continually the deep despair which such an expression indicates. He is said to have seldom smiled, and when he did his was not a genial, but a cold, contemptuous smile. Fitting is it to commence a notice of such a man by a notice of the fact that he has passed from earth. As our thoughts turn to the evidences that he has been here, we seek in vain amid the pictures of his imagination some instructive home scene,—some woman, beautiful not alone in form, but also in character,—some man, strong in manly virtue,—some childlike child, whose purity and simplicity would rebuke, convict, and win us; we find only horrid and horrible appearances, which delirium tremens might arouse. And as we gaze on those shapeless shapes and formless forms, a dismal, gloomy shadow enshrouds them, and we hear a voice, like that which once addressed his fancy-formed raven, bewailing that his "soul from out that shadow shall be lifted — nevermore."

S. Y. Y

Τέλευτή.

THE organ's low, melodious tone
 Chimed sweetly on his ear,
 As he entered once again the church,
 And sat him down to hear.

The sun's last, gentle, lingering beam,
 Stole dimly through the pane,
 And fell on ancient choir and aisle
 In holy, grateful flame.

“E’en as that last, faint, flickering gleam,
 Have youth and manhood passed,
 And now, with feeble, halting step,
 Dim age has come at last.

“This weary life is all too long;
 To brighter scenes above
 My soul aspires; Lord, let it rest
 In thy eternal love!”

The old man spoke: a heavenly light
 Seemed to surround his head:
 He lifted up his eyes, nor spoke,
 But quivered, and was dead.

The solemn organ ceased its notes;
 The twilight ceased to gleam;
 And death had borne the wanderer
 To heaven, from his dream.

N.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

BANISHMENT to the rocks and echoes, to pathless woods and lonely caves, to gloomy cloisters and dingy studios, is a protection which God has often thrown around some natures of the finest mould. They cannot bear the heat, and rough dealing of the world in open day, so, like some plants, to live, they must seek their growing places in shady retirement.

The sun and moon put them out. Such souls in the peaceful silence of solitude find their own thoughts their choicest society, and from their variety collect rich stores of wisdom, which the objects of sense could never afford.

To them solitude is holy. In their interviews with nature, when rocks, hills, birds, and streams speak to them so familiarly that they become a portion of that around them, they experience that enlargement of spirit, as if —

“All the God came resting on the soul.”

and roused all the manhood within them.

Great minds naturally seek retirement. They instinctively turn to it, as does the needle to the pole. They are born to think; and though perhaps possessed of riches and power, yet neither abundance nor greatness, can exempt them from their natural inclinations. Reason and imagination are not material entities, to be restrained or dictated by the lust of power or gain.

To think, is to grow; to grow, is to ascend; to grow spiritually is the duty, the work, and end of life. But there is no real reflection in a constant residence amid noise and pleasure.

Reflection demands seclusion. To become a thinker is to become a companion to one's self; then silent abstraction brings true pleasure — is charming, healthful, sweet.

In this state of mind, men of genius have conceived the most original beauties of their works. The philosopher, shutting out the noisy world, has solved the great problems of science.

Poets, painters, and sculptors, surrendering their whole souls to the attractions of their ideal world, perceive before them the sublime conceptions of their imaginations, and, absorbed in the contemplations of their favorite subjects, the objects then engaging attention acquire distinctness, presence, and life.

But the secluded and ascetic life of scholars, highly favorable as it is to contemplation and inward development, has its disadvantages. We have read of many fine geniuses who had that imperfection, that they could do nothing useful. In society they lose their individuality. At a distance they are admired, — their efforts flattered. Bring them hand to hand, tongue to tongue, and they are crippled. Their will is paralyzed, and they speak from the point like a flighty girl. They cannot meet the world with its own weapons. Being undisciplined in the ways of life, they are at great odds when they come to the actual and practical battle. There is no one they envy so much as the man of labor, with his rough speech, manly bearing, and simple commonsense.

Society needs the cultivated; and shall the possession of fine traits be a surety for expulsion from society? Is, then, that solitude in which they have trained their lives an imperfect school? It must be, for we look in vain for the symmetrical character which perfect instruction will give. A man owes it to himself and to society to be armed at all points, and not

subject himself to the taunts of the rabble on account of any awkward gait, manners, or ignorance of men and affairs. One need not live like Peter the Hermit, nor yet be a votary of fashion — a Beau Brummel. Solitude is not to be absolute and wholly isolated, nor is society to be like the luxurious court of Louis XIV. There is a golden mean, which is easily ascertained and pleasant to pursue.

The link is mysterious which binds human beings to each other, so that the heart of one answers to that of the other like the return of an echo. That link severed, the moment the communion of heart and mind with heart and mind is broken, man becomes an alien, an orphan: lost to him forever is the key to all the enjoyment of sympathy giving and receiving, and the current of life flows bitter and dark. Now, you may read understandingly of sorrowful Homers, Dantes, Miltons, and Beethovens, all along the world's ages, who died, looking tearfully toward the spirit-land for the enjoyment of that full participation in experience which they ever yearned for, but found not, during the trial-period of their lofty lives.

There was nothing in their lives in sympathy with an unappreciating world, and the world was not worthy of them.

The law of sympathetic participation is the secret of nature's eternal power of enchantment, and the foundation of all good society. Obeying this law, man instinctively seeks those like-minded with himself. Bosom friendships are formed, the completest realization of human communion. Nearness of place results in the friendship of neighbors. Social hearts want neighbors — neighbors singing dear old songs a little way off, and homes joined to their own by cross-paths. In the walks of science and literature we find hearts throbbing with the same generous impulses, and together accomplishing the noblest work of human benefaction. In politics the result is parties and factions. In religion we find men attaching themselves here to one church and there to another; each pious man seeks his own fraternity of saints, and in the communion of that, takes intensest delight.

God made man for society. He it was who saw it was not good for man to live alone. Even the bliss of paradise was not complete until Adam had a companion to unite with him in his

labors and share with him his joys. In the most delightful retirement we long for —

“ A friend in our retreat,
Whom we may whisper — solitude is sweet.”

Sympathy and society we must have, but it must be that society which exists by the sympathetic union of kindred souls, else there is no society. A man may be alone in the gayest *soirée*, if no heart beating with his own is there. Parties must be assorted. The morose man is no company for the genial-hearted man. Old and young are not apt to come together.

“ Among unequals, what society can sort,
What harmony or true delight ? ”

We need solitude and we need society. We are not full-grown men if one condition is observed to the exclusion of the other. With our heads in one and our hands in the other, provided we keep our independence, and do not lose our sympathy, the conditions are met.

Enough of solitude is needed for an independent and intelligent navigation in society, and enough of society to furnish food for hours of solitude, and that readiness of sympathy, the bond of union which sustains companionship, and associates to the fullest measure of excellence.

FROM SUMMER TO AUTUMN.

It was the hot mid-summer, ere the grass was brown,
Looked I sadly at the harvest-fields beyond,
Rich as the hopes of youth so madly fond ;
Cloud-kissed mountains far above the town
Hazed in the wavering distance, in the hot mid-summer,
Ere the grass was brown.

There in the bright mid-summer, ere the grass turned brown,
Thought I youthfully : how like the farther mists
Come the white robes of joys within the lists
To sweep on the days before, and crown
Heights of rare bliss with silver light, in the bright mid-summer,
Ere the grass turned brown.

Green in the close mid-summer, ere the grass waved brown,
 Lay the rich meadows streaked with the sparkling stream,
 Lulling with rhythmic flow, to gleam
 In its strange windings, like the lamps of town
 Late in the evenings of the close mid-summer,
 Ere the grass waved brown.

Then in the young mid-summer, ere the grass drooped brown,
 Dreamed I foolishly: on with the starry hopes — all shall be true,
 Life shall be pleasant, and the days I rue
 Shall be faint and few; then I'll wear the crown,
 Won in the bloodless strife, in life's mid-summer,
 Ere the grass droops brown.

In the sweet mid-summer, ere the grass burned brown,
 Over the hills they rolled — clouds of the stormy rain —
 Wild was the thunder's voice — hushed were the birds — again
 Wept I bitterly: all lost, and my joys have flown,
 So young in my mid-summer,
 Ere the grass burned brown.

* * * * *

In life, it was past mid-summer, and the path was brown,
 But all the sheaves were saved — piled up against the sky,
 Which all the storms had blessed — never more to fly;
 And I thought joyfully: now I'll cry harvest-home,
 Good-by fair mid-summer,
 Sing now for harvest-home.

J. A. B.

THE STORM AND ITS CONQUEROR.

DARK — dreary — cold. Everything around is cheerless and gloomy, while nature shudders, wrapt in robes of the deepest mourning. Borne on wings of restless furies — clad in garments of night and terror — fraught with raging and tempestuous billows — the Storm-King holds his sway. Evil spirits of the darkness, leagued with all the banded cohorts of hell, work his despot will, and hover o'er hill and vale with rustling wing. The storm-blast howls as it sweeps along, — now shrieking in maddened fury, tossing on high the time-worn limbs of nature's

offspring, straining their every muscle and stretching their toughened fibres to the utmost tension; and anon, with childlike glee, sporting among their leafless tops and filling all the air around with a soft and heavenly music; or dying in weird whistles among their hoary branches. Fierce and irresistible his force; none dare dispute his sway.

But, see! faintly struggling to send his cheering beams through the dark mass of clouds that seem to shroud all living things as if in a winding-sheet of inky darkness the glorious orb of day appears, hastening to dip his glowing face behind the western waves. The monster of mist shudders and dissolves into nothingness before his enlivening beams; the clouds, so late his footstool, dark with tempests and threatening storms, now seem lit up with a heavenly radiance. A rainbow of the brightest colors spans the vast expanse of heaven's vault, and rests upon its lofty brow, like a crown of the rarest, costliest gems upon some queenly daughter of man, while a broad flood of golden sunlight stands emblazoned on the heaving, seething sea of mist above.

All now is hushed and peaceful as the slanting rays dart o'er hill and vale, bathing all in a flood of living light. Yes, all is *eloquently* silent, as the conquering sun retires to his rest. A soft purple light still plays around the summits of the distant mountains. Now, all is gone. The brilliant lustre of the clouds above gradually and silently fades away, as if loth to quit so beautiful a scene.

The twinkling stars, one by one, throw off the veil that hid them from our mortal sight, and shine resplendent through the quick increasing gloom, while the guardian spirits of the darkness fan with soothing wings a sleeping world. K.

IN MEMORIAM.

If there are mansions in the house in heaven,
Illumined, swept, and waiting in that almonry,
I humbly trust an hallowed hour untriven
May there unite at last a broken family.

Life had been pleasant, as it is to all, —
 What though the shadow on the heart was there ?
 Still did the sunshine, filtered through the pall,
 Light up his pathway and reward his prayer.

So when the angel took his pen and wrote
 In the great book, while all was joy above :
 "Take now the pain from out his heart,
 Show him the truth that God is Love ;"

Closed were the weary eyes — still the beating heart —
 No more the icy lips shall breathe a thankful word ;
 And sorrow, brooding o'er the household now apart,
 Reminded them that he was with the Lord.

Sweet were the songs through all the courts on high,
 Just as the twilight flushed across the west ;
 For as they sang, another harp rang forth,
 Another wanderer 's on his Saviour's breast.

So, in the mansions of the house in heaven,
 Illumined, swept, and waiting in that almonry,
 I humbly trust an hallowed hour unriven
 May there unite at last a broken family.



THE POETICAL CHARACTER OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THERE is no element of American character which compares more unfavorably with that of other nations, and especially with the British, than the poetical. We have equalled them in enterprise, surpassed them in ingenuity, outrun them in liberality and patriotism, vied with them in honor, instructed them in peaceful government, and beaten them in honorable battle. Our aspirations are no less lofty, our strictly intellectual character is no less potent. We stand side by side with their proudest victors in the solution of the sublime problems of philosophy, divinity, and law. But when the poetical aspect of American character is compared with that of Britain, we are forced to acknowledge

that it is but as the meandering stream by the side of the mighty ocean.

I would not dim the lustre of a Longfellow, or decry the lays of Whittier, or pluck a laurel from the brow of Bryant. There *are* occasional gleams of genius, — there *are* hearts which are willing to withdraw from the bitter struggle for power and popularity, and to use their heads and hands in nobler pursuits and more exalted themes.

But the great distinguishing feature of British character *is the poetical*. Take away her poets and you rob her of half her glory. Take away the influence of her poets, and the beauty of her national character is gone.

The most obtuse mind cannot but observe the silent but irresistible power of that influence exercised by the British poets on the character of the nation. And it is equally evident, whether we judge by the people themselves, or from the nature of the influence exerted upon them.

Civilization, with all its train of glory, has been and is advancing. And when, like a battered and disfigured ship righting and rising from the trough of an angry but subsiding ocean, we see *man* rising from a state of depravity and ignorance verging on brutality, up to a higher level of human progress, dispelling one by one, as the broad sunlight of knowledge, liberty, and religion dawns upon him, those dark clouds of tyranny and superstition which fettered his aspirations and obscured the divine origin of his being, there is always one fact associated with the sight which cannot be misunderstood. And that is, that just in proportion as civilization advances, the love for the merely animal development of man gradually loses its hold, and a lofty appreciation of the beautiful and good pervades the councils of families and nations. And this, therefore, being true, that what the present age regards as *real* and commonplace, preceding ages looked upon as the far-off, vague, *ideal*; and, it being equally true that our ideal is not the permanent and ultimate, but only a stepping-stone in the onward progress toward a sublimer ideal of human life and character, it follows that those minds which are the most ethereal, which have the highest ideas of beauty, mental, moral, and physical, have the largest share in the permanent elevation of man. And therefore it is that the British poets have breathed

into the character of the nation an element which gives even the most unlearned a shade of refinement. For it could not be otherwise than true, that men of such burning intensity of life and feeling, such delicacy of thought, such reaching out of the aspirations toward the perfections of Deity, should leave the impress of their own souls on the life and habits of an admiring people.

There is no feature of British nationality that has not been moulded to some extent by this class of men. They have cultivated her manners, refined her tastes, elevated her thoughts, beautified her language, and immortalized her name. They have always been her truest patriots and her warmest friends. And when the waves of public opinion, blackened and embittered by low envy and vulgar criticism, have rolled over and over them, they have still raised their manly forms above the tide, and, scorning all misfortune, scorning wealth, scorning poverty, have written their names and sentiments on the nation's heart with a pen whose trace can never be obliterated.

There is no class dearer to the nation's heart than her poets. Their songs are in every dwelling, their words on every tongue. And well may she honor them. They have cheered her in her darkest hours with the glory of the harp, they have chronicled her deeds in characters imperishable. There is no class to whose labors we feel that she can turn with so much conscious superiority, whether to the heart-melting lays of Burns, with his "Highland Maid," or the lofty flights of Byron, or the thousand-stringed instrument of Shakspeare, or the dark sublimities of Milton, whose God-like musings startle and please, and terrify, captivate, and chain the heart, like the awful presence of some vast cataract dashing in terrific grandeur from rock to rock, and mingling the wild murmur of its waters with the voices of thoughtless men.

But it does not seem to be so much poetical genius that is wanting in American character as the disposition to keep it in its proper place. If a man *has* a little spark of poetic fire, it must be dimmed or put out by the cold chills of some lucrative profession; or, along with his literary pursuits, he must be the inventor of some strange machine that nobody has ever heard of, and never ought. Or, if that is not lucrative enough, he must be a vender of polyglot Bibles and fat cattle. Or, if he finds

that he can manufacture political *donkeys*, in the shape of a daily or weekly paper, with which to accelerate the speed of some party caravan, his half-finished poem is laid aside till a more convenient season. And thus, if he can be called a poet at all, he is satisfied with doing the very drudgery of the Muses. Such a writer only dishonors his calling, and lowers the standard of genius, instead of raising it. True poetry, which moulds a nation's character, is not that which can be ground out when a man has nothing else to do, and sold, wholesale or retail, to suit the customers. It cannot be changed and whitewashed to please the passing whim of a capricious age. Its worth and character are fixed and eternal. It was no blind or unnatural idea when the ancients located the source of poesy among the gods. In its unadulterated essence it is noble and godlike, for it deals not with small things and base things, but is the very embodiment of that which is beautiful and pure and good. B.

Y^E FEMALE SKATING.

STERN winter, the king of the opening year,
 With whistling Æolus charioteer,
 Has hastened upon us, laying his hand,
 Cold and benumbing, on ocean and land :
 Coming as ruler o'er all to preside,
 He blows his chill breath on the river's side.
 The waters stand still at his mandate, "wait" —
 "My eye!" what a glorious chance for a skate!
 The pale moon is shining, the clear air is still,
 I'll renew for a moment my juvenile skill.
 I haste where the ice-covered waters flow,
 And find — Venus help me! — on skates, calico!
 Do my goggles deceive me? too plain, in that troop,
 Are ladies performing, with many a whoop,
 Feats of tumbling so perfect, the mention would sting
 With envy the heart of the clown in the ring.
 This idea instantly came to my mind,
 Its weight leaving others a moment behind :

Granting it proper that ladies should skate,
 Fashion shows obstacles strikingly great;
 For, if able to stand in a moderate gale
 (Did their speed but compare with the breadth of their sail),
 Their velocity surely would be at a rate
 Suggesting an end quite unfortunate.
 On the Bloomer arrangement can be no debate,
 If ladies are bent on learning to skate;
 But as I began saying — I'm standing, you know,
 By the edge of the pond, and viewing the show —
 It is new and amusing; as you never have been
 A participant in it, I'll picture the scene:
 Young lady arrives — the cold winter air
 Is not willing even her beauty to spare;
 But, though bundled in clothing, the moonbeams disclose
 The deeply cerulean tint of her nose.
 Slowly and trembling she steps on the ice —
 A dozen assistants surround in a trice,
 Each happy all toil and danger to share,
 To win but a smile from the unstable fair.
 I envy those youthful instructors who aid
 So kindly the tottering steps of the maid.
 'T is strange how helpless young ladies are
 When masculine arms are ready with care
 To save from a fall the trembling fair;
 Such kindness and courage are qualities rare.
 The fortunate youth now kneeleth with grace
 To fasten the glittering steel in its place, —
 Lingered longer fondly to hold
 The delicate foot so small and so cold.
 When the skates are secured all bring to her aid
 Shawls — poles and their arms — for supporting the maid;
 And the best thing I've seen for a number of days
 Is the unique performance the maid now displays:
 The slips unexpected — the falsetto cries —
 The flying of heels — the efforts to rise —
 The unequal posturings, that to rehearse
 Would fill even pages of sextuple verse.
 But our heroine, now being able to stand,
 Hints a wish to advance with her guardian band.
 Attached by a shawl to her biped steeds,
 Tremblingly over the water she speeds;
 But a mischievous fate our pleasure controls;

All joys are uncertain, and ice will have holes!
 Suddenly they're taught, what they ne'er can forget,
 That ice-water's not only cold, but wet.
 So sudden a bath, when the water is deep,
 Tends to make sentiment wonderful cheap;
 Beauty and courage will sputter and splash —
 And so did our heroes and heroines rash.
 Reaching the shore, they conclude to adjourn;
 So coldly, but wisely, homeward return,
 Inwardly holding an earnest debate
 On this striking question: Ought ladies to skate?

I've done it! peccavi! ladies, forgive!
 I'm sorry I've written this, sure as you live;
 For with the idea that ladies can be
 Anything but divine I ne'er can agree;
 They're everywhere graceful; they always appear,
 In whate'er they engage, in their natural sphere.
 But a mischievous student — his name I'll not state —
 Instigated this onset on ladies that skate.
 Woman's praises unceasing should flow from each pen —
 Here's health to the Nuns forever — Amen.

ACCIDENT.

THE tallest tree is a wild one, generally, whose seed some fitful wind or sudden torrent planted: so it seems that the greatest men are no hot-house plants, reared with care and nourished with sedulous effort, but nurtured by those storms that serve to strengthen as they assail, and varying breezes that sway their branches as they give them farther sweep.

Accident seems to be abused. Is there success? — Accident presided at its birth. Is there failure? — Accident hastened it. Genius clings to it as a defence and instigation, and leaves it to be decided whether the fame is connected with the accident, or accident with fame. The dropping apple dowered Newton with immortality. The steaming kettle hummed a sweeter tune to Watt than ever rose from organ-pipes. Every morning the world wakes up and wonders how we came here? whence? and whither we go?

The same idea that soothes to carelessness and bids us float, suggests the fact that as nature finds her own good time to crown the furrow and sing "harvest-home," so patient waiting will finally reward the earnest hope. Then, Fate rules. But on this great temple God never put man for a weathercock.

The mind that set a system of worlds rolling without a clash, and keeps their motions harmonious and unresting, conceived a plan of intricate government imitated without success, and confusing the minds of men to comprehend, which hints of motives still more wonderful and purposes more stupendous; held the mass of matter and the sleeping forces of immortal souls, and with a foresight equal only to its love hurled forward forever the glowing retinue, and calmed the ravings of its wild desires, without stoppage, without catch, and smiles at the idle struggles of the caged passions; if, besides, seasons are born and buried, earth made a cradle and a graveyard, and every day testifying of infinite wisdom,—that mind seems surely independent of chance.

If there is a power so royal that its nod can make an emperor or serf, then are there two forces at war in the seat of power. The only hostile array can be read of in *Paradise Lost*. The thought that supposes an equal to infinite will confesses to a belief in finity that denies infinity, and chance robs the Author of all of everything that makes his power legitimate, remoulds the conscience, and makes of heaven and earth a theatre for Titans to scale mysteries as they tried Olympus.

Nor is there hope for accident in facts. If genius is the ability to light one's own fires, it does not leave out of account the kindling-wood; and as the common idea of a genius's mind is that of a not well-cultivated soil, so is it true that where the sirocco blows a long distance must be traversed for fuel. Napoleon's was a giant's stride, but his brain was noisy as his cannon. Miller found that in life, as in geology, the hardest crack oftenest uncovers the crystal. Pebbles cure thick utterance. Sheridan was as severe in originating, as quick in flashing, wit. Calhoun pruned off every ornament from his compact logic. Webster's study is a household word, and "the bright consummate flower" of the American bar languished for purer air, and left all his sweetness in his gorgeous rhetoric. *Accident* put a

stammerer before those who thought themselves his superiors, but derisive laughter roused the man to speak through the trembling lips: "The day will come when you'll be glad to hear me"; and *labor* has made Disraeli the first orator in the English House of Parliament.

Thus is it a guilty fantasy to endow a man with heavenly authority and transform him into a figure in a puppet-show. This life is none such. As it is profuse in its unexpected favors, so it is disastrous to its expected ones. For as in mute verbs *sigma* is inserted in the Future to soften the pronunciation, and the vowel in the Aorist lengthened as a compensation, so does some bright dream soften life's dialect in the future; but its compensation is a lengthened sorrow in the past.

This should steady the flame, not inspire a hotter glow. When this confidence in the decrees of fortune is abandoned, and a truer faith in a Supreme will and an honest purpose arise, there will be such a difference in experience as between machinery and water, — one steadily performing its part, the other waiting for a drought or a freshet. A growing man is the best composition on success yet written. A well-digger discovered Hercules; no well-digger built it.

Again: the belief in chance brings ruin to its victims. There are more disappointments than successes. To the believer in chance, his misfortune is the end. Hope no farther went; suicide tells the rest. But a good man finds no crown here; his success begins where the other's ends.

Banishing, then, creations of imagination, and relying on the truer realities of existence, life will be strengthened and ennobled. It will be "unhasting, unresting." Reward is only sweet when earned.

Let him, then, who thinks that to-morrow will be fortunate, and neglects the labor of to-day; who confides in youthful aspirations before he has known sorrow; who is willing to hazard character forever on a shake of a die, and prefers to sleep while the morning reveillé is beating, — take it for an eternal truth:

"For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose."

WHEN I WAS BUT A BOY.

STAY, stay, ye angel whispers,
 That speak of days gone by ;
 Your gentle tones remind me
 Of hours that still incline me,
 And scenes that sweetly bind me
 With memory's holy tie.

Ye speak of one departed,
 Ye speak of perished joy,
 When in life's swell and cadence
 With youth's wild fancies laden,
 I loved a gentle maiden,
 Though I was but a boy.

Then my life was like a flower
 Upon some dreary wild,
 Which sank when *her* power was given
 Like an opening bud at even,
 And spread its leaves to heaven
 Only when she smiled.

To me her words were pearls,
 Her voice was a world of joy ;
 My soul's wild fondness moved her,
 My heart of hearts approved her,
 But I did not know I loved her,
 For I was but a boy.

Life's love-song was unwritten ;
 I did not know its thralls ;
 I had no fangled fashion
 Of telling of the passion
 With which my heart was dashing
 Against its prison walls.

I only knew that a flutter
 Like that of a captured bird
 Came o'er my waking being,
 With unknown voice decreeing
 No will or power of fleeing
 From her bewildering words.

I knew the spot was hallowed,
And the hour was strangely sweet,
 Where, weary with our walking,
 We sat down, lost in talking,
 With the streamlet slyly mocking
Our heart-throbs at our feet.

I knew 't was hardly earthly,
Such wild, devouring joy,
 As came like angel gleanings
 From her arm on me leaning,
 But I asked not for its meaning,
For I was but a boy.

I thought youth was perennial,
And had no woes for me ;
 I dreamed not of tear-drops riven
 From a soul to darkness driven ;
 Her love was my light and my heaven,
Her eyes were my crystal sea.

And when the day departed
With blush of golden hue,
 My soul would fondly tarry
 By moonlight with the fairies,
 Then sleep to dream of Mary,
And wake to love anew.

But soon the spell was broken,
And youth's short dream was o'er ;
 My laurels changed to willows,
 Joy fled my tear-drenched pillow,
 And woe's wild, surging billow
Dashed rudely on life's shore.

For death came to my Mary
When our love was in the bud ;
 She sighed, but the dart was hurled,
 And she left the cruel world,
 And dropped like a glittering pearl
Into the hand of God.

Ah! then I knew I loved her,
When she had gone away ;
 And those marble lips revealing
 No sign of love or feeling,
 To my soul in anguish kneeling,
As I gazed upon her clay.

And when they dropped her slowly
Into her last, cold bed,
 O, God ! how, past controlling,
 My heart throbbed at the tolling,
 And the cruel pebbles rolling
Down on the coffin lid !

And then, when all was silent,
Through the long night's dreary gloom,
 How I struggled with the sorrow
 That spoke no brighter morrow,
 And vainly tried to borrow
Hope from the speechless tomb.

And as I sat and pondered
As night succeeded night,
 My soul would fain have riven
 The stars from out of heaven,
 Because no trace was given
To mark her upward flight.

But days and weeks and seasons
Have changed the times and scenes,
 And now, in life's blind hurry,
 I laugh among the merry
 With those sad memories buried
As though they ne'er had been.

But oft, when my heart is gladdest
With some deceptive joy,
 There comes a silent aching
 From thoughts of those days waking,
 When life's young morn was breaking
And I was but a boy.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

Notwithstanding all the confusion and ill-boding fear pervading our once happy land, another term has quietly held its onward course, and now reached its close with colors flying joyfully in view of a longed-for rest. While all around us disunion has been spreading its blighting curse, and shrouding the otherwise brilliant future of this nation in sadness and uncertainty, — while treason and corruption have been rioting unrestrained, and undermining the noblest government the world has ever seen, — while mutual distrust and selfishness have seemed the order of the day, we have been quietly struggling side by side in our little world of mutual toil and sympathy, influenced by those things only through their echo. Disunion has not dared to show its hideous form among us, while bitter envying and party strife have yielded to nobler impulses, which are swayed by the "golden rule," and the common good of all has been the altar on which each has placed his sacrifice. Hence "Old Philo" never wore a brighter lustre, or promised a more brilliant future; for when principle instead of passion guides the helm, the voyage is safe, and success is certain. Wishing, however, that such prosperity may ever crown the labors of all her valiant, struggling sons, we must bid you all farewell, thanking you for all your sympathy and assistance, and assuring you that your prosperity will ever be our joy; and in your adversity our sympathy will never be wanting. But that we may not part in sadness, we now invite you one and all to rest a moment and refresh yourselves at the "Mirror's" far-famed "table" — not promising you an epicurean feast, it may be, but that all it holds is gladly, freely yours.

PRIDEVILLE, OUT WEST, }
February 31st, 1861. }

Dear Mr. Editor: — Knowing your readiness to insert in your columns anything that is of general interest, and at the same time instructive, I have made bold to send you the following exact copy of the first plea made by a young lawyer in this place. The plea is in behalf of a man accused of theft.

Gentlemen of the Jury: My heart overflows with a tempest of inexpressibilities as I arise to address you on this momentous occasion. I rejoice that I can this day, for the first time in my life, stride forth into the immensity of space for the propoundation of the sublime principles of law. I rejoice that nature has bestowed upon me, her humble servant, that angelic gift, the power to dive to the bottomless depths of truth, bringing up from hence my client, purged in the waters of law. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, this is a

grand and august position, "which kings and prophets waited for, but died without a sight."

Here, gentlemen, stands my client, accused of stealing three hens of Mrs. Jones. And what says he of this dreadful charge? With tears in his eyes, and an air of truthfulness in every look, he exclaims: "*Them alligations are false, and that there alligator knows it!*"

Let us now for a few moments take a retrospective view forward into the past, and there, viewing the verdant fields of philosophy, see what men of other days have said of this self-same crime. That immortal lawgiver, William Shakspeare, has it, in his *Paradise Lost*,

"Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina ducite Daphnin."

Again, gentlemen, he inculcates the same truth in that remarkable expression, world-wide in its flight,

"Quousque tandem abutere, ἴσθι μέντοι ἀνόητος ὢν."

But these are not all the facts and truths of history bearing upon this important subject. That Trojan philosopher, Epaminondas, who walked on the sacred shores of the Baltic ocean, has it in his graphic account of the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, before the Aræophagus, at Jerusalem:

"Cupīdum abidum in heartum,
Et solum obscratulandum sunt."

Let us now turn a moment to the criminal. Innocence is in his countenance. He has been torn from the arms of his wife and the rest of his orphan children to be tried for crimes which he knows nothing of. I adjure you, gentlemen of the jury, to take into consideration all these things, these points of law, which I, in my weakness, have lain down — the doubtful character of the witnesses, the thought of orphans left fatherless, of a home made desolate, and the future life of my client made wretched. Out of your own fertile imaginations bring in that verdict of *not guilty* which maketh glad the village of the West.

THE LATIN COMMONS.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

As one goes down on Phillips street,
A crowd of students he will meet:
All have their lessons learned complete,
For they room in the Latin Commons.

There boys are held as lads of spunk ;
 Scarcely a face with care is sunk ;
 In class they 're seldom known to flunk,
 For they room in the Latin Commons.

But, hold ! methinks I hear you say :
 How come these things about this way ?
 If they are so, perhaps 't will pay
 To room in the Latin Commons.

Of course it will ; but don't suppose
 That simply rooming there with those
 Aforesaid lads will end your woes,
 Though in the Latin Commons.

Each house is but an old brown box,
 Disfigured much by blows and knocks,
 Just like a man that 's had small pox, —
 Such are the Latin Commons.

The rooms are small, and low, and mean, —
 Better far in a barn I've seen ;
 They were made long ago, when men were greener
 Than we in the Latin Commons.

As there we study, late at night,
 By the German-student or kerosene light,
 The rats and mice have a jolly fight
 In the walls of the Latin Commons.

And now and then *we* have some fun ;
 When Mathematics and Greek are done,
 We have a song, or a yarn is spun
 By the lads in the Latin Commons.

Come Seniors, Middlers, Juniors, then,
 And come ye doughty Englishmen,
 Lift up your voice, and wield your pen,
 To praise the Latin Commons.

Why are the "Theologs" like a set of thieves ? Because they delight
 in *abstractions*.

Why is the Class of '61 like a billiard-cue? Because its "*Tip*" is "*Chalky*."

Why is "Uncle Sam" like a mason? Because he's expert in handling "*bricks*."

Why is "Uncle" so long in getting through Senior recitation? Because it has a long lane (Lane) and a windy moor (Moore).

Why will the Second Middle Class outride the storms of "No. 9?" Because it has a staunch hull (Hull).

Why is Phillips' Senior Supper like Mrs. Stebbins' head of Charlotte Cushman? Because it is an *animated bust*.

For those fond of the curious we insert the following:

X.

Few persons, perhaps, are aware of the Xtraordinary powers of the letter X, whereof we are about to Xhibit the Xact value. Very few English words begin with it; and yet it will be seen upon Xamination that a large number begin with nothing else. For Xample: we Xclaim, "How we Xcreate Xaminations, and Xaminers calling for Xamples, with Xalted views of the Xcursive, Xtensive, unexcusable inattention of the Xasperated Xiles from peace and quiet, who are Xhorted to attend to the Xemplification of the Xemplary and unexhausted Xpiator of the unexampled Xcellence of the Xplosivę Xenophon. How can you Xpect those who are Xpiring amid the noxious Xhalations of a close room, and the Xperimental and Xquisite system of Xcluding the student from the enjoyment of the fresh breezes of heaven, to do otherwise than Xplode in Xecration upon the Xtreme foolishness of the Xperiment? But how his heart Xpands as he Xults in the Xhilarating Xpectation of the Xundation of the Thanksgiving dinner! His Xuberant fancy Xtols the divine housemaid who, with Xtracts and Xotics, has Xtricated from the confusion the Xcellent, Xtraordinary, Xtremely Xtravagant, and Xtensive repast. How his Xpectations would be Xtinguished were he called upon for an Xtempore wherein he must Xplicitly Xpose the Xorbitant folly of Xercising one's talents in diminishing the rich viands. How his Xasperated feelings would Xcess his prudence, and he would make no Xception in his Xcited remarks. With Xceeding velocity he would, in the Xchange of his opinions, Xclude neither his Xcellency the mayor, nor the honorable X-president, who might then be present, until the Xcess of his Xuberant spirits

should have Xcavated his hollow receptacle of knowledge, when he would Xpress his opinion that he had not been entirely unexceptionable, and would Xculpate and Xcuse himself, while the Xclusive would Xcommunicate the Xcited youth. Now, this Xacervation of X's is not in the least Xaggerated. The Xaction of a penalty for the indulgence is not Xactly lawful. If we have Xceeded in any respect, let it be deemed Xcusable, and the Xception."

The letter X, the twenty-fourth letter of the alphabet, is borrowed from the Greek, which, as Xerxes says, is the most Xcellent of all languages. Hereupon the venerable Socrates comes in, and says that were it not for this most wonderful letter Alexander would never have Xplored Asia and Xtirpated the Persian kingdom. Whereupon the Xcited Xantippe comes in and Xtinguishes the light; and, at this Xtraordinary proceeding, we refuse to Xtend this Xtract. X.

Speaking from experience, we should say that Phillips' boys know few such times as the following, though *doubtless* its story is true.

THE FEAST.

On Saturday night, in a room near by,
Surrounded by oysters and jolly mince-pie,
Four students stood or sat round the board,
On which were spread dainties, a kingly hoard.

With knitted brows and lips firm they gazed,
And stories told of Freshmen hazed,
And talked of women — Fem. Sems. — Nunnery —
And all the rest of this world's flummery.

Now, when the night was far advanced,
And the joy of mince-pie much enhanced,
There rose a youth, of stature tall,
And thus his words his lips let fall:

I say, O Seniors, *ἄνδρες, viri*,
Not only let's attack each mince-pie,
But also homines, aut *ἄνθρωποι*,
On the *oysters* wage war, *ὡσπερ πολέμιοι*.

For, truly, man's a carnivorous production,
And also true we live by suction;
For, like a shark, an alderman, or pike,
We everything do eat and always (except when we board at
the Academic Club) like.

Thus spoke the Senior with the well-filled head,
 Who had been known to say, when he married was or dead,
 He hoped, in the first case, his wife would like oysters, and
 in the second case, wherever he should be after he had
 departed this life, on oysters he'd be fed.

On hearing this — *ἕκονσας ταῦτα* —
 One, smiling, said: Objection I have naught-ah —
 Not I; then raised the battle-cry of "All up!"
 And slapped most soundly his capacious stomach.

The oysters cooked are placed upon the table,
 And down they sit, as in old Virgil's fable,
 So girded for the booty, they *viscera nudant*,
 And to their inner man they bountifully *ministrant*.

Oh, what a jolly time they had,
 With oysters, pies, and speeches!
 I'll tell, although it makes them mad:
 They ate — they burst their breeches!

The following is doubtless from the pen of some envious Junior.

👉 GRAND CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. 👈

Indigent Students, Take Notice!

👉 Line your pockets during vacation!

Buy a "Middler" at the price he is *really* worth, and then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

QUERY.

If "Uncle" could catch, oh, would n't he whale 'em,
 Them fellers what tore down the guideboard to Salem?
 Who, thinkin' it to their notions accordin',
 Viz., to wit, that on the next mornin'
 It should be seen on the innermost wall
 Of Phillips' dusty, "stived-up," green-benched hall.
 And so like burglars were prowlin' and creepin'
 While honest folks were snorin' and sleepin'
 They got into a great big winder,
 Nary a soul bein' in there to hinder,

And plankin' it up there agin the blackboard,
 This rollickin', jovial, don't care horde
 Out of the winder agin crept mighty sly,
 And biddin' each other a "rummy" good-by,
 Took different routes to the Land of Nod,
 And dreamed off — and dreamed off — why, dreamed off their "tod."
 Now if "Uncle" could catch, oh, would n't he whale 'em!
 Them fellers what tore down the guideboard to Salem?
 "I tell yer."

PLUG UG.

MRS. JONES TO HER SON JONADAB, AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY,
 ANDOVER, MASS.

DOWN EAST, Jan. 1861.

My Deer and Only Son: — I will not try to inkarnate in words the transcendent joy that now permeates and fills this maternal buzzum, arising from the reception of your letter a few days ago. Where all — *not long since* — was tumultuous as the briny Oshun in a nor'easter, the hoaly kalm and quiet of a mill-pond, fanned only by the evening zeffurs, *now* reins. How often, while I was waiting for a letter from you, did I cry out, in the agony of my spirit, "*Blessed are them as die in infancy, and never know a mother's pheelins!* Would that Miss — had been writ on my toombstone!!" But *now* a new song has been put into my mouth. And I pheel that it should be the occashun of great rejoicing to me that I have been the humble means in the hands of Providence of perpetuating the illustrious Jones famaly — that I am, as it were, the Ismuss that lincks the Joneses of the past with the Joneses of the phuture. I rejoyce, too, that I am spaired to behold the dawning of that glorious day looked forward to by profits and poits, when *trew worth*, wherever found, is depresheated. Strange that its *first* gleems should appear in *Andover*; but no doubt it is manely owin' to there bein' a *minister's semmanary* there. Truly, *Andover* must be the "Utopy" of which poits have dreemed and sung. Yes, the day has ariz when clergymun may burn up their old sermons that go agin there bein' any such thing as "*disinterested benevalence*" in the world. "For fax is stubborn things," and you have got enuff of 'em down to *Andover*. I hain't a doubt but if our parson should git up in our meetin'-house some Sunday and preach one of them ere kind of surmuns, in the *heat of pheelin'* I should audashusly rise in my pew and say, "Sir, *truth is truth*, whether uttered by *angel* or *ass*, and *must prevale*. Them days of which you speak are among the things that was, and I have *fax for proofs*." Then I should take your letter from my *work-bag* (which I always carry to church, as I must have my snuff and sweet-flag you know), and I would read it to a

startled congregashun; and no doubt they would be convinced the parson was wrong, for once. Everybody, almost, enquires Sundays when I go to meetin' how you git along down there, and *last Sunday noon*, at one of our preshus little kind o' confurence meetings which we wimmen folks have off in one corner of the house, they begun to ask about you, as we had been talkin' of the lamentable *want of pheelin in the young peepole of the present day*. So I read your letter to 'em. They seemed dreadful pleased because you had found sich nice people there. But, Jonadab, they and everyboddy else wants to know what makes your letter *smell* so. And the night it got here I felt dreadful kinder worked up about it. You see the *naybors* all knew how bad I was feelin' coz I *had n't heard a word from you sence you left*. So the night it got to the Post Office one of 'em bro't it up to me. I was feelin' sadder that nite than usual, and the fust thing I knew he opened the door, and says he, "Wall, widder, here's your letter at last." I was aggerated, I tell you, for I didn't know what news it bro't. Said I, "*Is—there—a—black—line—raound—it?*" — "No," says he, "but I should think there had been a *muskrat* raound it, by the smell." But I tell 'em all that I 'spect it's a kind of *scent-up* they have down there. Now, my son, I must say I don't like the smell *myself*, and more'n all, I don't want you should pay out your *munny* for sich things. For *my* part I don't know anything that smells better than *good camphire*, and you know I put a vial of it into your trunk afore you went away. Now when you want to smell sweet, if you are goin' to meetin' or to see any of them Semmanary girls, just take and turn up the vial to your handkecher two or three times, and my word for it, you will be much more fragranter than by usin' anything else; and besides, it *won't cost nigh* so much, and you know *your* ninepences don't grow on huckleberry bushes. I want you to be savin' and careful of your new boots, too. They orter be greased with mutton taller and rosin once or twice a week, *sartain*. You will find a bundle of coryander seed in your trunk if you should have any of your *gripey turns*. I see you furgot your bear's ile, but it's just as well, *exactly*, for you to take some of your lamp ile, and mix some of your camphire with it for hair ile. *Be saven' of your munny*. I've hearn tell as Andover was a *dreadful lecky* place for munny, and that they git *all they can, honestly*, of it. So mind how it goes. Give my love to all them ere Seenyers, and tell them I rejoice that they can see *merit* in a person, *especially if it's in him*, and that I take a kindness shown to my child as shown to me. Give my love, too, to Mr. Tailer, and ask him, *if the times should come on hard* in the spring, if he would take pay for your skoolin' in good dride-apple or pumpken, or some *sich* things. I hope you will wright often to me while you are away, and be a good boy, and allers go to meetin' regelar. This is the ernest wish of

Your affectionate mother,

THE WIDDER ARAMINTA SMITH JONES.

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Case, Albertson,	<i>Southeast, N. Y.</i>
Chandler, H. T.,	<i>Chandlerville, Ill.</i>
Chandler, J. T.,	"
Chandler, J. E.,	<i>Morris, N. Y.</i>

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.
Chickering, George E.,	<i>Andover.</i>
Churchill, J. Wesley,	<i>Nashua, N. H.</i>
Cochrane, A.,	<i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i>
Davol, W. C., Jr.,	<i>Fall River.</i>
Dearborn, O. M.,	<i>Hampton, N. H.</i>
Dodge, Lewis A.,	<i>Hamilton.</i>
Dougherty, James G.,	<i>Newport, R. I.</i>
Drew, M. A.,	<i>Alfred, Me.</i>
Eaton, James H.,	<i>Andover.</i>
Eaton, W. W.	"
Edwards, Charles,	<i>Springfield, Ill.</i>
Eldridge, O. G.,	<i>Hancock.</i>
Fayerweather, E. E.,	<i>Burlington, Iowa.</i>
Forrest, Charles, R.,	<i>New York City.</i>
Furbish, C. W.,	<i>Portland, Me.</i>
Gilman, J. H.,	<i>Lowell.</i>
Gleason, B. G.,	<i>Andover.</i>
Goodell, E. K.,	<i>Constantinople, Turkey.</i>
Gregg, J. Bartlett,	<i>Cambridge, N. Y.</i>
Hale, B. P.,	<i>Haverhill.</i>
Hale, J. F.,	"
Hale, William, Jr.,	<i>Detroit, Mich.</i>
Hedge, Thomas, Jr.,	<i>Burlington, Iowa.</i>
Hine, Charles D.,	<i>Lebanon, Conn.</i>
Hobbs, James F.,	<i>N. Hampton, N. Y.</i>
Holmes, Lucian,	<i>Auburn, N. H.</i>
Holmes, Frederick C.,	<i>St. Louis, Mo.</i>
Hull, Stephen, P.,	<i>Blakeley.</i>
Jackson, W. T.,	<i>Andover.</i>
Jennison, J. M.,	<i>Danville, Pa.</i>
King, T. Wheaton,	<i>Newport, R. I.</i>
Kitchell, Courtney S.,	<i>Detroit, Mich.</i>
Lamprey, U. L.,	<i>Haverhill.</i>
Lamson, George,	<i>New York City.</i>
Landis, Benjamin F.,	<i>St. Joseph, Mo.</i>

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.
Lane, C. Edward,	<i>South Newmarket, N. H.</i>
Lewis, J. B.,	<i>Allentown, Pa.</i>
Lewis, Leslie,	<i>Freeport, Ill.</i>
MacMartin, A.,	<i>New York City.</i>
Manning, Elbridge G.,	<i>No. Andover.</i>
Martin, G. K.,	<i>Lancaster, Pa.</i>
McLane, Harry R.,	<i>Brooklyn, N. Y.</i>
McClellan, Samuel R.,	<i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i>
Mears, David O.,	<i>Essex.</i>
Mills, John F.,	<i>Jersey City, N. J.</i>
Mitchell, Howard, E.,	<i>Hudson, N. Y.</i>
Morse, W. H.,	<i>New York City.</i>
Murry, S. F.,	<i>Auburn, N. H.</i>
Newhall, C. Henry,	<i>Litchfield, N. H.</i>
Page, Thomas M.,	<i>St. Louis, Mo.</i>
Perkins, J. W.,	<i>Topsfield.</i>
Platt, J. C., Jr.,	<i>Scranton, Pa.</i>
Pratt, G. G.,	<i>Brewster.</i>
Rathbone, J. L.,	<i>Albany, N. Y.</i>
Rees, Joseph.	<i>South Wales, Great Britain.</i>
Richardson, H. H.,	<i>Stryker'sville, N. Y.</i>
Roberts, H. A.,	<i>Medway.</i>
Sargent, D. A.,	<i>Brewer Village, Me.</i>
Savage, F. B.,	<i>Montreal C. E.</i>
Schneider, W. T.,	<i>Aintab, Syria.</i>
Scranton, W. W.,	<i>Scranton, Pa.</i>
Scudder, Henry B.,	<i>Brookline.</i>
Sears, Jas. H.,	<i>Plymouth.</i>
Shelton, Frederick, R.,	<i>Birmingham, Conn.</i>
Sherwood, Edwin H.,	<i>Southport, Conn.</i>
Shorey, L. M.,	<i>Industry, Me.</i>
Smith, G. P.,	<i>New York City.</i>
Smith, J. G.,	<i>Beverly.</i>
Stevens, G. W.,	<i>Plattsville, Wis.</i>
Stevens, W. B.,	<i>Somerset.</i>

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THE CONTEST.

WE were placed upon the earth for a well-defined purpose. The performance of duty is inexorable to every man. Some may shrink from its performance, still it is enjoined. Trial is a test of faithfulness; we are in the vestibule of one world, cultivating our tastes to enjoy the grandeur of another. Herein is the *contest*. It is to acquire such a discipline of all our faculties as to secure for ourselves an admission; to command such a standard of learning and culture and refinement, that when we present ourselves at the grand examination as candidates for matriculation, for our endurance and faithfulness, diplomas shall be awarded.

The variety of battles is as extended as the modes of warfare are numberless. Every man fights with his own weapons, and sometimes rival and hostile parties come together equally matched and disciplined, — then is seen the grandeur of contention.

In the diversity of sentiment, steadfastness and zeal are highly commendable. This diversity is an admirable circumstance. We cannot do without it, but with the loss of the virtue of our institutions. This variety is a bulwark of sociable-

ness, for it strengthens our unity. Diversity of opinion offers opportunity for contention: often the forces of mind are drawn up against mind, logic is arrayed against logic, and when the guns of argument are booming and roaring, exploding the shells of sophistry and ridicule, around the traversed defences of argument. — then he that commands the most thorough discipline, can first batter down the strongholds of his opponent, then fate holds not the scales of victory, the ardor of the moment triumphs.

But our character also, escapes not from petty broils: allurements stand always before us with extended jaws; passion raves under the bonds of imprisonment, and loudly calls for victims; deceit lingers fondly over us, and waits to draw us in the vortex. Under such a weight, exertion seems but a sounding brass, with no power as a shield from calumny. Our zeal tires; firmness of resolve seems prostrated by an overwhelming force of temptation. Such an ordeal character undergoes in its attempts to resuscitate its power of resistance.

Say you not then, that in such a contest an impassionate zeal is called for? Truly we were placed here as mountains, to move the currents of opinion, not as weathercocks.

When thrown upon the political arena, ardor and endurance are essential to the contest. These are the foundations of ultimate *triumph*. Honesty is a grand qualification. Political creeds require thorough expurgation no less than literature. In countries where political platforms form the power of successful administrations, no advantage can be taken of the nights of deceit, for if nations are so managed, the progeny is a worthless policy.

If then, as we see, these qualities are so invaluable, and so greatly needed, let us cultivate habits of living. Let our characters be given to the pruning knife, that the fruit may be unstinted. Let us educate our principles; — the present is the favorable time for discipline. Great men gird on the caestus in early youth. Irving began to build his world of fame, when but nineteen. Chivalry must be well founded, establish it on a platform of duty and truth; depend not for fame on ancestral distinction — this is always a maze for cowardice. Swing out into the *contest* independently, and earn your own reputation, for the world honors a man who is free from the mortgages of plagiarism and the bonds of dependence.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

OUR minds are continually running back to the past, and, while we eagerly seek the causes of things, we are none the less pleased with beholding the results of those causes. Those things which are veiled in the deepest obscurity are our most cherished treasures. The mind is endowed with two qualities, which, though differing in their nature, are strongly allied to each other, — the power of reason and imagination. Nothing affords more whereupon to exercise the one and strengthen the other than the ruins of the past; for, when looking back to its history, we perceive that the world has always been undergoing a change, from the very moment creation assumed a visible form to the present; though gradual in development it is none the less real.

Though matter cannot be destroyed, yet, as we deal with, and have our ideas associated with its magnitude assumed, there is an ever-continuing conflict between its different forms. The “liquid” preys upon the “solid,” the “aeriform” upon the “liquid.”

Every change in form involves destruction. We see a proof of this in the vegetable world, — every plant is continually changing, continually receiving fresh nutriment and exhaling it. “Hales calculated that a sunflower three feet high transmits in twelve hours one pound four ounces of fluid by avoirdupois weight.” That matter is as much some of the ruins of the plant as are the ashes and lava of Vesuvius thrown forth upon the earth some of the ruins of that celebrated volcano. The animal world illustrates this principle in the very same way. And again, if the tiller of the ground, year after year, restored not to the soil some of its original strength, in time he would gather no crop; yet, after all, from *that* there would be no beneficial result unless decomposition first take place. Again, no fruit appears until the seed decomposes, hence its growth involves destruction.

Viewing it in this light only, that every change in form involves destruction, and that the world has always been undergoing a change, can we understand to the greatest advantage the magnitude and extent of the ruins which time is continually effecting. These changes, these transformations from one state

to another, these ever-continuing conflicts between the old and the new, embody nothing less than the laws of nature itself. The human mind can conceive of nothing which taxes the reasoning powers more. Its very depth leads astray, and we see that the most profound men of the past have, though starting from the same point, arrived at opposite conclusions in regard to the causes which have produced these results. The earth presents beneath its surface ruins both of the animal and vegetable world. Has ever any one satisfactorily analyzed them, and given the causes which have led to their present state? The mind grasps after these primary principles, but we find it has made little progress.

Still the benefit derived from their investigation is none the less great. Hugh Miller was but a mason, yet under the instruction of nature he became not only one of the most learned but one of the best writers.

These topics, so profound and deeply interesting, have furnished, and will ever continue to furnish, fruitful themes for the poet and philosopher, while they have infused into the best writers a style both lively and agreeable, which in itself often constitutes their success.

But while the ruins of time have always presented the most interesting subjects for study, both from the nature of their structure and their magnitude, and have ever constituted the very fountain of a fertile imagination, many a seeker of pleasure, in his eager desire for curiosities, has lost entire sight of the true object of his pursuit, gaining neither that broad comprehension as the result of the former, nor that real strength acquired by the latter. The mind to be truly cultivated must possess in a high degree both of these qualities. If we would succeed in any literary pursuit they are indispensable; those who develop them to the highest perfection succeed best. Milton and Shakespeare, two of the greatest writers the world has ever known, exhibited both to a wonderful extent. The combination of these gave Choate his great power at the bar.

And, since we have seen both are requisite, and that the ruins of time afford very great facilities *for* success, let no one underrate the advantages which may be gained by investigating those ruins which nature is continually presenting. I. W.

THE LIVING DEAD.

A NATION'S honored son was calmly awaiting his end. The chill damp already on his marble brow told too plainly the last conqueror was doing his work. That hand, which had so often wielded the pen of thought, had given its last pressure to troubled friends, and the once expressive eye was losing its lustre, when the lips, whose overflowing cadence had so often calmed the troubled multitudes, once more opened to utter these words, his last, yet his greatest, "I still live." And Daniel Webster was with the dead. Yet such men do not, cannot die; though their forms may have seen "the last of earth," still, from the dreary tomb voices seem to issue, proclaiming, as if borne on every breeze of heaven, "they still live."

Nature changes but never dies. Fire may seem to consume the coals around which it plays, yet substance remains though perhaps in different form. Water may bubble and disappear, yet it is never destroyed. Thus, though man shall return to the dust, the influence which he shall have exerted still lives.

Every action and movement of theirs in life, proclaims in death, as in letters of fire, the boundless influence of the living dead. Poets and historians, warriors and statesmen, heroes and heroines, long since passed from human sight, by their mighty deeds are exerting an influence over the world, which, never to be destroyed, proclaims the great truth,—

"Though dead they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live."

The poetic strains of music, as they swept from Milton's pen, still echo every great truth of his mind over mountain and vale, impressing alike the mechanic at his bench and the divine in his study. The cottage of the soldier, wherever it may be, is even now rejoicing from the influence of the patriot and Christian, Havelock, which stopped not when the grassy sod was placed over his manly form. Can instances like these, countless as the stars, fail in all their brilliancy to impress the world with this living truth?

Society requires that each and every person shall be regarded as a great centre of his fellow men, and that from each shall

go forth a continually widening influence which stops not till—like the wave caused by the fall of the tiniest pebble upon the surface of some glassy lake, spreading and extending to either shore—it has reached the farthest bound of human habitation. It was this that led Lord Stanley to say of Asia, “Everything in it—public safety, national honor, personal reputation—rests upon the force of *individual* character.” Hence, as society is thus linked together in the closest bonds, each individual performing his appointed work, an influence must go forth destined never to be forgotten. However rough the exterior and uncouth the manners, no one is so void of feeling as to rid himself of its power. The man of strength is as much encouraged in his toil by the word or look of another, as the child in its childish play by some cheering smile. A mother’s kiss has made a painter; a commander’s look has won a battle; and over all the records of time not an illustrious name appears, which some marked influence has not guided into the port of distinction.

The invention of one is improved by another; the philosophy of the one is the stepping-stone of his successor; the living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations, six thousand years deep, stand behind us, each having assisted the succeeding one, till their acquirements, caught up by the whole living race, continue to bind the future with the past in one grand chain of human progress. Stupendous works of art, rearing their lofty forms from the vales of sunny Italy and the burning sands of the desert, show to a wondering world the genius of their builders. Mountains of thought, early awakened by some athletic mind, and increased by every rolling year, are still rising higher and higher, bearing on their summits the names of those, who have added a gem to the world’s history by their never ceasing toil. Hence the conclusion that as influence, restrained by no perceptible lines of boundary, pervades all society, so does the life-stamp of those in ages past work a silent impression upon all the living.

They have done what they could. Before them the stronghold of despotism has been made to tremble. Anarchy and confusion have melted away in their presence. Their forms, like the pearly dewdrops of a summer’s morn have vanished,

yet in nobleness of life "they still live." Tell us, ye who look with wonder upon the works of art, are not they the monuments of their makers' skill? And ye who feast on the written page, can you forget the months of toil spent in some secluded spot by those whose thoughts you admire? And ye who at the shades of Vernon stand in solemn silence, tell us, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house?

Every land and people answers, "Such men never die." To be cold and breathless, to feel not and speak not, this is not the end of existence to those who have devoted themselves to works of philanthropy and generosity towards their fellow men. "Their works do follow them;" while praises of their achievements from hill side and valley, in cities and hamlets, over land and sea, are resounding, in one soul-stirring anthem, the words of the poet:

M.

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
 When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away:
 Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
 But that which warmed it once can never die,"

SUNSET ON THE SEA.

We're sailing down by a beautiful shore,
 Whose yellow sands shine clear and bright;
 And far and near the plains above
 Are glittering in the sunset light.

Tranquil the sea, serene and blue,
 Its billows are rolling on to land;
 And, leasurably moving before our view,
 Its waters are kissing the golden strand.

Small islands are seen in this beautiful bay,
 As gems of green on the ocean's breast;
 And all around, at the close of day,
 Seems silently wrapped in peaceful rest.

Cities and towns are spread abroad,
 In gorgeous sunset all arrayed,
 And the sunbeams dance on the mountain sward,
 As though they lingered, loved, and played,

But night is hastening from the main,
Darkly tracing her dusky way,
And muffled with monklike pall and mien,
She slowly follows the king of day.

At her approach these ocean isles
Are hidden from sight in the azure blue,
And hastening down o'er the mountain sides,
The flitting shadows each other pursue.

The shining sands of this golden shore
Are now fast fading from our gaze ;
And the cities and towns just lit before,
Are now receding through the haze.

A white cloud rests on the lofty cliff
That rears its summit above the sea,
And, looking down on our lonely skiff,
Portends a breeze is soon to be.

And quickly it comes in its wingèd flight,
As the shades of eve are gath'ring round ;
And rousing the sea like a sleeping giant,
It fills our ears with unvaried sound.

No longer our skiff a lifeless thing
Is resting motionless, calm and grave ;
But spreading and filling its snow-white wing,
Is gliding gaily o'er the wave.

The beautiful sunset is passed away,
Like early childhood's dreams ;
And night is holding the place of day,
Shrowded in gloomy scenes.

Such is life with its varying views
Of sunshine and of shades,
With changes as many as different hues
On faded autumnal leaves.

But whether life's landscape be bright or dark, —
And sometimes each 't will be, —
We 'll ever remember our little bark,
And the sunset on the sea.

SCHOLARSHIP AND DEBATING.

THERE are two courses for a man to pursue in an educational career: First, to sacrifice everything to stand; second, to devote nothing but the necessary attention.

The first sends many men away regretting its adoption; firstly, a man should fit himself so as to best develop his faculties for good; secondly, he should consider the *ultimate* result and not the *immediate* consequence.

To develop one's character for good is to acquire discipline of mind, cultivate the memory, and store the head with valuable knowledge; but, with all this, to learn the need of using it to the best advantage to society, and to personally influence others with beneficial results. And the best ultimate consequence is an honorable success.

Now, although a man with much purity of purpose may devote himself to conquering averages, yet the natural tendency is a gradual substitution of ambitious satisfaction for the accomplishment of duty; and such a course cannot eventuate for good.

The success also a man may gain is transient, of little weight compared with the vital demands of life, and one which answers for a brief period at the commencement of life, when the best success is that which arrives at later years; hence arise discouragement, misanthropy, and all those souring elements of a disappointed life; hence arises incapacity to solve the problems of daily experience.

To gain a present good, whose enjoyment is dependent upon locality, and whose practical benefits are slight, if standing isolated, is an honor to be sure, but one which a wise man will hardly fail to esteem as unworthy of a long and steady effort.

Not but that rank is good; for it, as a consequence of faithfulness, the student strives honorably and worthily; with it, he holds a higher position in public regard and in the consideration of his teachers, whose esteem he should try to deserve; by it, he feels advance in culture and discipline; but, taken by itself, it is a solitary blessing.

There is nothing more *useful* than a *union* of scholarship and parliamentary practice. First, that tact and thought which

detects sophistry in argument will be invaluable in the subtle intricacies of the classics. That felicity of expression gained in debate will be most needful in giving appropriate translation, and that "flow of words" that follows attentive practice in argument prevents failure where ideas are numerous, but the accent faint.

Again, knowledge of ancient history is worthless, or of little real value, if not blended with an understanding of our own times. Of the two the latter should be chosen; for a knowledge of our own history does not distinguish our people, and conversance with it is a sure pass to acknowledgement and influence;—a library of twelve hundred volumes speaks for itself.

Again, absolute possession of knowledge without its use is a wrong standard to attain to; the use of it, to help, to inspire, to learn others and teach one's self, is a noble object. But silent study for rank, with no connection with a society, is very apt to beget a miserly hoarding of information.

A writer is a powerful man anywhere. A good writer rare, and of influence in moulding character, and such a man needs the constant hints of a literary experience to make him symmetrical. He can enjoy the distinction nowhere else, or facts fail of truth.

The most influential men are those whose views are extended and founded on general knowledge and an appreciation of human nature,—at least college and academy prove this to be true. Men like great facts. Webster and Seward were distinguished for their talent in debating societies, and especially for that zeal to learn something else than the life of antiquity robbed of its moral in its separation from that of modern times.

It is right thus to be so. A man who knows past affairs is safe for the present; who is of ready pen is of quick thought; who has determination to improve is of prudent expedients; who is acquainted with logic and the facts of topics,—he is deservedly respected.

If delivery, argument, writing, literary culture, influence, are anything, they are *equal* to distinction in study. Unite solid, sensible scholarship—the first aim of study—with them, and there results a strong, useful *man*.

"Knowledge is power;" but that is the safest knowledge which embraces the widest subjects, and, confining itself to no particular department of learning, makes its power felt in broader fields of action.

THE GOOD USES OF RESPONSIBILITY.

MEN are by nature inconsiderate, they will not think or reason carefully on any matter, unless driven to it by some outside force strong enough to overcome their natural disinclination to earnest, searching thought. They may have a great amount of force and energy, but these are of no avail, or can accomplish but very little, unless there be a directing and restraining power. An engine has immense power, but unless this power is regulated by the balance wheel, and applied and directed most advantageously by bands and belts and pulleys, no worthy results are gained, and the engine becomes nothing but a huge bauble, and very dangerous withal.

Men are everywhere found exactly corresponding to such an engine. They are talented, noble, and generous, yet they seem to have no great purpose in life; no obligation resting on them to arise and use their strength, when needed, for God and the rights of men; no point beyond and above, up to which they are every hour cutting their way; they are active, — ready to assist when *called upon*. Yet they seem to have no idea that there is a part for *them* to carry out; a section of life's work for *them* to complete. Life to them is a comedy, and they are here to be amused by the various scenes.

How are such men to be aroused to see of how great things they are capable, and how solemn and real it is to live? Written exhortations never can do it; personal warnings startle them into earnestness only for a very short time. Nothing can permanently influence them but the weight of some responsibility, which shall be as a holy trust reposed in them, and for the safe keeping of which they shall feel bound before God and man, which shall continually rest upon their soul in its tenderest

point, and whose demands can only be answered at the expense of something dear and valuable to them.

Under such circumstances the duties of life stand out clear and sharp before their mental vision; the scales drop from their eyes; the realities of life are brought close to them; their own littleness becomes very apparent; their mental and physical energies have a balance and a check; their powers all begin to work in the same direction; they have a purpose to accomplish, a point to reach, — they begin to live.

Then let us never try to evade any responsibility that may be laid upon us, but rather welcome it and rejoice in it; and, like brave and true men, use every means in our power to answer all its demands. Thus shall we expand our manhood, and find that it is not only a solemn but a pleasant thing to live.

W.

WHERE IS MY HOPE?

WHERE is my hope? Is it in the pride of youth
 Or strength of manhood? As a fragrant flower
 Which, rising from the ashes of its sire,
 Smiles on the world, and looks as fair and pure
 As if its life was made for immortality, and sings
 The waking symphonies of new-born spring,
 And spreads its golden tissue to the sun,
 Like a praying infant opening its heart to God;
 And then, when the unpitying blast, breathing stern hate,
 Strikes its tender leaflets with a blight,
 And, broken-hearted, it fades and falls and dies;
 So, when the soul's imperial hope is fixed
 On the bright pictures of a buoyant youth,
 It furls its earth-born pinions and forever sinks.
 And when the tides of full-grown manhood swell
 To their utmost bounds, and the warm gush
 Of earnest life bursts forth resistless as the mountain stream,
 And purpose strong, and arm untiring, and high thoughts
 Have made the haughty world pause, and gaze,
 And bow, and flatter, and clap its guilty hands
 In hollow-hearted admiration; an hour will come,

Of unexpected woe. The waves of God
 Shall roll across his soul and cold, and dark ;
 Affliction's hand along his path shall cast
 Its gloomy shadows, and shall pierce the heart,
 Like " the remorseless dash " of the first pebbles
 On the coffin of a friend. And then the hope
 Which hangs on human strength, or wisdom, or renown,
 And looks not on beyond the veil of sense,
 Shall flee away and leave an aching void.

Where is my hope ? Is it in the gilded promise,
 Gentle and sweet, of a more convenient season,
 When this heart which now so blindly clings
 To its destruction, like an insect to a lamp ;
 And these dark passions and vile appetites,
 Hell-born and strong, which war against my life,
 And make me stoop and crawl like one accursed,
 And lick the dust of this unhallowed world,
 Shall have subsided, and my soul shall rest ?
 Ah, vain delusion ! Such fires never dim,
 Whether in earth or hell : or in the human heart,
 Save when the blood of the great sacrifice
 Puts out the flame, and kindles anew the primal light of God,
 And hopes that rest on such wild fantasies
 Are but the fatal ministers of woe,
 Whose gilded sophistries delude and cheat the soul
 Of its bright crown and fair inheritance,
 And lead it onward to the realm of tears.

Where is my hope ? Is it in the Son of God ?
 Then let all other hopes extinguished die :
 Let youth's bright sunrise change to starless night ;
 Let manhood's temple mingle with the dust ;
 And hoary age put out its light in tears ;
 Let the false world unkindly turn its back,
 And the great sea of life, restless and dark,
 Roll its wild billows to the lowering skies,
 And dash its foam upon the trembling shore ;
 Let all the brazen enginery of hell,
 Marshalled with skill satanic issue forth
 To break the tie that binds me to my God :
 Calm and unharmed my trusting soul shall rest
 In the sweet smile, and on the arm of Him
 " Who conquered death, and triumphed o'er the grave."

SECESSION.

WHEN, on last November, we told the country in general and the South in particular, that we were going to exercise the rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution, they declared their intention of preventing us. They said they would secede, — would break up the union of these states cemented by our fathers' blood, and pull down that starry flag which had waved in triumph over so many battle-fields. We had heard that cry before, and we thought we knew what it meant. We had heard it in 1830, when it came like a pestilential gale from the lowlands of South Carolina; we had heard it in 1856, when it came like the blast of death from the same state, and then we heard it in 1860, when the whole South united in reiterating it, and it came like the fire and smoke from the bottomless pit. We thought we knew what it meant, and so, when the 6th of November came, we all voted as those who "knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain," and now civil war is devastating the state. This civil war can be traced a little further back, to a short day in October last, when Pennsylvania declared herself for Liberty and Truth. On that day we felt that a crisis had come in American history. The whole country could do nothing but put her hand on her mouth and sit down. There was silence in heaven and earth, and then the old Key-stone state spoke, and forthwith there fell on the ranks of all traitors fire, smoke, hailstones, and utter confusion. Glory be to the old Key-stone state for the results of that day, when in the face of Southern traitors the right of the American freeman was exercised! We are confident that if the North were called on to vote yea or nay on this question: Do you regret the results of that day? the answer would be an overwhelming No. Never will the *freemen* of this country regret a day which showed them what the South *meant*, and what they only *thought* it meant; which showed them the friends of the American Union and its enemies, — the *true* men and the traitors. And so we say, let this contest go on. If it cannot be finished sooner, and finished rightly, let it go on as long as Bunker Hill Monument casts a shadow, and Plymouth Rock is washed by the waves of the Atlantic. Doubt not that the free states are aroused; doubt not that, like a strong man armed, they will vindicate their

rights; doubt not that twenty million of freemen armed in the holy cause of liberty are invincible by any force which treason can send against them. We would not compare this struggle with any which this world has ever witnessed. It has no complete parallel in history. We would not compare it with the terrible struggles of Napoleon, which ended in the battle fought on the plains of Waterloo, for there despotism contended with tyranny, — the combined nations of Europe against the power of a single right arm. Nor would we compare it with the barbarous contests of Hannibal or the Scipios. It reminds one rather of the struggles which an English soil has witnessed, where an English yeomanry have written in letters of blood their Magna Charta and their Habeas Corpus Act: of the struggles which Hungary has witnessed where Kossuth has labored long and well to infuse into that people a belief that there is a God in heaven who loves justice; of the struggles which Switzerland has witnessed, whose every mountain is eloquent with noble deeds done for freedom. And it reminds one of that other battle, — that battle where heroes fought and fell, — that battle where presided the divinities of Athens and all Greece. — that battle that men call Marathon. And as, on that day, in a critical moment in its history, Miltiades, flinging himself at the head of his troops, swept the plains of Marathon, carrying liberty to all Greece, so shall we in this contest, under the leadership of Winfield Scott, who is the second Miltiades, sweep the plains of America, which is the second Marathon.

And when this civil war has ceased, and peace has once more spread her olive-branch over this country, then there shall float from the capitol of every state, as proudly as now floats from the Capitol at Washington, the emblem of our freedom, — the Stars and Stripes; and from the hills of New England, the prairies of the West, and the cotton-fields of the South, shall rise an anthem of praise, and, as it is borne upward on the breath of a free people, we may catch the accents of these beautiful words, —

“ A Union of lakes,

A Union of lands,

A Union of states none can sever;

A Union of hearts,

A Union of hands,

And the Flag of our Union Survey!”

TO ELMER E. ELLSWORTH.

Oh noble Ellsworth! Martyr to a cause
 That ever aids the weak and struggling right,
 Alas! that thou should'st fall so early in the fight,
 Nor hear thy well-earned meed, — the world's applause.
 Though Southern rebels, breaking holy laws,
 At thy untimely end hiss their delight,
 Thy Country mourns that, when in youth's strong might,
 Thy death with joy should'st fill their fiendish maws.
 Yet, Ellsworth, in our hearts thou livest still!
 And thou shalt brightly beam in History's sky,
 A star, with thy sweet radiance to thrill
 Whoe'er shall gaze on thee with kindling eye.
 Ellsworth, thy soul, thy *name*, the tyrant can not kill, —
 Thy name is in our hearts; thy soul with God on high!

L.

 STYLE.

THOUGHT is the soul of literature, as it is of man: and we determine its merits according to the quantity and quality as we do men.

Language is its expression; and hence is as inferior to thought as the expression of the soul is to the soul itself. That countenance is most beautiful which is most expressive of soul; but its beauty depends upon the transparency of its expression. So that style of composition is most beautiful which in its unobtrusive simplicity is the fittest expression of thought. Hence it is, that not only utility, but beauty, depends upon the adaptation of language to thought. But this principle simply presents true excellence of style: how to acquire it is a more difficult problem, to solve which, and clearly comprehend, requires a power of mind equal to its accomplishment; for mind alone can fathom itself.

It is not expected here, hardly hoped, to do more than point out a few errors of experience, possibly encourage to greater improvement. The soul moulds the features; thought the lan-

guage. A great thought demands for its expression appropriate language, if taste be not vitiated; for taste is fitness; and the two combined indicate a superior mind; whereas an inferior mind expressing its indifferent ideas in a grand and dignified style would be considered pompous in the extreme, and would indicate that the author had reversed the true order of composition. — thought first, then language.

It is an instructive fact that some of the most eloquent passages are couched in language so simple, and in meaning so clear, that we are almost led to think any one, be his education never so meagre, might have said a thing so simple; and yet we might in vain labor for weeks to arrange sentences with such power of expression, for its ever fresh and lasting beauty suggests a deeper meaning than the mere harmonious arrangement of words and sentences; it contains the measure of the soul. Expression can only faintly approximate to conception; never rise above it. But strength of expression relatively increases with intensity of conception. This is evident from an analysis of some of the finest passages in *Paradise Lost*, and the writings of the best classic authors; where a word suggests a figure complete in itself; thereby adding tenfold to the strength and beauty of the expression.

These word-pictures are frequently the result of great labor to express the intensity of conception, and therefore require a careful study to comprehend their full meaning.

There *are* conceptions to express which the strongest language seems tame and spiritless, and the mind, conscious of the utter hopelessness of the attempt, chooses rather to be silent. Such might have been the case with Webster when he arose before the assembled throng on Bunker Hill, and for a moment, lost in the grandeur of his conception, gazed in silence upon the monument. Silence then became eloquent.

To increase the power of conception, then, is to improve the power of expression; for although "action may be the source of eloquence," yet the source of action is the soul.

COMPROMISE.

MACAULAY, in one of his essays, says that "compromise is the essence of politics." In the shifting wiles of diplomacy, in the boisterous harangues of the hustings, in the machinery of parties, it is true. So long as they are subsidiary to the demands of government it is the life of it; indeed, without it it would be deathful stagnation, — this juggling complication of shrewdness.

Quietly the great interests are developing; silently thinkers are remodelling ideas of social procedure; silently new measures are enlisting new men. Cavour in the cabinet, with a volatile sentiment of extravagant progress, drops pawn here, pawn there; but, when a vital interest is trenched upon by foreign carelessness, a thrill goes through their array when the king, avoiding check, disturbs fruitless plans of conquest.

It is probable that Providence cares very little for politics, and much less for politicians. When a man deposes another here, there, and a train of influence starts upon its mysterious errand, the agent is regarded as an agent; but when the consequences of that act demand attention, the eyes of heaven itself turn from the human actor to the eternal verities hanging on the defence of right.

Right is an attribute of God. So far it has never been discovered that he compromises with sin. Anything, then, established upon right is lasting. Politics recognizing this may settle discordant elements in harmony with its requirements; but in no sense where a moral principle is involved can there be, upon an unjust basis, any compromise. It supposes two parties; already it is acknowledged that God cannot be a party to a wrong; hence it is sounding brass, this boastful cry, when great principles are hazarded, of "final arrangement." Thus said a great man: "In the whole universe of God there is nothing settled that is not right."

Acting upon this view, a wide field of thought stretches before the statesman. Whether it is better for a man to say that human slavery is a gigantic sin let others judge. But if he believes it, and acts accordingly, may he have a sense of his own hypocrisy, who, knowing the same and feeling the same,

tries, with pale cheek and cowardly lips, to deny that the sun is shining in the sky when its light is showing his own cravenness. Whether it is better for a man to be always talking about it is another question. But surely its respectability is no merit to plead, when its code shames the excesses of despots, and its disciples outdo Cataline in their low servility to crime.

If pampered toryism has glutted itself on federal spoil, and, gorged and beastly in its wicked brutality, has maddened itself on fruit the seeds of which itself has planted, and, like a wounded snake, strikes at its own body in its death-struggles, the same calm reason that built a character, that will give tone to the century, will show one's duty to perform when he looks with trustfulness into the future, and can say: I cannot stultify my manhood, cannot at this hour call wrong, right; cannot enchain my children with these fetters I now break; cannot, with teachings of the sainted in my heart, when their Union is threatened, their flag insulted, and their name tossed from lip to lip through envious Europe; *will* not lay down my musket till one bullet has whistled a freeman's song on its merciful journey, and privileges once deemed worthy to fight for are again established on no compromised ground, but on a lasting basis of equality and justice.

Whether slavery will receive its death-blow in this war, who knows? Whether it will find new champions, who knows? But if it is a wrong, and the "cause of all our woes," that it will finally be swept from the face of this country is but to say that right cannot be compromised, and that no wrong was ever so powerful yet as that the arm of the Most High could not shiver it in ten thousand fragments.

A PRAYER FOR THE UNION.

O Thou, who art the Life and Light,
 The Glory of eternal years,
 Creator of the day and night,
 And tuner of the jarring spheres

O Thou, who scooped with thy right hand,
 The hollow of the mighty sea ;
 The Universe at thy command
 From chaos sprang, and worshipped thee.

O God of Israel! God of Right!
 Look down upon our civil strife ;
 Restore our Union with thy might,
 And make it strong with Christian life.

And give us now the earnest heart,
 The strong right arm with nerve like steel,
 The will to act each one his part,
 To shape and mould the common weal.

And give us men of Christian might,
 With power to calm the troubled sea,
 As Christ upon that starless night
 Rebuked the waves of Galilee.

O God, who knows the wondrous ways
 Thy wisdom chooses to pursue ?
 To thee eternities are days,
 And thou dost *not* as frail men do.

Teach us to know thy holy will,
 And may we do it with true zeal ;
 Let Peace and Freedom rule us still,
 Untrampled by the Despot's heel.

And make us active in thy cause,
 With tongue unfaltering, — tireless pen ;
 And may we to thy holy laws
 E'er breathe a true, sincere "amen."

And now, O God, we trust to thee
 Our Country's future, small or great ;
 We humbly hope the day will be
 When Christ shall reign in Church and State.

THE LOVE OF TRUE MARTIAL GLORY.

“In every heart
Are sown the seeds that kindle fiery war ;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.”

THERE appears to have been a prevalent and growing impression among the mass of mankind that as the world advanced in civilization, and as religion, in its march onward, spread its peace-loving doctrines over the earth, and the world, forsaking its wickedness, hastened on to the great and glorious millenium, the love of martial glory diminished in the human heart ; and, when that blissful period shall have arrived in which swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, the lion and the lamb lie down together, as they did in those pristine days of Eden, and there shall be no more wars or rumors of war, that then the love of martial glory would altogether cease, and form no element in the character of those who, redeemed from sin, should live only to praise and glorify their God.

Such opinions have grown out of a false conception of the subject ; and those who entertain them have confounded the pageantry of war with true martial glory, and consider the *universality* of war the only index of a true martial spirit.

But what has the pomp and splendor of ancient warfare to do with martial glory ? That war was once more universal than now ; that war was once more of a trade than now ; that war was once carried on upon a more magnificent scale and with more ferocity than now, — is no proof that a true military spirit, modified and chastened by civilization and religion, does not prevail as universally *now* as at any former period.

On the contrary, we find that as civilization advances, so does the tendency to resist oppression and protect the weak ; and as this constitutes the only true martial glory, then does not civilization increase, rather than diminish, the love of it ? The whole history of the past presents no instance of such universal patriotism as that exemplified by the free and most enlightened portions of our republic in the present great crisis of the country.

“Ay, even now, the soul of battle is abroad,
It burns upon the air; the joyous winds
Are tossing warriors' plumes; the proud, white foam
Of battles roaring billows.”

True martial glory is a noble resort to arms when all other means have failed to secure the ends of justice. The love of this has never diminished since the dawn of creation, and it will never cease as long as eternity lasts.

We, as Christians, believe that the necessity of thus resorting to arms will one day be removed; but the love of it will still linger in the breasts of saints above, and they will cherish it as one of the glorious means of redeeming a lost and fallen world. If (as Milton grandly conceived) God saw fit, when all other means had failed, to resort to arms, and thus expel that traitor angel who first broke peace in heaven, will it ever be any part of the duty of the redeemed spirits who sit about his throne to forget or despise that true martial glory by which rebellious spirits were driven from the presence of God? As long as the Christian religion prevails will there ever be any diminution of love for that true martial glory which Moses exemplified when he beat back the opposing hordes of Amalech, and, pushing on through fields of blood, founded that nation through which the gospel was to be proclaimed to the world? As long as freedom exists will there ever be any diminishing of love for that true martial spirit which our forefathers exhibited when they threw off the yoke of Great Britain, and flung to the breeze that flag which was to proclaim freedom of speech, civil and religious liberty, to the world?

Was not the love of martial glory burning as brightly in the bosom of the American patriot then, and is it not as strong in the heart of the American patriot of to-day, as it was two thousand years ago in the breast of the Greek and Roman hero? Do we not point with as much pride to Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and feel as much pride for the martial glory of our forefathers, and the same willingness to consecrate with our blood new spots to liberty and justice, as any Grecian could two thousand years ago, in contemplating the battle fields of Marathon and Thermopylæ? Has the love of martial glory diminished, then? By no means. It is no part of the effects of either edu-

eration or the religion of God to diminish this, so pure and holy a love as the patriot feels for the military glory of his country. It is an element God planted in the human soul, and it will never be destroyed. Like that conscience, which he planted by its side, it will be perverted, and subserve base and ignoble purposes; but the only change time shall produce is to restore its healthy action.

F.

PUNCTUALITY.

"Time waits for no man." With its arrival we must, if to accomplish anything is our aim, be ready to perform the duties which it brings with itself. Its grotesque picture is represented as having a forelock which we can grasp, yet destitute of any appendage with which, after it has passed, to draw back its retreating footsteps. How full of meaning is that other truth, that the wheels of its car never roll backwards! The little minutes glide onward like the waves of the pebbly brook, anxious to reach the full ocean of time.

We worship money as the heathen his god; yet, when time, which is of more worth than money, is given us, we suffer its golden hours to glide on unnoticed. An Italian philosopher was accustomed to call time his estate; an estate which without cultivation is productive of no value, but duly improved never fails to repay the diligent worker. *If* the oft-repeated maxim is true, that "time is money," what heaps of silver, and what amount of gold can buy it? Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost health by medicine; yet *lost time* can never be found. In the long lapse of time what myriads of years have been past away by neglect! Thinking more deeply of this, we shall soon discover the great need of being punctual in everything.

"Punctuality," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings." It is also the *duty* of every one, in whatever situation of life they may be engaged. It is honesty to one's self as well as to others. With it, the man of business acquires the respect of his fellow men; by it, good, which can never be measured, has

sprung up; from it, the beggar has risen to high stations of life, and on it, success is dependant. Nelson attributed all the success of his life to its close observance. Our own loved Washington was faithful to its call. "Worthies" of every age have acknowledged its lofty claims upon the human race.

Without it men are always in trouble; business is confused, character is lost; and, to use their own expression, ill luck is theirs. Such men are always behind in whatever they strive to do. Would we be successful in life, and would we, when the sands of life are run, be mentioned as those who have done what they could? then let not these little minutes pass unemployed, let not sloth come near us, but always "up and doing," we shall reap the full reward of our diligence. M.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

HENRY CLAY was a man of no mean ability. His talents were of the first order. He was the grand counsellor for a nation's eminence, and though he mingled for thirty years among the heroes of contention, yet his shoes were free from the sands of political corruption and party odium. He piloted our nation through the fiery ordeal of political emergencies, and twice placed them in the Sumter of their deliverance. His last overture was glorious, his last vital energies were spent in a grand finale for the benefit of liberty, and when he died, the cords of a nation's sympathy were opened, which caused it to weep, for we felt that we could not spare him.

Thus it was when the angel of death spread his black wings over the ivy walls of Sunnyside. The tidings of his death ran like an electric spark through the sensibilities of the American people, and it mourned; for, as literature pays no small tribute to our glory, he was one of the nurserymen of our greatness. The whole literary realm was draped in black, for he was king in the world of letters. Irving it was who transplanted the germs of literature into our own republican customs, and we felt that *he* too could not be spared. And who knows but that while Americans were grieving, and moistening the

ashes of his sepulchre, his own rival and brother across the waters dropped a silent tear for the memory of departed genius.

Irving was the child of genius, which only asked for the rain and sunshine of life for the full development of its powers. His education was the best the times could afford; he was principally his own disciplinarian; he was deprived of the benefits of a collegiate education, but this did not block the wheels of his attainments. He equipoised the dearth of dead abstractions rather with a rigid discipline of his powers of thought, and, by a tried exertion of his faculties gained a favorable standard of composition, which stood side by side with the great models of English literature.

One branch of his discipline consisted in training his faculty of observation. He was retentive of facts and incidents; he marked the characteristics of great men, and particularly those within the pale of his own profession, and measured them by his own standards of excellence; he noted every touching scene which nature showed him, and sketched it on the inner walls of his memory, so that in futurity he could place it on his own canvas.

In early life the direction of the life of young Irving was in a great degree influenced by the tastes of his brothers, who were deeply engaged in literary pursuits. With the instructions of these cultivated minds he swung out upon his own resources. He laid the foundations deep and strong, and cemented them with his own self-reliance. He sought Chaucer and Spenser for his table-companions, with these Irving conversed almost daily; their excellences became his excellences, their language his language, and he completely interwove their style with his, — a style which increased, as years wore away, in vigor and gracefulness, in tenderness and simplicity, until death set bounds to his labors only, not to his fame. Taking these men as models, of the block which nature had given him, he chiselled out jewels of thought and golden threads of imagination. That imagination was a sparkling reservoir; every stream that came from it overflowed with usefulness; every drop of it was an index of his purity. And he clothed his ideas in such richness of color and contrast, with such shades and blendings, fore-

ground and background, that we say he was a Raphael at the easel of his thoughts.

Irving as a writer labored for the applause he won from the world, and the respect his works merited from cultivated minds; and indeed he was compelled so to do. He had no rich coffers for his patrimony. His lot was cast among the stern realities of men, and he often found that the thermometer of their lives indicated a state of charity some degrees below zero. Here we may notice a complement to nature's economy, for his powers were expanded by a kind of noble accident, his imagination was warmed by circumstance, and he struggled with adversity, not severe it is true, which always unfolds the latent energies of the most resplendent intellects.

Shelly wrote his best after alienated from his father's possessions. Samuel Johnson was left but a pittance of world's effects; and Oliver Goldsmith, while in a hidden garret of London, composed that brilliant poem, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

For years Irving continued to wield his pen for the cause he loved. He put on the armor in early youth, but in extreme old age it wearied him not. The harder he fought in it the more he loved it. His powers were not rusty or indolent. They grew brilliant all the time. And at last Irving centered all his energies and acquirements, brightened by experience and tested by years of industry, to immortalize in history the deeds of one most honored, most revered, by the American people. He was, above all, fitted to write the life of Washington. No other planet had eclipsed the power of his greatness. He had cultivated and polished his tastes by years of toil. He had inherited a style which was as simple and elegant, as noble and unassuming, as the character of his hero; and, above all, an appreciating world had bestowed upon him the title of Father of American Literature; and he was to employ his pen in honoring the name of the Father of the American Nation.

When this was completed, the old man retired from the contest, and laid down the pen, his only caestus. He had fought for fifty years upon the arena he loved so well, in which time he wrote nothing but which "was as pure and chaste as the violets of spring."

And like all great men, he chose to die among the scenes that had been witnesses of his labors. And now, upon the banks of the Hudson, shadowed by those ivy walls, overlooking the broad expanse of Tappan's Zee, and the glens of Sleepy Hollow, the remains of Washington Irving are mingling with the dust of earth.

E.

 GOOD BYE.

The course of "Sixty-one" is ended.

The hours we've spent together here

The joys and griefs together blended, —

The time for leaving all is near.

The friendships formed must soon be broken,

These happy scenes be left behind,

And hopes, once dreamed, but never spoken,

Shall only live in memory kind.

We almost weep to think that ever

We met with friends so good and true,

Since duty calls us now to sever

These ties we never can renew.

But yet we can obey with gladness,

For friendship formed shall ever live

It will uphold our souls in sadness,

In time of doubt will courage give.

And though we leave these scenes in sorrow,

And tears at parting dim each eye,

Our hopes will brighten on the morrow, —

We'll try to smile, and say "good bye."

W.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

The Summer Term is almost ended. To all, and especially to the Seniors, this is the gala term, for it is the forerunner of a long vacation. Hence we looked for its coming with impatient longings. In the cold and dreary days of winter, we worked the harder in expectation of dreamy rest; but not to all of us has this expectation proved a realization. To some, who have compromised with their habits of sloth, it has, "like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along." To others, who have had the harness on, engaged in a defense of society honor, it has come and gone without a single stop. The sands of the hour glass run slowly to one who watches them; but step aside, put your hands to the work, and then look around. Not a grain remains; they have all run through, but not to the jarring notes of indolence.

It has been said that nations are ruined in a day. This has been exemplified in the contentions of men whose characters are blackened with hellish schemes. The term opened as an exhibition of southern chivalry and patriotism was given to the world. The fall of Sumter was no less than a precedent of human conspiracy. This makes jarring in the world of statesmanship. Since then the times have been more than ever before ominous of war. That exigency in the American government which statesmen never liked to think of is now the history of to-day. Civil war is sounding its direful alarum in our ears; it comes like the harsh grating of a prison door, and reminds us of the past and the future. It shocks the feelings of the historian, as he records a conflict of brothers; but he also brings the glad tidings of the success of human rights, and we murmur not at the sight of blood and strife. Italy's hills were black in the dust and smoke of the battle which enveloped them. But who counts the legacy of Cavour as too dearly bought? What can purchase a nation's birthright?

The exigency of the times found a response among us. The call for reinforcements did not pass so high that we did not hear it. How could it within the shadow of that monitor on Bunker's Hill? Freedom never deserts her temples.

Simultaneously with New England, the wide West caught the cry. A statesman's ear heard the call. He buckled on his armor. He rushed forth, and beside the banner of his country raised his eloquent voice for its defense. But death soon blighted the workings of that intellect, and it left the American people poorer by one in the world of statesmanship. Stephen A. Douglas had his faults, and perhaps an unusual allotment; but when the crisis broke upon us he was one to sink party creeds, and take his stand upon a great *Union platform*. We must praise him for his

devotion to the interests of the government, and the maintenance of the territorial integrity of the union.

The following lines doubtless betray the desire of some Third Junior for literary distinction.

Oft I've read upon the pages
 Of the book that has stood for ages,
 That is read by old and young
 In every land, in every tongue,
 How, in ancient times, the records
 Of the kings, and of the discords
 That had made their lives a scene
 Of toil and trouble, not serene,
 Like the men of our times, who are go-betweens;
 And not the vigilant and brave
 Who earn a name beyond the grave.
 The old records, — musty measures
 Were among their choicest treasures;
 And just as we keep our pleasures
 In our memory fresh and green,
 So these records can be seen
 Calling forth from out the past
 And marshalling, with warlike blast,
 The spirits of the brave and true, —
 The choicest spirits e'er you knew.
 When I've thought this matter over,
 As I've sat alone, and sober,
 Wondering why those mighty deeds
 That from out our school proceed
 Ne'er have made a glowing theme
 For some voyager on the stream
 Of literary knowledge and of fame,
 Whereby he might carve his name
 High upon the magic scroll,
 As the noblest on the roll.
 I've determined now to try
 To take a look with knowing eye;
 And what I see I'll just jot down,
 As in my tour I travel round.
 First we'll visit Number Nine,
 Where a Senior, with a whine
 Like a dog at the point of death, —

Choking, coughing, short of breath, —
 Is trying to make our dear preceptor
 (Who is *some*, as a rogue detector)
 Think he knows a little Greek.
 Watch him vainly try to speak,
 And hear the benches groan and squeak,
 Laughing at the craven sneak.
 Even Homer, blind and hoary,
 When he hears his own dear story
 Butchered in so sad a way,
 Changing from life to humble clay,
 Sits above the sanctum chair,
 Sending down a baleful glare
 On the luckless wight below,
 And asks him, did he ever know
Beans from pork (or somehow) ?
 While Avunculus, with scathing grin,
 Placing both hands beneath his chin,
 Shuts one eye, then gives a groan,
 And says he's stupid as a *stone* ;
 As dull a one as ever was found
 Above the earth, or underground.
 So down he sits, and consults the fates
 (*A pack of cards*, just forty-eight).
 And now he shouts in awful tones,
 As if his voice could break your bones,
 On another Senior. For he is the same
 As a long and straightforward *lane*
 (I mean ne'er the student or steamer of that name),
 In being very seldom *bent*
 From out his course.
 Yet this one fails, and still another,
 Until, somehow or other,
 Avunculus, with an angry frown,
 Raises his desk cover, then slams it down,
 Then says, this can't go on longer ;
 For the boys are getting stronger
 Than ever in their sins, —
 'Tis cause their brains are in their shins.
 So he drives them out, like a flock of sheep,
 And down the stairs they quickly sweep,
 Leaving Number Nine as bare
 As if no Senior ere flunked there.

But now I'm through with Number Nine,
 I stand confronted by gruff old Time;
 And at his stern and dire injunctions,
 My pen refuses its proper functions.
 Some other time I may pursue
 My theme, and make the Millers rue
 The day they ever saw the light,
 Or thought themselves so wondrous bright.
 I wonder 'bout these churchish lous;
 I wonder, do their mamas know they're out.

FROM THE "ANNUAL FLORAL REPORT" OF THE NUN-
 NERY, FOR 1860—61.

There has been, during the past year, a lamentable deficiency of pretty "*To-ops*," *Horn-pans*, and *Blasting-machinery* here, but no lack of *Blue bell(s)*.

Many attempts have been made to introduce "*Darwin's-tomato*" here, but have all, as yet, failed. It has been with difficulty that the premises have been kept clear of "*Funny Elders*." Nothing could be more undesirable than that they should once get a place here; it is so hard to clear them out, when once in. We are able to report the successful introduction of an Oriental "*Pap-ko*" during the year.

Our young ladies are passionately fond of "*Secret-Willows*,"—though they think we are unfortunate in not having a greater variety of them. They say they see none here in *Andover* like what they have always been accustomed to at home. Some of the Nuns declare they will have "*Ar-a(s)s*," but they have not seen any here, as yet. We fear they are destined to disappointment. "*O! Leander!*" are very common here.

The "*Sage*" is no favorite here, and consequently rarely seen. *Pisonia-florosa* thrives luxuriantly,—we have every variety.—We depend on the Natives entirely for "*A-spruce-y-gas*," which is so common in *bean-plant*. "*Forget-me-nots*" are not found here.—The "*Lock-d-(s)arts*" supply us with "*Bo(w)ysom*,"—so we pay no attention to its cultivation. Some of our ladies have been trying the Chinese method of dwarfing plants, but have been successful only with the "*Lady's-slipper*;" this they have reduced to quite diminutive proportions.

A great deal of attention has been paid to the subject of "*sappora*," for our plants; strange as it may seem, many of the most delicate ones, require

the *heaviest* supports. We have thought of submitting plans for these, and we will give one or two which upon careful consideration we deem the best. We think they should be "*metallic*," in the form of "500—or 600—per annum." *Wooden* ones, however strong, will not do, as it is well known that Theo-"*logs*" are not able to "*sustain*" them.

Why are Andover people peculiarly liable to be called into the U. S. service, in case of war? On account of their long experience in "*making heavy charges*."

Why is a certain Fem. Sem. like a junior? Because she declines Tew (tu).

Beefy Pluck. — A willingness on the part of the members of the Clubs to die at the "*Steak*," (Stake).

By what "*accents*" should the Presidents of the two Confederacies be distinguished? By the *acute* over Lincoln, and the *grave* over Jeff. Davis.

Grammatical. — The *adverb* most in use among Southern Confederates should be the *hangman's (k)not*; and its *position* at the end of their *sentences*.

'61.

ALL honor to our gallant band ;
 Our purpose all the same ;
 We're one in heart, and one in hand,
 And '61 in name.

We 've almost reached the last sad night,
 And we shall soon be gone ;
 So let us shout with all our might
 The praise of '61.

We 've shared each other's mutual pain,
 We 've shared each other's fun,
 And now this room shall ring again,
 With cheers for '61.

As long as age to age succeeds ;
 As long as shines the sun,
 We'll love the men and sing the deeds
 Of gallant '61.

Should we in foreign lands e'er roam,
 With friends and kindred none,
 E'en there we'll give, as at our home,
 Threë cheers for 61.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED AT PHILO.

Onward, upward, fellow workmen,
 Ours the battle-field of life ;
 Ne'er a foot to foeman yielding,
 Pressing closer midst the strife.
 Forward in the strength of manhood ;
 Upward with the zeal of youth ;
 Aim at something ; ne'er surrender ;
 Arm thee in the mail of truth.
 Though your way be lined with dangers,
 Summer raindrops lay the dust ;
 God and hope are friends surpassing,
 Who will ne'er belie their trust.
 Shrink not, though a host surround you ;
 Onward ! duty's path pursue ;
 All who gild our nation's glory
 Know the brave words, — dare and do.
 Forward, then ; our country's beckoning ;
 Fight, nor loose the conqueror's crown ;
 Stretch thy hand ; secure thy birthright ;
 Take it, wear it, 't is thine own.
 Rise to manhood's glory, — fame ;
 Take thy pen, and in the volume
 Of the learned write thy name.

And now, kind friends, the last word remains to be spoken ere we leave our easy chair for others to fill. The term that has passed, with its many enjoyments, comes before us, and everything seems delightful to dwell upon. But alas ! the quiet privileges of school days are broken into by the pang of separation. Yet, when in other times we meet, let harmony and love pervade our hearts, as hand clasps hand in friendship. Our parts in life will be varied ; yet with our motto, " *scire et regere*," ever before us, we shall each in life finish the great work which we have here commenced ; and at its close we can say that we have obtained the objects of our wishes, and the heights of our ambition.

Respectfully,

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WILLIS J. TEW, }
GEORGE P. SMITH, } EDITORS.
U. L. LAMPREY. }

THE WAR.

WHILE thinking over the rise and progress of the present war we were led to exclaim, Where are the peace societies? What has become of that class of men who, taking note of the world's progress in turning spears into ploughshares, declare that the days of war and bloodshed are rapidly passing away, and soon the lion and the lamb will lie down together. Truly peace and good-will should prevail. Why, then, among this Christian people, in a country of churches and sabbaths, of sunday-schools and missionary societies, is there heard above all, the noise of tumultuous gatherings, and the tread of armed legions hastening to inaugurate bloody war? It is well to talk about peace at times, yet it is not exactly the thing when practised only on one side, while the other waxes warmer and more insolent by the gentle proclivities of the other. Is it your duty to rise and greet as a friend the burglar who is attempting your strong box, and lest he should injure the lock, present him the key? Or would it not be at least a more honorable exhibition of character to treat him to a sight of your revolver? Many are the volumes which have been written on the evils of war, and one considerate individual

WORK.

MAN is born to labor. From the day of our birth to that of our death, each of us has a task before him which he must perform. Though we shrink from the encounter, and turn to the right hand or the left, we cannot evade it; it is before us, and must be done; while duty, like a warning bell, through the fog and mist of our own stormy passions, tolls in our ears with a solemn sound, that grows stronger and deeper each hour we delay. Life is short — all nature tells us so. The falling leaves softly whisper it, and the autumn wind, as it moans through the leafless trees, sings the same requiem, while the fading figure of the dying year daily tells us that we too must pass away. And with such reminders of an approaching change why should we delay to grapple with the work before us? “Art is long and time is fleeting,” and to succeed we must begin now.

Long-continued and earnest working will surely gain the victory. It was by beginning when a boy to carry a suckling calf that Milo became strong enough to bear an ox. The Olympic athlete was crowned, not for one day's victory, but for the seven long years of patient, determined training which enabled him to win it. Thus must our work be done. Some give up in the very beginning of their course, disheartened by the numbers who start with them for the goal, and who seem much better fitted for the contest than they themselves are. But is this courageously performing their appointed task? Because a man may not be the possessor of ten talents, has he any right to neglect the one which God has given him? To be faithful over a few things is all that is required of us, and a man's level is not what he is, but what he can be, and therefore ought to be, and whether this level be high or low, and whether the task be great or small, we are bound to do it as well as we can.

“Blessed is the man who has found his work.” Many men work, though but few are blessed; and why? Because they have not found *their* work, — the task appointed for them and all. They toil from day to day, but they work to live, not live to work. The question is daily and hourly asked: “What is my work? What is the duty allotted to me? The scholar buries

himself among his books, and seeks to find it in literature and science; the geologist delves in the earth, and labors to discover it among the stony records of primeval time; the philosopher endeavors to disclose it by reason and sense; but are they not widely astray? Man's highest work is not mere science, ennobling as it may be, it is but a so-called truth founded on a mere supposition, when we know not if the supposition be true. It is not geology, the blind groping after hidden truth, sealed by the weight of ages, and buried in enduring granite; it is not philosophy, the sentiment of human wisdom established by human reasoning, when we know not but behind the dim unknown lie weightier arguments and broader bases, which shall falsify and subvert our conclusions. No; no one of these is our highest work; they are but parts to a whole, in which they are all united in harmonious order. Carlyle truly says: "Man's work is not to know, but to be, — we must seek to be wise in order to be worthy, and to this grand aim should all our knowledge be directed." To struggle manfully in doing the highest work and greatest good in our power at any cost of personal hardship; to be consistent and complete in a true purpose down to the most trifling detail of every-day thought, word, and deed; and to live thus and act thus, not with self-conscious accuracy, trusting that we are righteous, and therefore despising others, but from an impulse of heroic conviction acting in the character and moulding its various parts into a perfect whole, whose influence, wherever we are and whatever we do, shall be for good and not for evil, — this is the task given to man.

Those whose names are inscribed upon the brightest pages of a world's history were men of this stamp; men who lived and labored for succeeding time, but who, while they worked for the future, despised not the present, but were as beacon-lights to those around them, warning them from the rocks of ignorance, and whose character looms up grander and more imposing from the fog of error and superstition with which they were surrounded. Our work is not to be devoted to ourselves alone. God has not given us opportunities and advantages for our sole benefit; we are not to enjoy the light ourselves, and impart none to others, nor to blot out our best and noblest impulses, or confine them to the narrow circle of personal advantage. We have something more than self to look after and labor for.

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AUTUMNAL TEACHINGS.

SUMMER is past ; the varying hue
 Upon the tree hath told us so ;
 The wind, 'mid boughs and rustling leaves,
 Whispers so loud, we all may know.

Those summer days, whose balmy air
 Wooed us to fields and meadows nigh,
 When, with our pipes, bereft of care,
 We sent the curling smoke on high ;

Or when we searched o'er hill and park
 For fragrant flowers, which should become
 A tribute from our throbbing heart, —
 An offering fair to some loved one ; —

O, then our souls in quiet bliss
 Felt safe, — secure from all alloy ;
 And nature, in her bridal dress,
 Seemed to commune with every joy.

But now how changed ; the summer flowers
 Are withered by the north wind's breath ;
 Through waving trees and leafless bowers
 There comes the mournful voice of death.

The cold north wind, whose driving blasts
 Make field and hill and meadow sere,
 As if in mockery of the past,
 Proclaims that winter now is near,

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Shuts out the sun, and sky so blue,
 Suspends on high the threatening cloud ;
 And soon the earth, hid from our view,
 Will lie, wrapped in its snowy shroud.

'T is ever thus with every kind
 Of youthful pleasures, or its joys :
 We sleep, — we dream, — we wake to find
 They are but frail and transient toys.

The summer of our days is past,
 Full manhood calls us to the strife ;
 How o'er our souls come chilling blasts, —
 The stern realities of life !

Then let us gird our armor on,
 And calmly brave each duty now ;
 The laurel wreath shall rest upon
 And deck at last the victor's brow.

Courageous, then, to dare and do,
 We'll well each passing hour employ ;
 A manly life, in action true,
 Shall gain for us eternal joy.

C.

 LIBRARIES.

ONE of the surest evidences of a nation's advance in civilization is the provision of means she makes for educating and reforming her people. Means of improving all classes, not only physically but mentally, and affording to even the poorest advantages which otherwise would be the portion only of the rich. Any attempt to elevate the lower classes not only indicates a praiseworthy wish to do good on the part of the rulers of a country, and a sincere love of knowledge, and a desire that it should be spread abroad, but also shows sound policy on their part, as it is an acknowledged fact that the stability and prosperity of a government depend in great measure on the intelligence of its citizens. That city or country will stand foremost whose people have the most ample means of obtaining information. In a little more than eighty years America has placed herself as a nation in one of the first positions on the globe ; and why ? Because she has employed a liberal policy ; because

she has freely extended to all classes of her citizens the most ample means of education ; because she has inscribed on her banner, not only Free Soil and Free Men, but Free Speech and Free Press ; and as long as this continues to be her policy, as long as the influences of the hospital, school-house, and church are thrown around her citizens, she will stand and triumph, though southern fanatics do their worst to destroy us. Thus, believing that "knowledge is power," we should certainly regard with favor all means of diffusing it, and among them, public libraries deservedly hold a high position. The society of books is always ennobling and refining ; and if to a man of cultivated mind they are indispensable, to those who are comparatively ignorant they would prove an inestimable blessing.

A public library spreads with an impartial hand, before rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the greatest treasures of all ages and the invaluable productions of genius, and thus not only affords pleasure to those who desire it, but also presents attractions that would soon be appreciated, even by those who had never known the value of books. The superiority of a country whose laboring classes spend their leisure time in reading would soon be felt. For the power of a nation does not lie in the hands of a few great geniuses, but in the mass of the people. If they are enlightened and educated, the history of their country will be very different from one which is kept in a continual tumult by an ungovernable mob.

The benefit of even visiting a large library must be felt by every true lover of books, for in a complete library one stands before the learning and wisdom of ages ; its walls are a magic mirror, by means of which we can transport ourselves back to any period, gaze on any scene, or commune with any of the immortal geniuses whose character we can clearly discern in the books, centuries old, which line the walls.

When standing in a great library and gazing upon the rare and costly works it contains, the words of Channing come forcibly to mind : "In the best books great men talk to us, and give us their most precious thoughts. God be thanked for books ; they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of ages. When we are surrounded by books, and make them our companions, they lose

their dead, inert form, and become to us like persons who, with articulate voice, whisper in our ears counsel and exhortation, and we feel bound by a firm bond of friendship to authors a century dead."

When standing in Westminster Abbey we look with awe and reverence upon the monuments that mark the resting-places of earth's mighty dead; but in a library we gaze upon nobler records of their existence; monuments not of their decay, but of their glory; not of their weakness, but of their strength;—monuments which have covered them with imperishable renown, and which will live with an undying lustre in the hearts of the people when the marble shall have crumbled over the ashes it covers.

P.

FORGET NOT.

FORGET not, forget not the hours gone by,
 When gay were our hearts and our pulses beat high,
 'Mid the flowers of our childhood bright visions were born, —
 We grasped at the rose, and we feared not the thorn;
 Though life's sunny morning has vanished at last,
 Forget not, forget not the days that are passed.

Forget not, forget not the friends we have known;
 How sweet is the thought of each dear absent one; —
 The forms and the faces of those whom we love,
 Who have gone to their home in the bright realms above:
 In the depths of thy soul hold them safely and fast; --
 Forget not, forget not the friends of the past.

Forget not, forget not the scenes of the past;
 Those bright fleeting visions, too pleasant to last:
 Perchance, in the night-time of sorrow and grief
 The fond recollection will bring thee relief:
 Though 'mid storm and confusion thy pathway be cast,
 Forget not, forget not the scenes of the past.

In sorrow and pleasure, in darkness and light,
 In the bright, joyous sunshine or gloom of the night,
 In the shelter of home, in the midst of the strife,
 In the work and the care and the turmoil of life,
 In prosperity's calm, in affliction's rough blast,
 Forget not, forget not to think of the past.

P.

POWER OF DEFEAT.

IN a continued strife a defeat may accomplish much more for the attainment of the object for which the strife is inaugurated than the most brilliant victory

This at first may seem impossible; but if we reflect a moment we shall readily perceive that the very results flowing from a success which make it so powerful are extremely liable, unless carefully restrained, to burst their proper limits, and cause it to become in the highest degree injurious. For the honest pride naturally arising from the contemplation of a hard-earned victory, gained solely by our own efforts, too often degenerates into a pitiful self-conceit, and an unwarranted contempt for powerful foes. Thus it is that when success crowns our efforts, and the wreath of laurel encircles our brows, the tide of strength is ebbing, *slowly* perhaps, but none the less *surely*, while to us it seems to be flowing in, strongly and steadily.

While *success* thus paralyzes, *defeat*, on the contrary, like a powerful galvanic shock, startles us into renewed life and activity. It thrills through every nerve and sinew, inspiring all with a thousand times their wonted vigor; and we spring back into the conflict so reënergized that we sweep everything before us.

It is not in any man's nature, even the tamest, to quietly submit to indignity and wrong; and therefore it is that when our most cherished plans are frustrated; when the aspirations nearest our hearts are crushed seemingly for ever, the feeling of despair at first engendered by the failure is but short-lived, and soon gives place to a keen desire for revenge.

Had it not been for that terribly scathing review from the pen

of Lord Brougham upon a volume of poems written by a lad in an English university, the name of Lord Byron would never have been written next those of Shakspeare and Milton on the grand roll-call of England's poets.

Had Patrick Henry not failed in business in early life, the old Virginia court-house would never have rung with those thunder-tones of eloquence: "Give me liberty, or give me death."

As we look out upon the broad battle-field of life, we see countless instances of this kind. Many a noble form sinks down in the fierce conflict but to rise with a stronger arm and a more invincible purpose.

Then, when we are discouraged and disheartened by what seems to us the utter prostration of all our prospects for life, let us always remember that there is a hidden power in the most crushing defeat which can, aye, and will, achieve for us those results for which we have hitherto labored in vain; and that Carthage sunk by the successes of Hannibal, and Rome rose by the defeats of her bravest and most skilful generals.

G.

 REMEMBER.

O MAN of war, on laurel wreaths too much you are presuming,

You think that when they praise your name, and your bright glories sing,

You dream the flower of worldly fame will evermore be blooming:

Not that the winter, cold and drear, must follow soon the spring.

O, beauteous maid, whose witty tongue is through the ball-room ringing,

You're happy now that spring is here and leaves of beauty green:

The birds, which in the budding trees are now so sweetly singing,

Will hush their melody and die, when winds blow sharp and keen.

The powerful and the wicked now have lost their boastful voices,

No more doth bloom on beauty's cheek the stolen rose's dye:

The poor and needy upright man now triumphs and rejoices:

The beggar and the publican now raise their voices high.

ROME.

WITH what intense earnestness every one looks towards Rome. The young man, impatient to travel and find new pleasure in the excitement of visiting strange lands. The scholar, anxious to look upon the monuments of ancient greatness, and to wander over the places which once knew the great men of the world; the religious enthusiast, eager to stand where the fathers of the church once stood and confounded the adherents of the old superstition; the poet, the artist, the sculptor, all seek to derive a new inspiration from either visiting, reading, or thinking about the eternal city, — aye, and well was she named eternal, though her temporal power has departed for ever, though no more do the learned and eloquent pass through her streets and throng her galleries of art and science; though in place of conquering legions, bearing the proud motto “Senate and People,” we see a few brutal mercenaries, whose only war is upon women, and whose only delight is plunder: though, instead of such a government that well might it be said “She ruled the world,” we behold a feeble kingdom upheld by foreign bayonets. Still all her power has not gone. Her *influence* is not dead, nor will it ever die, so long as civilization spreads, and we retain our respect for that which is great and good, we will respect and reverence that city from which so much of our art, science, literature, and even law has been derived. Though she be humbled as a nation, her monuments of literature still stand triumphant: no eloquence can equal that which is silently expressed by their shattered remains; no mind can conceive the grandeur and beauty which they exhibit, more glorious in their ruin than when they were perfect: no tongue can suffice to speak of them in terms worthy of the subject; no pen can fitly describe their desolate majesty. Though defaced and shattered, the Colloseum still looks down in solitary grandeur upon the ruin around it, and even in desolation is so tremendous, and gives such an idea of power, that well might the old pilgrims exclaim:

“ While stands the Colloseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colloseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the world.”

When thinking over the influence of Rome, as derived from her learning, beauty, and power, we may perhaps obtain a profitable thought or two, as we now stand, just entering into life as it really is; just verging upon the sea of manhood, and stepping in to take the places of those who have fallen in the strife. It has well been said, that the course of nations is like that of men; and in no case is this better illustrated than in Rome. She rose by great labour, she maintained her high position by exertion, and she fell only when she had grown too indolent to struggle with the foes around her. So it is with the formation of character, — to *succeed* we must be *diligent*; and if we work honestly and faithfully it can at least be said

“That we have lived, and have not lived in vain.”

Napoleon said to his soldiers, “Forty centuries look down upon you from the pyramids,” and, inspired by that thought, they conquered. So may we, when thinking of Rome, — what she *was*, and what she *is*; what she *did*, and what she left *undone*, — gather new courage from the thought of her achievements, and obtain fresh strength to struggle on to victory.

UNION MARSEILLAISE.

COME, come ye free, and hear the story,
 How fair Columbia won the prize,
 When tyrants sought to swell their glory,
 And tear sweet Freedom from the skies.
 Our fathers then the sword unsheathing, —
 A patriotic, fearless band, —
 Uprose with might and swept the land, —
 High mountain tops with war-smoke wreathing.

Chorus. — Union, union, ye free, —
 Keystone of our glory!

Ye North, ye South, echo the cry,
 Union is our story.

Where proud Atlantic heaves his billows,
 In foamy, crested, grand unrest,
 To where Pacific softly pillows
 Rock-ribbed Nevada on her breast,
 From stern New England's stormy waters,
 To sunny southland's summer seas,
 One strain should thrill on every breeze,
 From fair Columbia's sons and daughters.
Chorus. — Union, union, etc.

While traitor hands in malice rattle
 Hot cannon balls 'gainst Truth and Right,
 Majestic shall be Freedom's battle,
 God lending his victorious might.
 Freedom can never, never weary ;
 Eternal as the hills it stands :
 God holds, in his almighty hands,
 His eagle's lofty, rock-bound aerie.
Chorus. — Union, union, etc.

G. G.

THE RESULTS OF LABOR AND NECESSITY.

NATURALLY the human mind works slowly. Great ideas, which are to mould the destiny and shape the course of millions yet unborn, are not the work of an hour or a day, but are wrought out by months, nay, even by years, of the closest and most unremitting application. Step by step must the rugged mountain of fame be ascended, and he who wins its highest steeps wins them only by long-continued, wearisome toil. The *Novum Organon* of Lord Bacon, which dethroned from its proud position the Aristotelian philosophy, which for two thousand years had been recognized as the true and most perfect system which the mind of man had ever produced, was the work of a lifetime. At the early age of sixteen he conceived the idea of overthrowing this system, and for forty years he devoted to the accomplishment of that object the best energies of his life; and to this, doubtless, his work owed its power.

But not alone in the severer fields of thought is this steady, persistent labor necessary, but also in the less stern and frigid

realms of poesy. Most men look upon poetry as a spontaneous outflow from the heart, gliding along in graceful measure, when the Muses grant their inspiration. But this idea is a false one. The greatest poets are those who have labored the hardest upon their productions. Goldsmith was well pleased to finish four lines of his *Deserted Village* in a day, and Gray devoted twelve years to the elegy which won for him his immortal renown. Thus it is through all the departments of literature. Nothing can be accomplished without earnest and continued exertion.

Such is the reasoning of most men, and in the main it is correct. Yet there are many instances in which the noblest productions that have ever emanated from the human mind have been the fruit, not of the toil of months and years, but of a day, or even of a brief hour. In the mind of every human being there has been implanted by his God what may perhaps be fitly termed a reserve force. Many pass through life without having occasion to develop it, and, perchance, even unconscious of its existence. Yet sometimes, when all natural forces are powerless, and we keenly feel our own weakness, it bursts forth, and by the terrible power it exhibits shows forth in some faint degree the strength and energy with which the mind will be invested when it is freed from its earthly bonds.

Necessity, stern and imperative necessity, can alone start this into life and action. When man is beset on every side by unavoidable difficulties, as by a host of armed men, when, turn which way he will, he meets nothing but opposition, — in a word, when he is driven almost to the verge of despair by the obstacles which rise up in his pathway, — then, and then only, is this dormant force aroused, and with a degree of mental strength superhuman in its intensity he presses on, regardless of every hinderance, and attains the goal which otherwise he could never have reached. Many are the glorious examples of this; but noblest of them all is that old Scottish hero, toiling night and day in the halls of Abbotsford, and producing in the short space of three years nearly thirty volumes, any one of which would have conferred upon him imperishable fame, and which stand to-day before the world as the proudest monuments of the power of necessity.

G.

"OUR STAR."

ANOTHER star has risen
 On our academic sky,
 And in Phillips' constellation
 Has taken its station high ;
 And a radiance streams upon us
 From out the ether blue,
 From our new-risen planet, —
 The Star of Sixty-two !

It hovereth above us,
 And softly looketh down
 And watcheth o'er our gallant class,
 Its victories to crown ;
 While a spirit bright, to counsel us
 In what we dare and do,
 Seems to fall in that soft radiance
 From the Star of Sixty-two.

As the seaman on the pole-star
 Fixes his steadfast eye,
 As the dying patriot turns to view
 His "Banner in the sky,"
 So may we in our progress here
 Be ever firm and true
 To the honor of old Phillips
 And the Star of Sixty-two.

P.

 A TEST OF CHARACTER.

ONE of the most striking illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of God is seen in his making man so that his real character must in great measure lie open to the view of his fellow men. The soul has been filled with windows, so to speak, inviting men to come and see what is going on within. All attempts to conceal the real sentiment of the heart for any

length of time are in vain; by the eyes, the countenance, and many other ways, a man's true character is revealed; but there is no surer test than that of his associates. That this has always been considered so, is evident from the many proverbs on this subject which have been handed down from age to age, from which it is evident that the opinion of the best and most learned men has always been that "A man is known by the company he keeps." It is almost astonishing to see how quickly men seek their levels. Let a large company of people — as students, for instance — come together as strangers, and hardly a week will elapse before they have separated into divisions, whose boundary lines are not external, perhaps, but are yet real; just as oil and water, though shaken together, soon separate, having no affinity for each other. And all this is done naturally and intuitively, and requires no effort in bringing it about. Every soul is a sort of magnet, attracting to itself everything of a similar nature. Consequently, each set resolves itself into a little world, bound together by similarity of pursuits and habits, and any member of these can have no real sympathy out of his own sphere. Though the moral man may come in contact with the immoral in the busy walks of life, it is simply in a business capacity that they are united. When this power is removed they fly apart, repelled by their own dissimilarity. But we can safely judge of a man when we see who are his daily chosen companions. No matter what he himself may say, if he is always found among low, vulgar people, and makes these his constant companions, even though he may be free from many of their vices, we may rest assured that all is not right with him. His own soul must be stained by this moral pollution, or, by a law of nature, he would be repelled from them as quick as if struck away by physical force.

The bad respect the good; they cannot help it. No man in this life can so entirely blot out from his soul that image of Him who created him, as not to have more respect for the good than the bad, yet it is only a cold respect; it is not that feeling which leads a man to take another as a boon companion and friend, — far from it. And it is no difficult matter to determine whether it is a real communion of feeling, or simple respect, that men feel for each other; the difference is plainly visible.

Men often wonder, as they see individuals who profess better things, and from whom the world has a right to demand better things, still refusing to come out and be separate from their vile associates ; but it need not be so much of a mystery after all, for there is, no doubt, but very little difference between them as to their natural characters. But there is a divine authority which commands every man who is aiming to fulfil the true end of his being, to come out and be separate from worthless companions, whatever may be his natural bent of disposition. As Lot was commanded to leave his house, home, and friends, and look not once behind him, so is the command to every true man to make those, and only those, his intimate associates who are *true men*. It is a sad sight to see one linger behind, saying he will not come out from them, but will stay to reform the rest. How many, alas, have repented of such courses ! Instead of reforming others, he himself is drawn into the very gulf from which he thinks he would rescue others. How many thus stay for the sake of some paltry honor which may thus be bestowed upon them, and in the end lose all that is manly and noble in their natures, and come out wrecks. That man sadly lacks wisdom who for the sake of *reforming* an institution refuses to put himself above that institution, but remains on a level with it. No ; when he would reform, let him be *above*, to bring others *up* to him. Make up your mind, then, to be judged and thought of by the company you keep. The world always *has* judged, the world always *will judge* thus, and it has a right to. Says one whose wisdom entitles his opinions to profound respect : “ You may depend upon it that he is a *good* man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.” Think not, then, to be called wise while you are the companion of fools ; think not to be called a good man while by your sympathies, your presence, and aid, you lend your influence to the vicious ; think not to be considered different in character from those whose cause you espouse and support. No ; too well has the world learned to make its estimates that it should thus deal with you ; and always will it say, “ A man is known by the company he keeps.”

PLEASURE-PAIN.

DREARILY falls the autumn rain
 On trees leaf-bare, and withered flowers.
 On fields that have lost the blue-bird's strain
 And the dewy gleam of June's bright hours.

Drearily falls the autumn rain,
 Coldly the raging north-wind blows,
 And into my heart steals pleasure-pain, —
 A golden thorn in a full-blown rose.

Pleasure at meeting my native land,
 Where freedom's banner floats proud and free;
 Pain at the loss of a small white hand,
 Whose lightest touch was heaven to me;

Pleasure in meeting loved ones at home,
 In kissing my babe with its innocent eyes;
 Pain at the thought of a churchyard in Rome,
 Where its dark-haired mother silently lies;

Pleasure at reaching a wished-for goal,
 At winning laurels that all must love;
 Pain at the loss of a radiant soul
 That has winged its flight to Eden above.

As drearily falls the autumn rain,
 And coldly the raging north-wind blows,
 Into my heart steals pleasure-pain, —
 A golden thorn in a full-blown rose.

“TITYRE, TU PATULAE.”

WITH what feelings of emotion we read for the first time these words; and, as our mind turns from the small, dismal school-room to the grateful shade of the majestic old beach-tree, we quickly forget the dry lesson before us, and our

thoughts wander back, till we remember a time when we might have compared our situation with that of the happy shepherd so beautifully represented in this line. We can almost feel the refreshing breeze, as it whispers among the leaves, and the soft, clear music of the shepherd's fife seems to fall gently upon the ear; and the sheep, feeding quietly around, remind us of hours of rest and happiness which *we*, perhaps, have spent in nearly the same manner. But our weary and discontented minds cannot always be refreshed by such pleasant thoughts; and we are soon reminded of our position, and again are as deeply engaged with the words before us, in which, however, we can see no poetry. This is the beginning. We feel that we are commencing a new era, and this line at first awakens all the poetry within us; but we advance, and soon lose every sense of the beauty of the lines. We read the unrequited love of the desponding shepherd, and for once can join with the poet in the line: "O Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!" We read the cruelty of the unjust tyrants, and the musical contests of the shepherds. We also labor as hard as the husbandman in preparing the soil, in raising the crops, and rearing the cattle, but all the poetry is lost upon us, and our only relief is that we are advancing farther and farther from the first page, though it may be slowly. Soon, however, our minds are aroused, when we come to the martial and spirited words, "Arma virumque causet," etc. Now we begin to see beauty and expression in every sentence, and to realize all we have lost in not before discovering the true worth of what we considered dry and meaningless lines. Here we have every variety of style,—an imitation of the rapid gallop of the horse, and the slow and almost painful effort in raising a ponderous weight. Every thought now becomes evident to our mind, and we can feel that we are making the true progress, and getting the true benefit of that which we once treated with indifference. So it is in everything. We do not perceive the *direct* object of our situation, and therefore begin to grow dissatisfied and discontented with all things. In this manner we spend *years*, perhaps, without accomplishing anything which can benefit ourselves or others. Everything goes wrong, and we take no pleasure in our pursuits, until some happy circum-

stance occurs by which we are aroused to a sense of our condition, and which leads us finally to realize that from every position in life some advantage and enjoyment may be obtained. Though at one time all is bright, and everything brings pleasure, at another, we seem to have a different emotion, and feel sad without any *apparent* cause. But everything adds to our experience, and in everything we find some lesson which may be applied to ourselves. As at first we see no meaning in a line of poetry, so some little circumstance in life, which has its lesson, may be wholly lost upon us, and we spend many years' time without any progress. But the time soon comes when, from some reason, we begin to know and remedy our faults, and at once to receive pleasure, as well as good, from every event.

AMERICA.

AMERICA, our fatherland,
 Home of the brave and free;
 Forever may thy glory stand,
 From sea to distant sea.

Forever may thy cause be just, —
 A holy war with Wrong, —
 And may thou, true to Heaven's trust,
 Thy spotless name prolong.

Forever may thy sons arise,
 With strong right arms and valiant might,
 To wage, beneath thy sweet blue skies,
 Victorious war for Truth and Right.

O, may thy mountains, hills, and streams,
 Inhaling Freedom's air,
 When twilight glooms, and morning beams,
 Invoke this silent prayer.

Forever, O, God-favored land,
 Thy diapason be
 One joyous peal from strand to strand,
 An anthem of the free.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:

The fall term is nearly over, and we look forward to its close with mingled sentiments of joy and sorrow;—joy, that for a brief space we may rest from our labors, and mingle in the delights of home; sorrow, that we have not, perchance, made the most of the hours which have now flown for ever. But regrets for unimproved opportunities, for work or study, are now useless; we must sum up the results of our toil, and whether we have done well or ill rests with ourselves and the future to decide. From the retirement of Andover we look with interest upon the wide battle-field of our country, and eagerly observe the movements of the mighty host of patriots who have left the shelter of the home fireside, and, braving every danger, have gone to fight for freedom. And though far removed from the scene of conflict, our pulses throb at the mention of their heroic deeds, and we cast many a wreath of hopes and prayers to adorn the monument of their glory. And though no stone marks the resting-place of the brave men who have fallen, though no noisy demonstration of grief is made for their loss, they are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen; and though they sleep in forest or woodland, in the valley or on the hill-side, where the falling leaves may cover them, and the breezes sing their requiem, yet,

As the night dews that fall, though in silence they weep,
Shall cover with verdure the graves where they sleep,
So the tear that we shed, though in silence it rolls,
Shall long keep their memory green in our souls.

Old Philo has flourished this term with renewed life and vigor. Her meetings have been well attended and well conducted, and she seems endowed with all her pristine glory.

We have gathered up the scattered sheets of our Mirror, and present them as a votive offering to you, with many thanks for your kind assistance, and many wishes for your future happiness. For the last time, in our editorial capacity, we bid you all God speed; and, after a short rest by our Table, we leave the Chair to those who shall come after us. P.

FOOTBALL.

The glorious sun was leaving his pinnacle on high,
 And the golden rays of sunset gleamed across the clear blue sky ;
 And they flashed on tree and dwelling, on hill-top and on spire,
 Pouring down a stream of glory, and a panoply of fire.

The eager toil was over ; and up and down the street
 Strolled bashful Theologians, and Nuns and Fem Sems sweet,
 While fifty bold Phillipians, with shout and eager cry,
 Swift assemble in the playground, the new football to try.
 Flung down now is tough old Kühner, Virgil now aside is laid ;
 All forgotten are the fizzles, flunks, and rushes they have made.
 And upon dry mathematics not a single thought they cast,
 For the pleasure of the present swallows up the pain that 's past.
 Coats are off, sides quickly chosen, and, from out the mingled maze
 Of players, is withdrawing the side who have "the raise."
 And Beecher boasted loudly there, ere the day was done,
 They 'd drive the ball o'er yonder wall, and thus the game have won.
 And, in truth, their side is heavy ; at it we dare not scoff ;
 For they 've Hull and Van to rush it, and Davol to kick it off.
 But we 've many a gallant player now ranged upon our side,
 With Evans, and with Stevens, and Volentine and Hyde.
 The ball is raised ; it flies in air, and falls in front of Gwynn ;
 "Look out for Beecher !" — "Back with it !" — "Rush in, now, boys,
 rush in !"

Both sides come on ; the ball flies back ; then, like two furious gales
 That meet round some doomed vessel, and fiercely rend its sails,
 So round the ball the "Scrimmagers" — a fierce and warlike band —
 Meet, and strive to kick, or throw it, or strike it with the hand ;
 While "Bull-Dogs," "Rushers," "Dodgers," like the stormy ocean, foam
 Near the fierce contention, drift, and try to send the ball up home.
 But look out, now ! Hull has got it, — a player true and tried, —
 And swiftly, now, he drives it right down upon our side ;
 While, as angry waves their useless force dash 'gainst the solid rock,
 So our players rush against him, but go down beneath the shock.
 While with many a desperate stagger, and many a sturdy blow,
 Cleaving through the thickest scrimmage, right onward does he go :
 While before him lies the football, and swiftly doth it roll
 Through our players up and goal keepers, right down upon our goal.
 Say, is there no Phillipian who will stop him in his course,
 And send the football back again ? Yes, look at little Morse.
 He kicks, and swift the football flies, like a bullet from a gun,
 And Finney now has caught it, and sent it further on.

And while a shout of triumph rises up above the din,
 The ball flies back ; we meet it, and again both sides rush in.
 But Beecher now has got it, and with Burrel, Van, and Reed,
 Slyly drives it o'er the hill-top, where our side is weak indeed.
 Though many a gallant player rushes there to stop the ball,
 The other side have got it into " Umpire " by the wall.
 Ah, would that there was space to me, and I had time enough,
 To tell how well fought Fowler and Pratt, Gillette and Clough.
 But lo, Ainsworth and stout Stevens, like chargers in the fray,
 Come rushing to the scrimmage, and bear the ball away.
 And loud they cried, " O, Evans, we sure shall lose the game !
 Then down into the scrimmage, and win thyself a name !"
 Then answered gallant Evans, " As you say, so let it be ;"
 And forthwith upon the enemy, down charged the dauntless three.
 As gallant frigates in their course the raging billows crush,
 So the crowded mass of players separates before their rush ;
 And swift they seize the football, and, with many a sturdy kick,
 They drive it towards the further goal ; while quicker, and more quick,
 From the other side, to stop them, rushes many a gallant man,
 And Ainsworth and stout Evans fall, clinched with Davol and with Van.
 But lo, the gallant Stevens, a player stout and strong,
 Through the thickest of the enemy still drives the ball along ;
 And, while many a sturdy foeman does down before him fall,
 He steadily goes onward, driving to the goal the ball ;
 And swiftly it flies through the air, and hits the topmost stone.
 A long, loud shout for victory — Hurah ! The game is won !
 Then all honor to old Phillips, her praises long we 'll sing,
 And a rousing cheer for Football, of all our games the king.

P.

We insert the following communication, and hope it will be read with interest :

Mr. Editor : — I have been much annoyed for some time past by the ravings of an unfortunate Junior in the room below mine. He has become acquainted with one of the Fem Sems lately, and is evidently " pretty deeply fixed." The other afternoon he had troubled me so much by sighing and groaning, that I was going down stairs to tell him to stop, when — his door being open — I was arrested by the remarkable aspect of things in his room. His table was overturned, and everything was in confusion ; while the unhappy man, with his hands pressed to his head, was wildly walking up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped, and, placing his hand upon his heart, he burst out into the following remarkable effusion, addressed to his Dulcinea. I have written down as much of it as I could remember, and send it, hoping that it will be appreciated as showing what a man can do and say when he is in love.

Dear art thou, loved one, dear beyond measure,
 So that thy equal can never be found;
 Dear as the fountain of every pure pleasure. —
 Ah, dearer than pork at a shilling a pound.

Fair art thou, loved one; ah, sweetly I'm dreaming
 Of thy heavenly blue eyes and thy bright auburn hair,
 With all thy attractions in radiance beaming;
 O, fair as a sixpence, the omnibus fare.

Sweet art thou, loved one; now, while I ponder,
 With tender reflections my bosom I fill;
 I fancy thee, dearest, now standing out yonder,
 As sweet as molasses at four cents a gill.

Bright art thou, loved one, — brilliant, entrancing;
 Rightly I christen thee "earth's fairest daughter,"
 With all thy perfections in radiance glancing
 Like the rays of the moon in a puddle of water.

But hard art thou, loved one: devoid of all feeling,
 You laugh at my love, and you scoff at each woe;
 Against my endearments your tender heart stealing;
 Oh, you're hard as the benches in chapel I know.

Shrewd art thou, loved one; whene'er I have met thee
 Keen was each thought, and divine was each mood;
 Sharp is your wit, — oh, I hope if I get thee,
 That I may be happy, and may not be *shrewed*.

Here he stopped, and gazed out of the window for a few seconds, then wildly exclaimed:

There she goes! O Apollo be with me and aid me;
 Be each new attraction disclosed to my view,
 As now in my new Sunday clothes I've arrayed me;
 For if I don't look slick she will cut me. Boo-hoo!

At this point the miserable man put on his hat, rushed furiously up the street, and has not been seen since. Any information of him will be gladly received.

DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.

As the Yankees are creating no little excitement in the commercial, political, and military world, I hope my definition of a real, genuine *male* Yankee will not be considered a *miss*. A real, genuine Yankee is full of

animation, checked by modulation, guided by determination, and supported by education. He has veneration corrected by toleration, with a love of self-approbation and emulation; and, when reduced to a state of aggravation, can assume profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation. A real, live Yankee, just caught, will be found *not* deficient in the following qualities: he is self-denying, self-relying, always trying, and into everything prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society. He is a dragging, gagging, bragging, striving, thriving, swopping, jostling, wrestling, musical, astronomical, poetical, philosophical, and comical sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of creation.

Why do unruly students of Phillips Academy find *their Taylor* like every good tailor? Because he always gives them "FITS."

Why cannot the Senior Class be called a *quiet* one? Because there is *always* a "Noyes" (noise) in it.

When is a *pocket* like a good cannon? When it has been "*rifled*"

What proof have we that the members of the clubs make *thorough* work at their *meals*? Because they go to the *bottom* of *everything* on the table.

How do Uncle and the Seniors have a friendly game every day up in Number Nine? Uncle "*shuffles* cards" and the fellows "*cut*."

How shall the Seniors keep warm this winter? By means of their *Hyde*.

Why is a military company like a dull saw? Because it needs often to be "*filed right*."

How does the *bar-keeper* differ from the *drunkard*? The one turns *liquor*, the other the liquor *turns*.

What should the almanac of Mr. X. (lately married) say hereafter? "Look out for *squalls*."

Why are Andover Students like *fine sheep*? They are sure to be "*well fleeced*."

Why do the Trustees of Phillips Academy think students who visit the restaurant are like *poor guns*? Because they reckon they "*go off half-cocked*."

Jim. — I say, Sam, when am de schoolmaster like a New Bedford ship?

Sam. — Dunno, Jim; gib it up.

Jim. — Well, when he am a "*whaling*" and bringing out de "*blubber*."

I say, Jim, if you was captain of the ship "'62," and she was on a lee shore what would you do?

Bel-den, in such a *Case*, *Tew* get her out of the *Boylan* flood, and stop the *Noyes*, I'd *Beech-er* on *Tew Port-er*, and *Ty-er Hull* there with ropes of *Hyde*.

Jim (*stutters*).— We-well, Sambo, wh-why am your "*lub*" for *Di-Dinah* like sq-squeezin' apples?

Why is my "*lub*" for *Dinah* like squeezin' apples? Dunno. Jim, I gibb her up.

Jim. — We-well, it m-makes you be be-*be cider* (beside her).

And thus, kind friends, we present to you our *Mirror*. Like the autumn days in which its pieces were composed, it is short, but we hope it shows that the tone of the society is still good, and that her paper is not entirely neglected. And we give you our thanks at parting, hoping and trusting that the true spirit of Old Philo may in future time be preserved: that her sons, united under her banner, may labor for the right always. Let us all remember that both here and in more active life we have an end to labor for. The voice of the world calls not for idlers, but for men. We see the great conflict which is going on in life, and the two powers struggling for the mastery: let us exert all our influence for the truth; for the highest success is in doing well what lies before us.

Respectfully,

EDITORS.

G. H. ARNOLD, } *Committee of*
J. B. GREGG, } *Publication.*

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Lawrence.
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 North Andover.
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 New York City.
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 Reading.
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W. T. SCHNEIDER, }

ADVERSITY AS A TEST OF CHARACTER.

How we shudder at its approach, and yet how fondly do we recall and linger upon that part of our history, when,

Stemming the tide, the wave, the storm,
Only nerved us up, and made us strong.

In the production of great men, and in the rise of great nations, adversity has often been the great underlying principle. Clay, Webster, and many others equally eminent, were no hot-house plants; on the contrary, they grew up beneath the open sky, and, like the solitary oak upon some mountain top, their growth was strengthened by each assailing storm. Milton produced his immortal *Paradise Lost* when weighed down with poverty and surrounded by darkness and danger. Had not Fox been beset with difficulties, and bankruptcy itself stared him in the face, his Demosthenean eloquence had perhaps never been heard in the British parliament. Had the reign of Charles the First been devoid of disaster, Oliver Cromwell had not become the champion of religious liberty; and religious toleration might have been a thing unknown in England to this day. Thus we see adversity is often, as it were, the stepping-stone to eminence,

the element needed to develop the qualities of true manhood. It is the great leveller of men : it presents to them the realities of life, unites them in their sympathies, makes their interests common, incites them to labor, strengthens their patriotism, and thus becomes the bulwark of a united people. Therefore, while prosperity is the rock upon which nations often split, adversity is the surest foundation of union. No nation affords a finer exemplification of the truth of this remark than our own. For upwards of fifty years our country has been witness of an unparalleled prosperity. Under the influence of such a prosperity aristocracies have sprung up ; such aristocracies, throughout the South, are made up of those, not “ the lovers of freedom,” but “ the devoted advocates of power ;” their influence first scattered the seeds of disunion among us ; but when at last they disgraced the emblem of our freedom, and entailed upon their country the adversity which must necessarily follow the fall of Sumter, we beheld the simultaneous uprising of twenty millions of freemen, united in the defence of their flag, in the defence of liberty, in the defence of right ; and as when, in the darkest hour of the revolution, our fathers were awakened from their lethargy by these immortal words, which rang through the land like a clarion peal,—“ liberty or death ;” so, at the present dark hour of our country’s adversity, the spirit of seventy-six, reawakened from its slumber by the sound of Sumter’s cannon, shall sweep the plains of the South, with the motto emblazoned on its banner, “ freedom to all.”

THE SEXTON.

BENT and white was the sexton,
 With the snows of many a year ;
 And I thought, in earliest childhood,
 He could not long be here.

Ah, little I knew of the future, —

The aged and time-crook’d sexton
 Buried my beautiful child.

AUSTRIA.

A NATION with men to control the affairs of government, of liberal views and great minds, will not be crushed by the force of its institutions, nor achieve a reputation for despotism and cruelty. On the other hand, where men of weakness or blindness or wickedness are entrusted with the management of affairs, in due course of time the state with whose interests they are charged will feel the pressure of free thought and free institutions from the nations around; and, owing to the narrow policy of those who govern, having in itself the elements of failure and ruin, will sink into inferiority and unworthiness. Austria never has been favorable to free thought, free speech, and free press; consequently her power has been supported by despotism, her position maintained by aggression, and respect or regard for her government enforced by persecution. Securing its position originally by a marriage alliance, the Austrian monarchy dating from 1521, from that time to the present, except the period from 1705 to 1789, its whole object has manifestly been to consolidate and centralize despotism; to give, so far as in its power, the death-blow to liberty — religious, national, political. Thus what Ferdinand the First projected his grandson consummated: the Protestant religion was then gaining ground; numerous accessions were increasing its importance and entitling it to respect and esteem. To prevent its progress Ferdinand the Second commenced a persecution against Bohemia, thorough, cruel, unflinching, completely subdued it, and, crushing out the spirit of liberty, Austrianized the state. Leopold, the successor of Ferdinand, devoted himself to the destruction of Hungary; and, under the leadership of Caraffa, a monster of cruelty and wickedness, the unhappy country is finally compelled to surrender its independence and individuality, and become the submissive slave of Austria.

And this empire made another step in advance towards that form of irresponsible despotism which is its ideal of a good government. Austria, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, seems to have been influenced by the spirit of liberty which then passed over Europe; and we find the princes showing a reforming tendency, which, had it been persevered in, from

dynasty to dynasty, might have prevented her from falling, as the three quarters of a century from the accession of Joseph the First will very readily allow us to suppose. This man and his three successors were liberal sovereigns, aiming to secure for Austria a position as a great power, not by persecuting but protecting, not by weakening but by strengthening those religious principles which their successors had labored so earnestly and so successfully to cast down. But the French Revolution now threw Europe into disorder, gave Germany a shock from the effects of which she has not yet recovered, and induced Austria to make war upon France; the issue of which was that the French Revolution was made more implacable than ever, and the subsequent fall of France by the force of its own conquests, creating a reaction, gave Austria back to the power of the Jesuits, by whose management she now stands on the brink of desolation and ruin. Francis Joseph, the present Emperor, is a man, scheming, bigoted, selfish, tyrannical; the Concordat of 1856, and his bad faith during the Crimean war, being illustrative of his policy and principle. In 1815 Metternich ruled Austria, and continued to be its master till 1848. This man, content to let well enough alone, was not a man for the times; did not heed the monitions on either side of him; and was content to keep the lion at bay. He did so forty years; but at the first appearance of danger fled in dismay and despair. And when he disappeared, the empire he had ruled so long disappeared with him. Austria cannot but yield to the pressure of freedom around her. Italy is being restored to a position among the nations: she has adopted for her watchword, "liberty"; a word, the sound of which causes tyrants to tremble. Europe is alive with the spirit of the age; every system of government, politics, religion, that has not stamped upon it freedom and progress, must sink into insignificance and weakness; every ruler that will not obey the signs of the times will be regarded as a tyrant, and his power will be shortlived. What then can Austria, with her system of despotism, do? With no inherent element of strength, she must fail and fall; neither can the end be far off; her transactions in Hungary, and the estimation in which she is held by Europe, indicate this; and because she has acted the tyrant and the aggressor, delighting in persecution and oppression, when she falls she will fall without sympathy or regret. J.

ADVERSITY.

Nothing is easier than to glide over the unruffled sea of life ; but when storms arise, when the fair and pleasant winds of success, which once filled the sails of our ship of happiness and enjoyment, change into a hurricane that tears the sails, carries away the masts, and rolls huge waves of disappointment to swallow up the frail craft of hopes and plans, then pleasure is gone, and the soul in bitter anguish calls for deliverance.

When our plans are flourishing, our course smooth, when the sky over us is painted with beautiful clouds of pleasure and gemmed with stars of hope, our life passes like a dream and the soul is lost in enjoyment. A voice seems to whisper : " Soul take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But when the cold hand of adversity is laid upon us, our hearts shrank back from its touch, and we are discouraged. We either give up all as hopeless, or, by this turn of fortune, we are called to exercise more vigorously our energies.

Adversity brings out talent which otherwise would have lain dormant. In prosperity, the powers of a man are not taxed; they are in a state of lethargy, because a man has comparatively but little to contend with ; but, on the other hand, there are many obstacles to be overcome. One phase of life brings into action one class of talents, adversity others or all. To accomplish a purpose, an effort is put forth, and the greater the enterprise, the greater is the call upon the energies.

But when that fails, a more powerful struggle is necessary to regain the victory. In times of emergency we are thrown entirely upon our resources. If we wish to maintain our character and reputation, our hidden strength must be brought out.

Men are emboldened to action by the indorsement of prosperity. Success in the various enterprises of life gives them the assurance that they are pursuing the right course, and in proportion to the encouragement received they increase their efforts. But when the indorsement of prosperity is withheld, either by disappointing the hopes or by thwarting the designs of business or profession, men begin to question themselves, and doubt whether they have taken the right or most expedient course, so that it requires the utmost strength of character to sustain them

in these dark hours, to prevent them from giving up to despair, and to keep them still cheerfully at work. At times adversity comes upon men unawares, and they are placed, as it were, in a burning fire.

This may be called a time when the man as a whole is tested. Every side of him is battered by the cruel hand of fate. Every characteristic is brought out. If he is weak and has no principle, his character is shattered, his soul taken captive by temptation, and he is utterly ruined. But if he has the true man in him, the dross of self-complacent vanity, egotism, and selfishness is taken away, and the rough diamond of his manhood is made smooth and brilliant.

Who knows, after all, but that might is weakness. Rome, even, in her golden age was weak. Luxury was eating at the vitals of her government. Growth of empire raised the fabric so high and extended it so far abroad, that when the first outburst of adversity came, the grand structure trembled to its very foundations and fell of its own weight.

Adversity is our best friend. By it our true proportions are clearly revealed. We know whether we are reliable men, able to withstand the seductive influence of pleasurable life, or to sustain any position that fortune may require. One who has seen only the pleasant and prosperous side of life knows little either of himself or of other men. Success makes for him many friends; prosperity makes them more firm; and they will only tell him of his merits, while the enemy is silent who would mention his imperfections; for he is the one who soonest sees them, and flings them into his face.

Adversity does not influence one trait alone, but strikes at the heart, the common centre of every passion and appetite, and there is its widest field.

The flower that is crushed gives its richest and most delightful fragrance. The most grateful response to God that comes from the broken heart is resignation.

He who labors faithfully, and with noble self-sacrifice performs to-day every duty, no matter how unpleasant or difficult, will shortly wear the crown of success. But above all, there will arise within him the pleasing consciousness of having done right.

W. T.

CHEERILY HEAP THE COALS.

CHEERILY, cheerily, heap the coals,
 And fill our glasses high.
 And let us all have merry souls
 'Till the day that we shall die ;
 For life is but a day, at most,
 Then let us all enjoy it,
 And suffer not grim Death to boast
 That he with pain can cloy it.

What have we in the world to fear ?
 We 're strong to earn our living ;
 Around us are good friends and dear,
 True love for true love giving.
 The world is not a vale of tears.
 As gloomy men would make it ;
 But a sweet round of happy years —
 To those who rightly take it.

Then let 's be happy while we may,
 For the future never caring ;
 Breasting the struggles of to-day
 With manly strength and daring :
 E'er seize the happiness we can,
 And never yield to sorrow,
 Nor hoard throughout our life's brief span
 Bright pleasures for to-morrow.

Sing sweetest songs of joy and mirth,
 To make the bad world better ;
 Nor sadly say the whole broad earth
 Is chained in Satan's fetter.
 The bright millennial day, at last,
 In the broad east is dawning,
 And, the dark night of error past,
 Shall rule eternal morning.

Then cheerily, cheerily, heap the coals,
 And fill our glasses high,
 And let us all have merry souls
 'Till the day that we shall die.

For life is but a day, at most,
Then let us all enjoy it,
And suffer not grim Death to boast
That he with pain can cloy it.



LOUIS NAPOLEON AT HAM.

IN May, 1804, Napoleon I. sat on a throne above the town of Boulogne, and with his face directed over the channel to the white cliffs of England, distributed the ribbons of the Legion of Honor to the soldiers of Egypt and Marengo. The victory of Austerlitz places the crown of Holland on the head of his brother Louis.

August of the year 1840 sees another sight. Over the same bright waters, towards the same port, steams a small frigate. On board is a bold adventurer, who, backed by an army of fifteen men, is about to throw himself upon a nation of thirty millions. The hero is the son of Louis, the nephew of the great Napoleon. Landing and advancing to the gate of the principal street, his banner, a live eagle, held by a string fastened to one leg; his war-cry, "Vive l'empereur," shouted by the sonorous strength of fifteen pairs of lungs, he comes to the barracks of the 42nd regiment of the line and invites the soldiers to join him in the great Napoleonic movement. In vain; the tame bird from England feebly represents the eagle of Arcola and Jena, and ends its brief, inglorious flight in the Zoological gardens, while the doughty adventurer, shut up in the fortress of Ham, has six years in which to solve the problem of the power of a name. But for his confinement at Ham, the world might never have known that Louis Napoleon was a great man. For there he learned the most salutary lesson of his life — *How to wait*. The process is apparently an easy one. We look to find the adventurous captive with haggard face, revolving bitter memories and fears for the future, but we find him engaged with his flowers and his books — the sugar question and the Nicaragua canal. He writes for a political paper, and plays

whist with his jailor. He has been used to change of fortune ever since the allies came to Paris and, a boy of six years, he fled to Rambouillet with his mother Hortense. But hidden under this round of simple tastes and amusements burns an insatiable ambition, that watches with argus eyes every turn in public affairs, and is laying plans in the quiet of the ancient castle, to be executed when the next political storm blows upon his prison doors. The foundation of his hopes is in the instability of the government. When told that his imprisonment was perpetual, he replied that *perpetual* in French meant till the next Revolution. Napoleon I. said that the French liked to be ruled with an iron hand gloved with velvet. Napoleon III. was making his glove when he wrote the "Napoleonic Ideas" and the "Political Reveries." He finished the glove with articles on "Pauperism" and the sugar-beet. And when the time comes for action he makes his escape. This was as nicely contrived, and successfully achieved, as the Boulogne attempt was blundering and ill-advised. While his confidant, Dr. Conneau, with ostentatious care, medicates and protects from intrusion a wax figure of the Prince, the heir of the Bonapartes, in the guise of a carpenter, with a board on his shoulder, passes the gate by the great square, and once more breathes the air of freedom.

The Prince of Orange, in the forest of Vincennes, heard from the lips of Henry II. the terrible secret of an Inquisition for the Netherlands ; that hour fixed the purpose of his life, and gained him the name of William the silent. Since his experience at Ham, Napoleon has deserved the title of Louis the silent. The darkness of a dungeon shrouds every motion of his mind. His words and looks, like the surface of the Somme that washes the eastern side of the feudal battlements of Ham, reveal nothing of what lies beneath. He has learned that it was folly for one who had not the genius of Napoleon I. to think to achieve, like him, the work of years in a day, or to expect the Dutch features of a man of thirty-two to excite in a nation, however chivalrous and enthusiastic, such feelings as the care-worn face and little grey coat stirred in Marshal Ney and the soldiers of the empire at Grenoble.

The sword of the empire, drawn again after many years, is transformed into a keen rapier, whose quick motions bewilder

the practised eye of Orleanist, Bourbonist, and Republican. Napoleon I., beset by English, Russians, and Austrians, with one fierce dash at Austerlitz, defeated them all. Napoleon III. breaks the Gordian knot that Bourbon hands have woven for him, not after the style of Alexander, but assiduously and secretly unties their many strings of policy, until the coup d'etat leaves all hanging in helpless confusion, while the victorious schemer vaults to the throne of Henry IV.

The dark seclusion of Ham was not the grave of the hopes of the Bonapartes, but the cloud out of which flashed a bolt that has astonished all Europe. The imprisonment of Louis Napoleon was at once the finale of a ridiculous farce, and the prelude to a great and brilliant drama.

WAR SONG.

HURRAH for our starry flag!
 Unfurl it to the sky,
 And death to all who strive to drag
 Its bright folds from on high.
 Long has it waved o'er land and sea,
 Long shall it ever wave
 O'er the sweet flowers of liberty,
 That bloom on treason's grave.

Hurrah for our glorious cause!
 Proclaim it loud to all,—
 Let nations scorn or shout applause,—
 We'll defend it, or we'll fall.
 Free as the winds are we,
 That sweep from the mountain's crest
 Free will we ever be
 By the whole broad world confessed.

Hurrah for the deeds we've done;
 For those we've yet to do,—
 For Sumter and Charleston to be won
 By our band so gallant and true

Hurrah, and a merry shout !
 The traitors are filled with alarms ;
 We are putting their armies to rout ;
 In despair they are dropping their arms.

Hurrah for the glorious end,
 That gleams through the smoke afar,
 Bidding us ever defend
 Our homes from the terrors of war.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 For the land shall all be ours
 E'er the radiant morning star
 Shall smile on the next year's flowers.

ESSE EST NON VIVERE.

AMID the crowded thoroughfares of life, as well as in the secluded retreat, — among the busy multitude, rudely pushing their way upon the crowded sidewalks of our largest cities — and also in the quiet hamlet, nestled among the hills and valleys, where the farmer, unmolested, pursues his daily toil — and where not long since, with the gentler sex (especially those more advanced in years) crinoline and high-heeled boots were considered the height of extravagance and folly, — can be found thousands who have no higher views of life than the accomplishment of their own selfish plans and the gratification of their own selfish desires, — a world to themselves, — making everything, even the finer feelings of the mind subservient to their purposes. Of course such people — and they are often found on the sunny side of twenty years — do not experience any real enjoyment in living, nor will they allow others this privilege, so far as they are able to prevent.

But why shall we longer view the matter in this superficial light, instead of searching out the cause why it is (to say nothing of those nobler and higher demands laid upon them) that they thus pervert the laws of *social, moral, and intellectual* life? Does any one ask why? We answer that they are just that class of individuals who are merely existing, and have forgotten the

well-timed maxim, "To *be* is not to *live*." They are pursuing a phanmtom; and have no broader ideas of the true manliness and sincere happiness there is in living for the benefit of others than a certain Western editor had of true love, who, having called to spend an hour with his fair one, was delighted at being called something so very near *honey*; since she very affectionately accosted him as *Old Beeswax*. Just so with people of this stamp. They substitute the false for the true; scarcely ever stepping outside the gloomy cavern of drivelling, selfish thought and erroneous views, they place a false estimate upon everything; and, deluded thus, will chase a phantom to their very graves, and fill up the measure of their days with unkindness to others and misery for themselves, unless they permit a ray of sunshine from some source to warm up their cold and withered affections, and open their eyes to a worse than worthless condition.

Man has only found the true essence of happiness when he has learned to live for the good of his fellows. We cannot live and move, think and act, with all our powers of mind, in a world like this, with a multitude of beings all around us watching every movement, and yet exert no influence. 'Tis impossible. And the man that carries a sunny face and a warm heart scatters encouragement and sunshine wherever he goes. His pathway through life will be peaceful. Thousands will praise him for his kindness. The voice of sympathy will gladden his declining years, the hand of affection support his tottering steps, and the tear of regret be shed upon the clods of the valley which mark his last resting place.

It may cost a struggle, long and wearisome, for one to bind the raging appetites and restrain his selfish desires that they may never gain the ascendancy; it may cost many a bitter tear of experience to learn that life is an unceasing struggle, never free from care; yet he who persistently resists the baser passions, will finally solve that most difficult of problems: To gain the mastery over self.

B.

FIRELIGHT MUSINGS.

THROUGH the trees the wind is sighing ;
Silently the snow-flakes fall ;
While each separate ember, dying,
Casts a gleam upon the wall.

Now they 're waving, bending, dancing,
Like a troop of elves at play ;
Now in brilliant light they 're glancing ;
Now in gloom they die away.

As I watch the scene before me,
Gazing at the ceaseless strife,
Mournful thoughts, alas, come o'er me
At the fickleness of life.

Like a flame, life's sunny morning,
When our hearts beat proud and high,
Chilled by a proud world's ruthless scorning,
Manhood steals away — to die.

Like a flame, our hopes we cherish ;
Like a flame, they light our way ;
Like a flame, they sink and perish ;—
Darkness holds a sovereign sway.

Like a flame, each warm affection
Cheered our hearts in days of old ;
All is gone, save recollection,
And our hearts grow stern and cold.

While the forms of the departed,
Who have left us evermore,
The devoted, the true-hearted,
Beckon from the farther shore.

Myriads strive to swim life's river ;
Few e'er reach the other side,
But in fruitless, vain endeavor,
Many a one has sunk and died.

Some in agony recoiling
From the coldness of the wave,

Tired of struggling, panting, toiling,
Find a refuge in the grave.

All our joys and all our pleasures,
Credit, riches, honor, fame ;
All the world esteems as treasures
Sink and vanish, like a flame.

Thus we labor, fuming, frothing ;
Far and wide the seed we cast ;
Sowing much, and reaping nothing,
We to ashes sink at last.

P.

OUR DUTY.

WITHIN the past few months a feeling to which before we were strangers has been awakened in our breasts ; namely, a most pure and enthusiastic patriotism. We thought, as we read of the heroic deeds of our fathers, as we dwelt upon their noble struggles, that *we*, too, were patriotic ; but our history, our experience of late, has shown us what we never knew before, — what it was to truly love our native land. Now we see what animated those who counted not their lives dear, to obtain the priceless blessings for us which we have always enjoyed ; now we can truly estimate the worth of all the glorious old heroes of the past, those old martyrs who cheerfully laid down their lives on the altar of Liberty. Ah, liberty, precious word ; never so precious to us before. “ God bless our native land,” is now to us no idle song, but a prayer wrung from our bleeding hearts. Never again can we be indifferent to the struggles of nations for freedom from tyranny. Not in vain will they ask for our sympathies hereafter ; for our whole natures have been pervaded by that one of the truest and noblest passions of which we are capable, — love for our country. We have seen her betrayed by those whom she has nourished. The death-thrust has been aimed at her heart by those who have received only good at her hands all the days of their life. We have seen her flag dishonored. We have seen the nations of the earth rejoicing in the

prospect of her speedy downfall; and the mighty have taken counsel against her. Has not the blood tingled in our veins as we have heard of all these insults? Have we not in the righteous indignation of our hearts, called upon God to reward our enemies according to their unrighteous doings? Have we not in our hearts consecrated ourselves to our country, solemnly vowing that we will give up all we have to her interests; that she shall no longer be a reproach among the nations of the earth? Have we not in our secret thoughts said "she shall stand forth before all peoples as the first among nations? Well for us will it be if these thoughts are not transient but lasting. We cannot but hope that a glorious future has begun to dawn upon this nation, which has so long been under the dark cloud. We think we see that victory is certain for us, that we are once more to be a united and happy people. But the work has just begun. While we hope the time is short that we shall have to maintain law by force of arms, the great work to be done for our country has just begun. For years must we put forth all our energies to restore our country to its integrity. The question now arises what does our country require of us who are here as students? We staid behind because we were told we could do more by-and-by for our country than we can do now as soldiers. O, let us not forget how much we owe to her. We have been free from the dangers which attended our brave soldiers, free from their many hardships; but we are not free from our obligations to do the great duties we owe to our land. It has been truly said that our future depends much upon our scholars. In the hands of those who are now students is placed, in a great degree, the weal or woe of our country. But we must remember that our power as students may prove our country's ruin, as well as her salvation. Back of our power as scholars must be a true Christian principle to direct the power we have, or else we may prove our country's worst enemies. The first duty we owe, then, to our land, is individual nobility of character. The first work we must do for her, is to be true men ourselves. The regeneration of the mass begins with personal regeneration; this alone fits us to work for others. A want of this true manhood on the part of our so-called great men has been the cause of all our troubles of late. A want of true Christian principle has been

at the foundation of them all. Do not forget, then, that he who would be the truest and noblest patriot must first begin his work in his own breast. Next, we should try to keep alive that love for our country which has been awakened by her struggles of late. This is a sentiment which is placed in the heart of every man. It may remain dormant for a long while, but will eventually be called out. It has been called out with us; let us cherish it now as sacred. Never was a broader field opened to the young men of a land than is now opened to those of our own, in which to live nobly, to do great good. We are trying to show to the nations of the Old World that republicanism is not a bubble. Our government has stood a severe test, but there will yet be many more applied to her. It is for us, with those who are growing up with us, to prepare her to pass safely through all her future trials. Go forth, then, armed with truth to fight manfully for the principles which our fathers laid down their lives to defend; then shall we prove ourselves worthy of our glorious heritage.

MARCHING ON.

SHOUT, brothers, 'till you make the valleys ring;
 Let the rocks re-echo back the melody we sing,
 And our banner quiver as its folds abroad we fling,
 As we go marching on.

Before our steady progress the enemy recoil;
 In the "Old Dominion" and o'er the "sacred soil,"
 With a shout of triumph, go the hardy sons of toil,
 Resistless, marching on.

From the Northern hills and valleys, where the wind blows keen and cold,
 From the tempest-tossed Atlantic to the sunny land of gold,
 'Neath the flag we love and honor, have gathered young and old,—
 And we go marching on.

From the deep and gloomy quarry, from the coal-mine black and grim,
 From the lonely Western prairie, from the forest dark and dim,
 From each village and each hamlet, swells the glorious battle hymn,—
 For victory we march on.

Flinging down the spade and mattock, we have snatched the sword and gun,
 And we hasten where the reaper Death his harvest has begun ;
 With our hearts and hands united, though many we are one,
 As we go marching on.

Fling abroad our banner, with its intermingled bars ;
 While it floats above us we find honor in our scars ;
 We'll fight and die for freedom 'neath the glorious "stripes and stars" ;
 As bravely we march on.

The *white* upon our banner shows our firm desire for peace ;
 The *red*, that we will struggle e'er our liberties shall cease ;
 The *blue*, our trust in heaven that our freedom shall increase.
 As time shall bear us on.

Up, then, with that starry banner, and forever may it wave,
 The terror of the traitor and the honor of the brave ;
 'Neath it be the freeman's birth-place, 'neath it be the freeman's grave,
 As time goes rolling on.

MENTAL TRANQUILLITY.

PEACE of mind, cheerfulness, and contentment are the foundation of all happiness, all health and long life. It is said by some, these are means which we have not in our power ; they depend on external circumstances. But on reflection it appears that the case is not so ; for otherwise the great and rich would be the most contented and happy, and the poor the most miserable. Experience, however, shows the contrary ; and more contentment, without doubt, is to be found amidst poverty than among the class of the rich and wealthy. There are, then, sources of contentment and happiness which lie in ourselves, and which we ought carefully to search out and use. It may be taken exception to, that happiness should be considered the great aim of life. But it becomes apparent, when we consider that all noble qualities of mind and heart do produce real happiness to their possessor, while on the contrary every ignoble deed is attended with disappointment and regret, or in other words that wisdom

is the source of pleasure and folly the source of misery. There are many so-called pleasures, which dazzle and allure, only in the end to produce disappointment. The man who sinks every conscientious scruple in his lust for riches and the means of gaining it, or does away with every principle of honor for the sake of getting political power, although he may gain his cherished object, will not find pure happiness in its possession, while he seeks to drown the unhappy reflections which it causes him by still pursuing with greater eagerness the phantom which allures him. This is far different from that true pleasure which ever accompanies a just deed, a pure motive of action, a disinterested act of benevolence. It is, to be sure, difficult at first so to act. But when we turn our thoughts to the future peace of mind which a just course in life shall furnish us, we cheerfully shape our actions so that we may gain their best reward. If a man harbor enmity or revenge against another, if he entertain a wish of avenging an injury done him, let him but think of the future misery which such a course would cause him, and his evil intentions will immediately leave him. The reason is that, by thus changing the theatre of action, all those selfish objects by which we are usually guided are removed. Everything at once appears in its proper view and under its just proportions. The deception of present pleasure in wrong doing is vanquished by the pleasant reflections which a just course shall furnish us in after life. And we must also have faith in human nature. To judge every man to be a rascal until he is proved otherwise, is as foolish as it is unjust. And the highest pleasure is ever derived from our trust and confidence in mankind, and all the noble virtues — benevolence, friendship, affection, and humanity — which thence arise.

Man would indeed be good were he not seduced by ignorance, misconception, or false interest. It is a bad philosophy which consists in trusting no one. It makes life a continual state of defensive war, and divests it of all cheerfulness and contentment. The more a man entertains good wishes to those around him, the more will he render others happy, and the more happiness will he himself enjoy.

Also to promote contentment and peace of mind, hope is indispensably necessary. He who can hope prolongs his existence,

not merely in idea, but physically, by the peace and equanimity which he thus secures. It is ever the support of the wavering, the great reviver of the weary. It expels troubles from the soul, renders the burdens of life easy and supportable, and preserves undimmed our cheerful plans, ever pointing to the goal of success as the final reward of our labors. If we do not honor it as an exalted virtue, we yet embrace it, and endeavor to be strong in it, as the best means of alleviating present care, and by which we may safely trust the uncertainties of the future. If we live for the present, we know that the remainder will take care of itself. We should not attempt too closely to search after what is to come. The present is the parent of the future; and he who fully employs each day and each hour according to its destination, can in the evening lie down to repose with the agreeable satisfaction of having not only lived that day, and fulfilled its objects, but of having also laid the best foundation for the enjoyment of future life. C.

THE POWER OF THE PAST.

ALTHOUGH escaped, and a seal placed upon it never to be broken, the past exerts a living influence upon the present. The character that marks the present generation of men, owes its formation to the influences that have been handed down from preceding ages. The stirring events that now rend our country and seemingly threaten its destruction, are not of a mushroom growth, but are the legitimate consequences of causes that date their rise amid the birth-throes of our Republic. Scarcely noticed by those coeval with their beginning, they have stealthily increased, until, perfected by the united influence of intervening generations, they now sting the bosom that has so tenderly nourished them, jeopardize our liberties, and cast sad visages of the coming future across our pathway.

Mysterious as this influence may seem, its power is as surely and permanently felt as the personal influence of man upon man in daily intercourse. Practically men recognize the past as dead, as condemned to an unending nonentity, laid away

in the tomb of forgetfulness, never again to be awakened in life ; but how often does it arouse from its apparent slumbers, and make its power felt for good or evil in the world. When men would have it silent, it often speaks the loudest, awakening in their souls myriads of recollections, that they would gladly forget forever. Every act, performed at however remote a period of time, still exerts an undying influence. The results flowing from the transgression in Eden have never ceased to be felt, and will fill the world until the last human soul shall have been created. No monarchy ever rose or fell, no battle was ever waged, no king ever reigned, and no man ever lived, whose influence does not in some measure help mould the present condition of the world. The utterance of a word, or the performance of a deed, is no trivial thing, when we recollect that their influence outlives the sun in the heavens.

There is, at the same time, something awful and delightful in reviewing the past, in exploring its secret mysteries, and sounding its hidden depths, in confronting its faithful revelations, reflecting that it never can be recalled, that its events are irrevocably fixed by God, and that our own personal history is interwoven with it. If rightly viewed, it becomes the best of teachers ; its instructions are faithful, free from deceit and guile ; it possesses no possible motive for insincerity, and whatever it asserts is reliable ; God designed that it should be an auxiliary for the advancement of truth. The principles revealed during its ages, its shining examples and grand achievements in every department, wield an invincible power. Could it be blotted out, and the memory of every deed perish with its performance, the present would be robbed of its glory, and the nations grope in darkness, as the experience, the labor, the acquisitions of all the united talent that has adorned the former history of the world would be obliterated, and heaven's richest legacies lost in despair. There is no man who would willingly forget the past, though to recollect be but to grieve afresh, for to forget would render his life a blank. No nation would suffer its identity with the past to be destroyed, for to destroy that would be to surrender its history, with all its priceless treasures, to oblivion. To nations it is an infallible monitor ; if its voice were heeded, contentions and strifes would wane and die ; petty

ambitions and jealousies would be quenched in their first breathings, and instead of existing for the accumulation of glory and extension of power, founded on the principles of a pure benevolence, they would rather exist for the highest good of the race. Although its voice is not heeded as it should be, the sad spectacle it presents of nations once prosperous, levelled to the earth, has doubtless rescued many a nation from a similar doom. As long as nations calmly view the past, there is hope; it is when they become maddened by ambition that danger and destruction ensue. But its influence is felt in no less degree upon the individual life. He who studies the past with the greatest care is the most successful in the discharge of life's duties; from the failures and misfortunes that have overtaken and blasted the prospects of other men, he clearly learns the way to avoid the causes that brought about such direful results; whilst every signal success points out the shining way by which he may attain to a similar result. No man can be successful in life unless he be guided by the experience and examples of the past. Changes may occur at every step; but, as the great laws by which the world is governed are immutable, we know that the same results will flow from the same causes through all the future as they have done during the entire past. The past is our choicest possession, our only surety; from its bosom must be drawn the elements of a successful future; it leaves its impress upon all events; respected, and its teachings heeded, it becomes man's great benefactor, freely yielding to him, in great abundance, its sacred treasures. Unheeded and unrevered, it becomes his inveterate foe; the great witness by which he is forever condemned in the sight of God and man.

"GOOD-BYE."

THERE is a word, a little word,
And yet with meaning 't is replete ;
'T is often said and often heard,
But never its approach we greet,

Good-bye ! That little word can tell
More than the human heart can bear ;
It floats around us like a knell,
Effacing many a picture fair.

At twilight, when the shades
Are falling thickly from the sky,
I watch each shadow as it fades,
And think of happy times gone by.

I sit alone and gaze, to-night,
Into the past — the voiceless past ;
But still that picture, fair and bright,
By gloomy clouds is overcast :

For, ah, my youthful friends are gone ;
I listen — but no voice I hear ;
Relentless time still hurries on,
Removing what we hold most dear.

I saw their cherished forms depart ;
The glistening tear-drop dimmed my eye ,
It cast a shadow o'er my heart,
To hear them say — good-bye, good-bye.

They're gone, and I am left behind,
And lonely does my spirit feel :
O fortune, thou wilt be unkind,
If, wounding thus, thou wilt not heal.

J. F.

IDEAS.

It is stated in the works of a New England author, that ideas are subversive of social order and comfort. All history corroborates this statement, and this has been the verdict of mankind in all ages. Men who have been servants of great ideas,—who have been made alive by them, who have so allied themselves to their principles as to risk fortune, reputation, and even life, in carrying them out,—have been pronounced dangerous, seditious men. Thus Athens judged Socrates dangerous to both youth and state, and impious towards the gods, and felt more comfortable after his death. Discrepancies of age, institutions, and religion *now* are forgotten in the common admiration of his teachings. The Apostles did exceedingly trouble some cities. Paul, after he had caught the inspiring, energizing idea that salvation had been purchased for the Gentiles, and was not confined to the Jewish nation, filled whole cities with uproar and Ephesus with wrath. All cried out, “this man who has turned the world upside down has come hither also.” He disturbed social order and comfort, for which he was stoned, whipped, imprisoned. Yet now he is called the *great* apostle to the Gentiles, and held up as a model of indomitable perseverance and energy. Science, too, adds *her* testimony. Her sons have nobly dared to die for their ideas. Among them are Galileo, on whose mind was the burden of truth, which he felt it was *his* mission in the world to set forth. He did so with vigor and power, and subverted not only social order and comfort, but jeopardizes the church, and overthrows opinions till then thought invincible. His enemies may now slay the man, but he has already finished his mission; he has made known the truth, and no power can stay it.” “Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, the eternal years of God are hers.” Nations, as well as individuals, may be the embodiment of a great idea, the means of its promulgation, and the consequent subversion of the established order of things. The nation thus actuated and inspired must eventually become a strong nation. The elements of strength are inseparably connected with it. Italy has been struggling through long years of darkness and despotism for one purpose, with one idea,

that of obtaining freedom for millions of men held in bondage by a corrupt church, a foreign state, or a tyrannical government at home. She has caused all Europe to be convulsed, and brought Austria almost to the brink of ruin; and now, while Italy is becoming more and more established, Austria must needs call for a closer confederation of German States to prop up her tottering power. Thus this state is overturning, even to the revolutionizing of a continent.

Men are called infatuated when they marshal every power and concentrate every thought in carrying out their purpose. But it would seem that enthusiasm, disinterested, noble, is the great essential to success. The "invariable mark of a heroic mind," has ever been incomprehensible to the world. The founders of civil and religious liberty were called bigoted, infatuated men as they wandered in Holland, were driven from England as they sought refuge on Plymouth Rock.

But their principles made them strong. Their ideas, just and liberal, created in them enthusiasm, and this compelled them to act, to cling to their purpose. Such disinterested, noble enthusiasm bears one right on *over* difficulties and *through* difficulties, and teaches how noble we may be, how well we may live.

But it makes a vast difference to a man's earnestness whether he be actuated by a true idea or not. What is it that all ages will admire so highly in the Puritan character? Is it that they crossed the ocean and planted a colony? Or is it the ideas which existed behind the men, and inspired them to plant here the germ of a free nation? Take away from Martin Luther the idea of justification by faith and you make him a common man. You quench that enthusiasm which encouraged him to oppose Pope and King, and made every truth glow with radiant splendor. You destroy that ardent zeal which made his life a success, instead of a failure. He stood alone, leaning upon no human arm, as all originators must, until they or their followers lose their aspiration and inspiration in some creed or form.

The fame of illustrious men, as Socrates, Galileo, the Puritans, Martin Luther, and many others, who have been originators or promulgators of great ideas, has long been beyond a cavil. Envy cannot diminish their reputation; emulation cannot equal them. Great present renown, then, is no sure guarantee of

THE USE AND ABUSE OF BOOKS.

NOW-A-DAYS a well-read person is one who is certain to be well informed, whose counsel, conversation, and acquaintance will greatly benefit those who come in contact with him. With the present opportunities connected with the amount, variety, and circulation of useful reading matter, a man is inexcusable if he does not present to those about him a good degree of intelligence. But it is not the amount, but the kind of reading that will give one a right conception of his position and responsibility; and even the right kind of reading may result in no positive good to the reader, unless engaged in with care, the mind being in a condition to think deeply and clearly.

Perhaps here it will not be out of place to consider briefly the effect of light reading upon the understanding and the taste. An observant person is surprised to see with what fond delight the youth of to-day devour the contents of light, unsubstantial works; those with whom this sort of matter is most in vogue are by no means few, and, by a discerning person, are easily recognized. When met with, they fail to impress with a sense of merit, worthiness, availability; but convince, on the other hand, of superficiality, frivolity, and littleness; and the faithful student who confines his attention to what will benefit and instruct, rather than please and amuse, can, without being chargeable with conceit or exclusiveness, deem them unworthy his confidence or esteem. And they will always want the support of thinking men for positions of responsibility and trust. Then, what more pernicious method of cultivating the taste can be adopted? Will it refine one's feelings to read of fool-hardy adventures by infatuated men for the sake of a woman who, although described as combining virtue, grace, and loveliness, is not less weak, impulsive, and frivolous? Will it ensure a more correct taste for what is noble, exalted, pure, when the intrigues of designing men and women are described as if excellent and worthy of imitation? No one can become solid and substantial, educating himself in this way. No one can increase his power of thought or discernment or of reasoning by such a course; and, when too late, will regret with intense humiliation and deep shame, that he chose to follow inclination rather than obey duty.

But when one devotes his time to the perusal of more solid matter there is danger, though not as apparent, that he will fail to derive the benefit he seeks ; his knowledge will be burdensome to him, and himself sober and heavy, if he is not guarded ; and as he mingles with society, and is thrown in contact with the world, he will appear at a great disadvantage, not having the power to make his acquirements the common property of his friends. It is creditable to have amassed knowledge, still more creditable to be able to benefit others with it.

It is well in making a choice of reading to heed the old maxim : “ books, like friends, should be few and well chosen ;” and the choice of authors, in respect to any subject-matter, is of special importance to those whose time is limited. It seems necessary that conciseness should first be consulted. Those writers who can express much in a short space, with truthful and interesting statement, should be the men of our choice. And now, when our thoughts are directed to the study and examination of methods of government ; when the cause of the rise, progress, and decay of nations can be investigated with so much profit ; when the times in which we live are so interesting, the country convulsed with civil war, the principles of liberty striving against the assumptions of despotism, and the future of the Republic to be decided by the issue of this contest, — it is highly important that what we read enlighten us as to passing events, enable us to adopt true, abiding principles of government, give us a true conception of national greatness and endurance ; and, lastly, by cultivating habits of thought, enable us to reason better, manage better, do better.

A permanent benefit will be derived from reading history. During the centuries the world has existed, empires have arisen, flourished in great power and magnificence, exerted a powerful influence upon the destinies of the race ; then, by the force of a pressure they could not withstand, have decayed and perished, ceasing to exist except in memory. Men have lived whose movements were crowned with success, who seemed created to control and govern. But after a while this power failed them, and they became as weak as before they were strong. Men, too, will be met with who, as patriots, legislators, statesmen, have left a reputation for ability and uprightness none can excel,

few can equal. To the judicious reader, this kind of reading will prove of inestimable value, for thus he will be prepared to accept what is worthy and reject what is faulty in the structure of character or government.

Biography is not less important than History. We desire success because others have been successful: although a very faulty principle, yet I apprehend the main incentive to effort is not so much the result of an inherent desire to do well, and do earnestly, as the feeling that we will not be behind our neighbor, that we will at least do as well as he. I presume there would be much less effort for position, and office, wealth, were it not that we cannot remain idle and let another man take all the honors. Now men have lived whose career being one of honor and usefulness, renders their character worthy of close study, their conduct worthy of close imitation, and their lives are recorded in books for the benefit of those who come after them. Biography generally has more or less of history connected with it; for the life and times of a great or prominent man cannot be portrayed without bringing into notice all the events of importance which contributed their influence to magnify his fame. This is an additional, and by no means trifling, consideration in behalf of this kind of reading. And as we become changed for the better by avoiding the effects and imitating the excellences of others, the faithful study of the unprejudiced delineation of character will greatly increase the ability to imitate, as well as the incentive to effort.

Poetry and Romance are also essential helps to the symmetry and beauty of mental cultivation. Without them a man becomes dry, prosy, tedious; with the assistance they render, he displays a charm in reasoning, a brilliancy in conversation, thereby greatly enhancing his power as a living man.

We have it, then, in our power, to derive great benefit from books. They are furnished to us, in great abundance, upon every subject, and with great excellence of authorship. What we are to do is to make choice of our reading with reference to mental culture, to select authors of intellectual ability, integrity, and talent, and to study what we read.

DON'T LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE.

Don't look on the dark side ; turn over the leaf,
 See, a beautiful picture awaits you ;
 Why study with care the pale outlines of grief,
 When life's tinted hope may elate you.

Don't look on the dark side ; your sadness and gloom
 Will spread like a pestilence round you ;
 Such moping is selfish ; give cheerfulness room,
 Let the balm of its atmosphere bound you.

Don't look on the dark side ; there's brightness enough
 In the world, if you only view it.
 To fret is ungrateful, your way may be rough,
 But complaining with briers will strew it.

Don't look on the dark side ; oh, if 't is all dark,
 If night and a storm both are given ;
 Remember, though clouds veil each luminous spark,
 The stars are yet shining in Heaven.

**CONSERVATISM.**

THE world's history is progressive, and progress implies continuity. Growth and perfection are conditioned on continued life as much in the moral world as in the material. The refined fruit cannot be without the flower, nor the flower without the plant itself, nor the plant without the seed and the embryo. The nerves and bones, and finally the organs of life, are but successive stages in the development of the animal, each of which is impossible without its antecedent. The history of the physical world, reflecting the future destiny as well as the past experience of the race, is a record of revolutions which entomb in unknown sepulchres the varied fauna that previously peopled the earth, but only to bring into life types higher and more numerous. No species is abruptly cut off. Its representatives survive the most terrific convulsions. Each successive era bears the marks of

the previous one. Similar to this is the normal state of society. We must hold to much in the past, especially in the immediate past, because it is the source of our life; and still there are men, and they are honest men, who utterly cut loose from the past, or rather would carry back the race to its infancy, and make it live over again its woful life. They cannot wait till the harvest time, but must cut down the wheat with the tares. The grand plan for the salvation of humanity has been fully inaugurated, and only awaits a more complete application. It is a theory of the past, and common sense would advise us to adhere to it. And still, in consummate disrespect to the scholarship and philosophy of the present, in most inexcusable indifference to the testimony of at least two centuries of fair trial, Bucker the champion of the English rationalistic school, essays to prove that Christianity is a failure, and intellectual culture alone is to redeem the world. Jupiter did not beautify his creation with mountains so lofty that his rebellious subjects could not pile them the one upon the other, in the vain attempt to scale Olympus, and hurl him from his throne; and so minds the most godlike at times struggle the most blindly and impotently against the decrees of the Eternal. The past is a past of facts. The future is a future of possibilities, to be sure, but only of possibilities. Riches are constantly adding to the common treasury of mankind, and we have more and more to conserve as time rolls on. The world may become more conservative as it grows older, just as men exchange the restlessness of youth for the attachments of old age. It is necessary, then, that conservatism should act as a check upon the reformer. He must destroy, but only that which is irremediable. He must amputate limbs, but not without stopping the life-blood. Under the influence of opposite forces the planets revolve harmoniously around their common centre; but if abandoned to one alone, they would be hurled to destruction. Conservatism must be coupled with innovation, or else the attempted reform will prove a failure. I am here supposing the union of opposites, the love of the old with the love of the new, self-reliance with deference to others, pride with humility. But symmetry of character is impossible without the union of opposites; and by submitting to this restriction, the reformer gains the most difficult of all victories — a victory over self.

J. H.

THE PSALM OF 1862.

I WILL smite them in mine anger, saith the mighty Lord of Hosts ;
 With the besom of destruction will I sweep through all their coasts :
 They have forged my people's fetters, I have heard their wail of woe ;
 They have scorned the righteous message, ye shall let the bondman go ;

They have lit the fiery pillar, they have hung the battle cloud
 That shall lead to royal manhood ; mine image they have bowed :
 I have summoned forth mine war hosts, I have pealed the trumpet loud ;
 In my fury I will leave them naught : but winding sheet and shroud

In their tents the voice of wailing, in their streets the dirge of woe ;
 Where every first-born slumbers, in the sleep of death laid low.
 I've proclaimed it in mine anger, the oppressed shall go forth free ;
 Even through the heaped up billows, of a stormy, bloody sea :—

I've decreed it, saith Jehovah, in the fierceness of my wrath,
 They themselves shall ply the lighted torch that desolates their path.
 Up, Gideonites, to battle ! ye shall vanquish them in fright ;
 All victorious is the army God leadeth forth to fight :—

I have laid the broad foundations of a country large and free,
 I have raised me up a people who shall guard its destiny.
 O, be vigilant ye watchmen, on every tow'ring high,
 While within a fiery crucible I purge from dross and blight.

Earthly crowns and thrones are looking to behold ye bite the dust ;
 They discern not in the battle's van the leader whom ye trust.
 Then, O watch this fierce alembic, from whose fury forth shall leap
 A purged and glorious people that mine own right hand shall keep.

 STUDY.

KNOWLEDGE is power, and as students we all seek to obtain it. But to acquire it is no easy task ; the goal only can be reached by exertion. The heights of science are steep, and to ascend them needs labor. Without a habit of patient application no mind has ever obtained decided success in any walk of

life. Every new step onward is more difficult than the last. To excel in the path of truth, in which so many master spirits have walked, nay, even to follow them in their upward journey, requires not only boldness, but endurance; that endurance is only obtained by a habit of labor, early acquired and steadily maintained. We can only succeed by long-continued and well-sustained training. As the gymnasts of old developed their muscles and strengthened their limbs for the race in which they were to contend by constant exercise, so must we discipline our minds for the intellectual race before us by a careful and diligent study. This is no puny contest in which we are engaged; the foes around us are powerful, and we must rely solely upon our own exertions to overcome them. God knows our frame; and though he has given us faculties to aspire, he hath made excellence the reward and attainment of educated strength, which grows by exertion. Knowledge is infinite as God, and he has set no limit to the immortal soul. Science is enlarging her boundaries in an ever multiplying ratio; the adept of yesterday would be the smatterer of to-day. To remain stationary in knowledge is to become ignorant; we must rise continually higher or sink continually lower. And to study successfully we must study with pleasure, and though we may meet with many difficulties and disappointments, yet as the soldier bleeds for honor or the martyr for his cause, so we must bear them all for the sake of the reward before us; and we must study, too, with a heart for it, a love for the beautiful and great in thought, and energy of will undaunted by any encounter. But not from books only can knowledge be derived; he who confines himself to these overlooks the noblest and most beneficial means of study. God teaches us by his works, and he has formed them on no cramped or narrow scale; there are the rugged, the barren, and the dreary, but how far excelling these in number and variety are the changeful, the wonderful, and the bright. How lavish has he been of trees and shrubs and flowers, moulding and painting them with infinite skill; mountain and valley, forest and river and sea, combine their contrasts to adorn the earth; while above us the clouds, dark, fleecy, or gorgeous, sweep over the face of heaven or hang around the horizon, or, passing away, leave the blue vault magnificent with its garni-

ture of planet and constellation. They all have their uses, but is their beauty, with our faculty to perceive it, useless? No; one can study these with profit, too, and look from nature up to nature's God. A learned divine speaking of this, says: "He who studies thus is never without a pleasure. If he walk abroad, the heavenly bodies as they wheel along their orbits, the winds and the storm, clouds whose laws once seemed inscrutable, the countless tribes of living things, with their varied anatomy and habits and uses, the plants of the field and the trees of the wood, the rocks, the very soil on which he treads, all speak to him a language which he understands, and give him lessons of profit and delight. If he sit at home the volume before him, with magic power, uplifts him from the dull earth in the truthful dreams of the poet, bears him back to past ages, acquaints him, with the experience of man, individual and social, reveals to him in an hour secrets which others toiled years to discover, and makes him a companion of the best minds in their best actings; or if he close his senses for quiet meditation, he has within a world of pleasant or exalted thought.

But there is still another source whence many profitable lessons can be obtained. Learning gives us a wider range of facts than he who can only look upon his little narrow present, and we have all the benefit of former experiences in failure and success; but we also need the actual around us. It has well been said, that "books help us to understand mankind, but a knowledge of mankind helps us to understand books." "There is a little world in every man's breast, and his life is an abridged history of the race." We stand every day in a living library, so to speak, wherein are disclosed all the thoughts, feelings, and passions that have existed since the world begun, and will exist to its end; and we do not improve the best opportunities that God has given us for acquiring knowledge, if we neglect to observe what is all around us. But while we are thus endeavoring to gain information, let us consider well our purpose in doing so. Study, when not directed to useful ends becomes a vice, and superior knowledge only makes us more guilty than our fellow-men.

The world feels the power of knowledge; we see its effects all around us. It has unfolded the records of the past and

peered far into the dim vistas of the future ; it holds the earth under its sway, and, soaring upward, has disclosed the secrets of the starry heavens ; all nature feels its influence. But there are two kinds of knowledge, one aiding the cause of truth and right, the other furthering the cause of wrong. And which of these shall we cherish ? We stand now at the starting point, the hills of manhood lie blue in the distance, and we see the mighty conflict which is ever going on, and the two powers that are struggling for the mastery ; we see two paths diverging wider the farther they extend, until they are out of sight, one leading upward, the other going rapidly down ; one of these we must take ; which shall it be ? Shall we lose sight of the prize which is before us, and spend our energies for evil, or, incited by the example of those who have made their names illustrious, whose

"Footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,"

shall we press on, enduring all hardships and surmounting all obstacles, until we gain the victory ?

THE PRESENT TIMES.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-one is past ; has gone whence no deed or thought can be recalled ; its records are immutable, and must remain forever ; they are written on the page of history, to descend to our posterity *as they are*, and to be read and commented upon in future times. To this country it has been a year long to be remembered ; for in it a gigantic rebellion has arisen, which has caused the separation of a flourishing and powerful nation. The North has risen in her might, has called forth immense armies, has expended millions of dollars ; and although almost a year has passed, what has she achieved ? Almost nothing. The rebellion, which was thought could be crushed in three months, has proved more obstinate than was even imagined. The struggle is by no means a contemptible one. The rebels are putting forth their entire energy. The

whole South is devoted to the war. They lay down their lives freely for it. They have employed the whole resources of their vast territory for carrying it on. They have ceased cultivating their two staples, sugar and cotton, and only raise those things which are of use in war. In their desperation they will destroy their crops, and burn their cities, before they will yield. Anxiously looking for foreign aid, they will fight to the last, as men never fought before.

The North has blockaded the coast, but it is only lately that it has been effective. Such an extensive sea-coast cannot be closely watched by a few men-of-war. Several expeditions have succeeded in effecting landings — nothing more — on the coasts of the enemy; but they have been of no practicable advantage. On land, until lately, the rebels have been victorious. The rebellion is, to-day, as strong, if not stronger, than at the time when it was confidently asserted that it would be effectually crushed and, to use an expression then current, “wiped out.”

Added to this, terms are haughtily dictated to this country by her rival across the water. Her states are severed, and she is at civil war, that precursor of downfall. In view of these things, if the question were put, What is to be done? a majority of the North would answer, abolish slavery, But we say, annihilate abolitionism.

The President is a conservative man, and is upholding the constitution and the laws, in which course he has been supported by the nations of the earth; and in which course, if he continues, soon the South, cut off from the rest of the world, weakened by a long war, seeing her folly in breaking up the finest and most noble government in existence, and knowing that the very thing for which she is fighting will not be molested, would relent; and again we would see that bright constellation of the West, long the wonder and admiration of the world, take her place far above all other luminaries, to become the polar star to all benighted and tyrant-ridden nations.

But mark the effect of abolitionism: firstly, it will divide the North, so that it will have an enemy at home, and within its lines. The abolitionists are enemies to the government. Many of these anti-slavery conventions do not sustain the President in

his present course. Wendell Phillips, the great champion of anti-slavery, has endorsed such sentiments ; and in a recent meeting in Boston a gentleman made use of the following expression in his speech : “ I have discouraged every young man I have met with, since the war commenced, from enlisting : and I shall continue to do so ; ” which shows the existence of a party opposed to the government because, forsooth, it will not emancipate the slaves of the South, — the greatest curse that could befall this country, namely, turning loose upon society four millions of persons perfectly incapable of providing for themselves. Beware of this division, — the constitution-loving people, and the class which would sacrifice the constitution, country, everything, for the realization of their pet idea.

Secondly, abolitionism has the tendency to unite the South, thereby adding fresh vigor to their endeavors. And moreover they delight in the idea of the North being divided in opinion. It is, to them, “ a consummation devoutly to be wished,” for in it lies their only hope of success. They see their powerful adversaries suffering from internal disunion — divided among themselves, — and they will try every means to take advantage of it ; and not only they, but England, who gloats in the prospect of a war with this country, will find some pretext for striking it a fatal blow.

Let slavery, then, alone ; as this opposition to it only rouses a counter opposition, and renders its hold upon this fair land more strong. As the giant oak, rocked and bent by the mountain blast, pushes its roots farther and farther into the soil, until it rears its proud head in defiance to the tornado. It follows a law of nature, and must, in time, go down before the forward progress of learning and refinement. But it can *not* be hastened.

HIGHER LIFE.

LIFE in itself is a doubtful period of mingled joys and sorrows, and we dread to look forth upon it; but in its results it is a mystery incomprehensible and unfathomable, because it is the key to eternal happiness or lasting woe.

In view of this there arises in the heart a desire for higher life, an irreproachable desire that springs from the consciousness of a state ignobly degraded, and capacities inestimably higher.

Air and water no more naturally seek their level than the rational soul longs for its lost estate. In these aspirations we are incited by the assurance that holier beings are anxiously watching our struggles with grovelling passions, and that a beneficent creator will constantly support us in our efforts. But we equally dread the penalty of neglect and inactivity. We fear the sentence which retributive justice may write upon the walls of our souls "Ye have been weighed in the balances and found wanting!" Remember —

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; Though He stands and waits with patience, yet with exactness grinds He all!"

All find their places amid the overthrows and upturnings of the leveler, Time. The hypocrite, the coward, and the ignoble are thrust aside and are forgotten, but the humble and earnest laborer, urged on by noble resolutions for the common good is alone rewarded with a grateful memory. Truly the past is an impartial judge. A noble act lives forever. Its influence is not confined to the present, but extends through all time, and in historical records continually adds new lustre to the name of its author. We must not forget, though we are boys, that soon we will be men. Every aspiration will make us stronger and better men, and not strangers to virtue. It is wrong to think it is the privilege of the young to spend their days in pleasure, in idleness, and in dreams. The more we forget self in the welfare of others, the more we improve ourselves, the greater will be our reward, and the brighter our crown. Good resolves, like a fertile stream, burst out of the heart and flow over it, carrying life and strength in its course, dropping all along seeds of pure motive, which spring up and grow into giant trees of manly life.

May none be compelled to say that not even a noble aspiration, like a ray of golden light, ever shot through the darkened chamber of their souls, but that they worshipped devoutly at the shrine of self.

Many have toiled in obscure and humble spheres. Others may not have heard of their endeavors and heart-struggles. They may have fallen many times unseen by men, but they have not escaped one searching eye. Every effort for higher life is like an impulse, like a heart-beat in the body of society, and sends purer and nobler blood through its veins. The effect of a desire for higher life is not lost, but acts on the daily conduct of any individual. He is ever goaded on to do right and to perform his duty. But if aspirations are all, we will not rise morally, we must indorse our wishes by actual endeavors, by continual strife with our greatest enemy — self.

A nation is not celebrated so much for the mass of its wealthy and talented men as for those of strict integrity and purity of character. If we wish to preserve the character of our nation, we should aim at higher life, and must always cherish for others that deep sentiment of the heart — love — which is at the bottom of all great reforms, is the ground plan of all good society, and, in fact, is the basis of popular opinion.

From the generous heart have come the most stirring appeals of patriotism; it is the source of philanthropy and of true courage.

W. T.

A SOUVENIR.

A bright-eyed, laughing, joyous maid,
 With rosy cheeks and soft brown hair,
 In garb of spotless white arrayed,
 With many a dew-gemmed flower inlaid,
 That sweet-perfumed the ambient air :
 Her form is graved on Memory's page !
 I gaze with rapture on it now ;
 Her witching smile, her peerless brow,
 Will haunt me to lethean age

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:

Another term, with its labors, its joys, and its sorrows, has departed, ushering us into that rest so sweet to the weary student. The few short months of the past term are never to be forgotten while America exists. In them we have witnessed some of the most heroic deeds that it has ever been the lot of history to record. The blows that have been struck for liberty have been felt all over the world. The master stroke of policy respecting slavery has been given; the fugitive slave law is dead, — dead henceforth and forever. We need not yet despair of republicanism in America. A bright future for our country looms up in the distance; our own "Washington is still in the clear upper sky."

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'in God is our trust;'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

We present to you our Mirror, thanking you for your kind contributions, and hoping that its pages may afford much profit and pleasure to all the friends of the Society. — We bid you a last farewell.

A TALE OF HORROR.

Ghosts were known in times gone by,
When, in the old town of Salem nigh,
The townsmen raised a gallows high
To accommdate each spirit;
When, by whipping-posts and fervent prayer,
The golden rule and the gallows there,
They drew the wretches into the air
Because they couldn't bear it; —

When Old Nick himself said he couldn't wait,
Took his tail 'twixt his legs and off he set,
And rattled away at a lively gait,
Now stopped to look behind him;

When the witches had a broomstick race,
 And imps hurried round from place to place,
 So fast that you couldn't find 'em.

But we thought that Mather's pious knocks,
 The Bible texts, and the public stocks,
 Had driven the ghosts from New England's rocks,
 And they never would come near us ;
 But it seems in our degenerate day,
 When our Puritan fathers have turned to clay,
 And we poor souls have gone astray,
 That they have ceased to fear us.

For lo ! in the Commons, at dead of night,
 A Phillips boy saw a wondrous sight ;
 For a giant figure, clothed in white,
 Stood near him as he slumbered.
 And when he woke it gave a moan,
 A heavy sigh, and a dreadful groan,
 Then told him, in a sepulchral tone,
 That his days on earth were numbered.

His Testament on his table lay ;
 And there it was, and there it might stay,
 For there stood, not a lion — but a ghost in the way,
 And so he couldn't get near it.
 But he clenched his fist as he lay in bed,
 And felt of his muscle ; 'twas solid as lead ;
 Then told the ghost that he'd break his head
 (For somehow he didn't fear it).

The ghost at this beat a hasty retreat ;
 But the boy, with a cheer, sprang on to his feet,
 And ran after the ghost with his winding sheet,
 With firm heart never doubting ;
 When, all of a sudden, came in at the door
 Of sturdy fellows three or four,
 While up the stairs came several more
 Who had heard their comrades shouting.

The ghost in a corner turned at bay,
 And handled his fists in a splendid way, —
 So well that he almost gained the day, —
 For he sent a Junior spinning,

And kicked a Middler in the rear,
 And rapped an Englishman under the ear,
 Till, what through cold and wounds and fear,
 The enemy's ranks were thinning.

But still they corner him at his post,
 And fresh arrivals swell their host,
 And at last they capture the struggling ghost
 When he'd covered himself with glory.
 His winding-sheet was tattered and torn,
 His paper mask and his horns were gone, —
 Sure ne'er was a spirit more forlorn
 Than the subject of my story.

A window is quickly open flung,
 And then outside the poor ghost they hung,
 And round and round in the air he swung,
 In a most forlorn condition ;
 While a water-bucket they quickly bore,
 And its contents on his head they pour,
 And laugh and joke, and pour on more
 Despite his earnest petition.

At last, when the ghost had given up hope,
 His persecutors cut the rope
 After asking " if he would like some soap " —
 Since he couldn't well be wetter ;
 Then, while they cheered his unhappy doom,
 The spirit slunk off in the midnight gloom,
 And stole away to his darkened room,
 At least wiser if not better.

MORAL.

To the readers :

To you who have read this tale of woe,
 Remember, when to bed you go,
 A Testament under your heads you stow,
 And so you'll slumber soundly.

To the " ghosts " :

And you who on Seniors would play tricks,
 Take care you don't get yourselves in a fix ;
 For they'll come on you like a thousand of bricks,
 And will surely thrash you roundly.

What is the difference between the treasurer of Philo and the treasurer of the Hudson Bank? One is Hull and the other is Broke.

Why do the Andover people succeed so well in making bricks? Because they have a big Park, a reliable Shedd, and an unfailing supply of (*wheel*) Barrows.

Why is it the preaching of a certain divine like sawing wood? Because it gives a fellow the backache.

What evidence is there of the poetical talent of the senior class? Their public *verses*, (*verses*).

Why does a certain Fem' Sem. shun a certain Englishman like a cowardly soldier would a battle? Because she is afraid of getting Slade (slayed).

Mr. Editor — Dear Sir: While walking on the banks of the Shawshin one beautiful evening last term I overheard and copied the following spontaneous effusion, for a long time I was in doubt what to do with it, but have concluded, at last, to send it to your invaluable paper:

Considable hev I sought, O Shawshin,
 On a big rock bi thi grene banks,
 When the Mune ez brite's a punkin
 On thi watur's black and mudde
 Shined as cleer, and looked ez hansum
 Ez bran nu *milk pans* in the sunshine:
 And while i think ont, peesful Shawshin,
 Praps i mite ez wel ez thank ye
 Coz ye now and then remind me
 Where I fust se Sary Cowdry;
 Fare ez the aforesaid milk pans,
 That i sed you shined ez brite ez
 When the mune ez sweet's a punkin,
 Looked sum konsidable on thi buzum.
 R! bi gosh, sweet Sary Cowdry,
 With her long red hare a fliing,
 And her mouth's ez big's a swyl-pale,
 Stood singing 2 the listning tod poles,
 And stumping awl the fritend bull-frogs
 2 sing a toon as well ez she kood; —
 Stood just in these same tracks, O Shawshin,
 When fust I seed her with these peepers:

Jerushy warnt she sum to look at ;
 Fare ez Cryses vurgin darter,
 That Agamemnun swore he wood hev
 Make his bed and other fixins.
 When fust i see this luvly critter,
 Singing just ez i aforesaid,
 Then resolved i sez i tu me,
 Jonthan, hale the singin wood-nymph,
 Praps she will be smitten with ye ;
 And takin pity on thi ramunt,
 Pach the nees ov thi torn trowzes,
 So the buttuns on thi rizbands,
 And darn the big holes in thi stockkins :—
 Then up i went 2 the fare damsell
 And ez i neered her on a sudden,
 She turned her big grene ize so luvin
 And looked on me sew overcummin,
 By gosh, i cudent make mi tung wag,
 And thair i stood ez still as balum,
 Balum's as u no spoak fur hym ;
 But myne was still, and sed knot nuthin.
 Sew when Sary se ize frituned,
 Then she sed sew awl-fired tuchin,
 That 't would make a lether hart melt,
 Buteflest of the suns of wooman,
 Fare as a bunnit in a banbocks,
 Strate's a pump without a handell,
 Don't be skeered and frituned at me,
 But kum and set down heer beside me ;
 Owe hallilueye hoegags skuebobs
 Kudent a made no sweater musick
 Than her voice ez she spoke tew me,
 And then yood better beleev i told her
 That i shood be mitey glad tew.
 And sew i went and sot down bi her,
 And throing 1 alm round her big waste,
 Felt so aufool gude and happy,
 Ide like 2 die that very minnit ;
 And then i sed, nor cood i help it,
 I liked her more than gude fat turkey
 Stufft and cookt for Christmas dinner.
 Then sez she 2 me sez she flatturer,
 Why what on airth makes yu run on sew ?

And then i ast if i kould sea her
 2 the house she tide up intew?
 2 this she ansurd notlun shorter,
 And gittin up i follered artur,
 Fealing so mitey gude all over,
 Mi westote buttans shook with gladness.

This much, Mr. Editor, have I sent you, fearing to enclose the whole, lest your readers may tire of it; but if you wish, I will send you the remainder for the next number of your paper.

Yours very truly, BOB. DEARBOTTLE.

DESCRIPTION OF A HEN.

THE hen is a biped with two legs: it generally has a tail behind its head somewhere, and it is usually directly behind, though one poor hen I heard of had a spinal curvature, which put her tail on one side and presented a very picturesque appearance.

The hen is a very graceful animal, and in walking puts one foot before the other, like all the bipeds of the Western continent. I believe there was one poor hen in the London gymnasium that put one foot behind the other, but did not live but a very short time.

Hens have two wings, one on one side and the other on the other: these they use when they wish to navigate with greater speed than their legs can propel them. They are found in almost every climate and are frequently seen roosting on the equator, and on the North and South poles.

There are several species of the hen: the most interesting that I am acquainted with is the Shanghai. They are noted for their long legs, and sometimes grow quite steep. They have very small wings, and find no difficulty in navigating without them. They are domesticated, and are generally kept in coops near the barn.

Now I have given you all the information on the subject that I am possessed of, and hope you will all try and learn more about this natural curiosity.

PHILO.

PHILOMATHEANS, attention!

Lovers of debate give ear!

Our society we mention;

Known of all; to us so dear.

She has flourished, and her glory

Has extended far and wide:

Multitudes have heard her story.

She is praised on every side.

May her path grow ever smoother,
 Nor decline in waning years :
 May events conspire to soothe her ;
 May she never suffer fears.

May her officers be prudent,
 All her members act their part ;
 Then true men will make the student,
 And a mind not less a heart.

Mid the cruelty of battle,
 Mid the fierceness of the foe,
 May her death-knell never rattle,
 May she naught but peace e'er know.

E.

A GHOST.

It will be borne in mind in reading the following that the student had been apprised of his visitor's coming, and had made preparations accordingly.

Of ghosts we've heard in times gone by
 But one we've heard of lately ;
 Which came to the room of a student at night,
 Which beat at his door with savage delight,
 And seemed bent on some deed unearthly.

Of ghosts we've heard in times gone by,
 But one we've heard of lately,
 As he entered the room all dressed in white,
 A shriek from the student rang forth to the night,
 And he fled from a sight so ghastly.

The student having remained concealed for a time, at a given signal again comes forward and is said thus to have addressed the visitor.

O, ye who art dressed in such shining apparel,
 The road you are on is a hard one to travel ;
 Your cunning is great, but it soon shall be seen
 That you've made a mistake, or else we are green.

Then summoning aid from a neighboring room,
 The ghost is informed that now is his doom ;
 That the ages of ghosts have long passed away,
 And we students are not to be fooled every day.

The fellow now sees there's no kind of a sight,
 But to draw himself off and go in for a fight,
 With raving and tearing he seeks to get free,
 And with shrieks and with groans begs for mercy.

But resistance is vain; a rope is then placed
 As near as could be round the gentleman's waist;
 The window is opened, and out he is flung,
 And thus to the moon the poor fellow is hung.

Sometimes with heels up, sometimes with heels down,
 And sometimes he almost touches the ground;
 And then with a jerk he soars towards the skies,
 And looks very meek and dejected at times.

And then there's a little of Heaven's elixir,
 If we judge not amiss, a sort of a mixture
 That's not often used by him, for some reason,
 Profusely scattered all over his person.

But a ducking for him is not quite enough,
 A box is procured in which there is snuff:
 The contents are poured in his eyes, nose, and mouth
 And he's suddenly taken with a horrible cough.

Of this imposing affair no more we'll relate,
 But here, in a word, you'll allow us to state
 That water's a thing we know is first rate
 For driving a ghost from any one's room,
 And snuff is a thing, too, that's equally good.

What pony is most in use among the Second Middlers at present? The newly accented Greek 'log-boss'.

Why is the harbor of Charleston, S. C., like Phillips choir? Because no Englishman can get in.

Why is the condition of a certain Sunday-school teacher critical? Because she has the Hart-ache.

In the late victory why do we know that our men attacked the rebels in the rear? Because they Foote-ed them.

Why is the Senior Class like the Eriesson battery? Because it has two Hulls.

What was the cause of the accident to the young lady while coasting the other evening? The young man who offered his Fauster-ing (fostering) care steered a-Miss (amiss).

When was the appearance of a certain student, while coasting, interesting? When he turned (Topsy) topsy-turvy.

Why is the infinite series in algebra like a donkey kicking? Because it is a series of ascending (*ass-ending*) evolutions.

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WHAT IS MAN!

“WHAT is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!”

Space is infinite; yet it teemeth with the marvellous creations of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Omnipotence breathed the word, and luminous bodies leaped into existence, and began their unwearying circuits through boundless fields. Innumerable suns lighted myriads upon myriads of worlds, and dark orbs catching the glory of their effulgence, and learning thus to shine, reflected the borrowed light in pale beauty.

Among the vast creation that moved with grandeur in their ceaseless rounds hung, like a mote in a sunbeam, a black, opaque atom of matter, receiving no light, giving none. But look! What is that mysterious presence that hovers over the no longer insignificant, useless mass? It is the spirit of God that moves in majesty upon the face of the waters. Darkness, trembling, flees. Oceans and seas gather themselves into heaps, and retire into the cavernous hollows. Mountains and hills rise. Valleys shrink away. The earth has form.

Atmospheric waves roll over it; misty vapors hover above it; a soft verdure steals up, and folds it in a loving embrace; then,

swelling with the pride of its beauty, it bursts the filmy scales that envelope it. Now the glorious sunlight streams in upon it; the silvery moon smiles a sweet calm over it; and the stars twinkle in joy. Anon, as the earth grows in beauty, animals come to roam over it; fishes hide themselves in the watery depths; singing birds mount on airy pinions; and finally, man, God's last creation, comes forth to view the wondrous work with which the Creator is well pleased.

For a time he basks in the full sunlight of God's love. He has himself received the mysterious gift of being, has been promoted master of all the external life that throbs and beats about him, whether flowing in the warm blood of the animal, or springing into beauty in the leaf and flower.

He pays no tribute, performs no wearisome labor. Yet for him flowers bloom, loading the air with their perfumed breath; trees wave their luxuriant foliage, giving grateful shade; birds carol and sing, flooding his soul with exquisite melody; animals do his bidding; and, for a brief season, he is content, without questioning the Divine goodness.

Verily, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him with so much blessing? He deserved not the rich gifts so lavishly bestowed; for no sooner did the tempter, with syren voice, whisper words of rebellion in his ear than he yielded and fell. What a height of glory; what a depth of shame and despair!

Pain and weariness are now his daily companions. He has chosen his thorny path and must walk in it. The glad earth no longer yields her fruits in joyous spontaneity, but in the sweat of his brow must he eat bread. Pleasures turn to ashes in his grasp. Disease, like a wild beast, pursues him, seizes upon his flesh, and tears his vitals. The glaring eyeballs of death peer forth from nooks which hitherto emitted naught but the pure sunlight of joy. He meets the dread foe in mortal combat, — a brief struggle — and a pale corpse lies among the flowers. Earth has returned to earth again. He finds no help in himself; he is utterly weak and powerless. Surely, now may the psalmist exclaim, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him! The heavenly bodies look on unmoved, and behold him tossed by the elements. The winds, in their wild fury, make of

him a plaything. The lightnings smite, the billows engulf him; yet God never for a moment forgets, but reaches forth his almighty arm to save him in every peril, if he will trust in him. The sacred cross, ever pointing upward, most eloquently testifies to his quenchless love and eternal remembrance.

And wherein is the secret of all this watchful care? Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? The sacred page tells us God made man in his own image. We read, believe, and no longer wonder. The mystery stands revealed. The quenchless spark divine is the priceless gem to which God ministers. Flowers bloom and die, and the same blossoms may never live again; stars fall from their courses, and disappear for ever; but man, man alone, is immortal. When suns shall have set in eternal night, and moon and stars are lost in the fearful darkness, man shall still live, triumphant, glorious. Then, when in that eternity of joy, with a crown upon his forehead, and a harp within his hand, he beholds his God face to face, shall he fully realize the priceless value of the soul, nor need to ask, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?

INFLUENCE OF THE ORATOR.

It is an admitted fact that every man has an influence, be it however small; and the extent of this influence is determined more by his position in society and pursuit in life than by any thing else. Wealth, birth, talents, business, and many other things assign to every man a certain position; and upon this position is dependent all his influence. Hence the higher a man's position, the greater his influence. Thus the minister exerts a greater influence than the farmer, the king than the subject.

Therefore it follows that as one class has a greater influence than another; so some one class must have an influence greater than all the rest.

Men of science have achieved some of the most noble triumphs that ever graced the world's history, and have conferred

lasting benefits upon the whole human race; monarchs have lived whose great dominions were limited only by the course of the sun; the power of the author, ever increasing with the ages, from the far back days of Homer to the present flood-time of books, has been a great and moving one; but, notwithstanding the great influence of science, kingly sway, and written literature, oratory yields the sceptre of power to none of these.

And one reason of this is, that the orator appeals directly to the better feelings; he creates a sympathy and fellow-feeling in the breasts of men. His thoughts are impulsive, forcible, and calculated to excite at once an interest in the minds of all. How much more of a desire there is to every one to read Everett's last speech than Horace Greeley's last editorial! Both are great men, and exert an immense influence; but what has been said in old Faneuil Hall is twice as interesting to the masses throughout the land as anything that has been written in the columns of the Tribune, be it with however great labor. The thoughts of misers are formed by money alone; rank does not give a man power to change the opinions of another; books are not read to a very great extent by the laboring classes, who form the majority of every nation; but every one, noble and ignoble, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, can appreciate what is told to them plainly and directly, and appreciating can be influenced; whereas, in no other way could an impression be made on their several different minds. The single influence of John B. Gough as a speaker has perhaps done more for the temperance cause than all the money that has been spent, or all the societies that were ever organized, or the numberless books and tracts that have been published from time to time. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, distinguished as "the immortal three," by their oratory exercised a greater influence over the people than any other men of their time. And well might they, for their burning words of eloquence were the source whence were to spring every public action, whether good or bad.

The influence of the orator is also a lasting one. It lives long after its originator has ceased to breathe; when the time, the circumstances, and the place where it first found birth have long since vanished in the dark and unknown past. The name of Cicero is a power for the right which has done, and will yet do

a great and good work, although it commenced almost two thousand years ago. The cause of Liberty, of Justice, of Religion, and of Right have ever met a hearty response from the orator, and in that response have received aid greater than words can tell or minds estimate.

American liberty — than which no cause was ever more noble and sublime — never found a more powerful defender than Patrick Henry, the impulsive orator of Virginia; outraged Justice was never more gallantly defended than when Wirt so clearly exposed the treasonable designs of Burr; if Religion owes a debt of gratitude to any of her believers, it is to those who proclaim her truth with so much force and eloquence — to her Calvins, Luthers, and the many pulpit orators who have succeeded them; the Right never arrayed among her protectors one who would more gallantly defend her cause than Webster, the peer of all the orators that ever lived.

Thus we see that no good work ever existed without the aid of the orator. Oratory was the great bulwark and defence of Roman power and greatness; again and again did it hurl back the threatening column of barbarism from ancient Greece; and now may not we freeborn Americans trust that through its potent influence we shall soon be brought back into the broad and welcome sunlight of Peace, Prosperity, and Happiness.

THE GENIUS OF THE AGE.

EVERY era of the world's history has been characterized by certain peculiarities of thought and action, which have been so marked, and which have so stamped upon it its individuality, that they have fittingly been termed the "Genius of the Age."

Such was that spirit of lust and corruption which for centuries shook ancient Rome to its very foundations, deeply laid and widely extended as they were, and, at length, hurled from her proud position the "mistress of the world."

Such the romantic yet erring zeal that in after-time reared the strange and wondrous fabric of Chivalry, and inspired the

hearts of the crusaders in their heroic attempts to wrest the Holy Land from the grasp of the infidel.

Such the heaven-sent flame which, in a night of universal gloom, descended upon all Europe, and enkindled it into the glorious blaze of the Reformation.

But the present age is essentially different from all that have preceded it. Its genius is progress. Ever, indeed, since the fall, man has been marching onward and upward again to perfection. But his step has been slow and faltering, and too often, alas, he has stumbled and fallen, and the advance of centuries has been rendered in vain. But to-day, as if endowed with new strength from above, he is moving on, with giant-strides, towards his heaven-appointed goal. Hitherto his pathway had been shrouded in darkness, not, indeed, so dense as to be impenetrable, yet only a few rays, faint and dim, could pierce the sullen gloom. But now all is changed. Light is everywhere. Its cheering gleams diffuse themselves over all things. They illumine alike church and state, the lofty heights of science and the humbler walks of every-day life. In this radiant blaze, man is rousing himself from the death-sleep into which he has fallen, and at length is learning to read the great and glorious truths which have been traced upon the scroll of history by the hand of the ages. In the mad lust for power and wealth which had so enthralled his heart, he has forgotten that "all are created free and equal." He has trampled beneath his feet the claims of his fellow man. He has loaded him down with the galling chains of oppression, and laughed in derision when his bondman has raised his cry to the great All-Father for justice.

But though the vengeance of God may come *slowly*, it *does come*, and that, too, *with power*. And now the choral hymn of freedom, after the sad and dreary bondage of centuries, is resounding from unnumbered voices along the barren plains of ice-bound Russia, and ascending in glad and holy unison to the sunny skies of the South.

But though all men thus stand upon the same general level, there is yet another broader and more even plane upon which we of to-day are advancing. It is that of equality of labor. In that blank in the world's history which we call the dark ages, the distinction between noble and serf was as absolute as

between light and darkness. Betwixt them there was a great and yawning gulf which could never be passed. The one lived in idleness and luxury, the other bound down by a chain, which he strove in vain to sunder, to gratify the whims or lusts of his master, dragged out a wretched existence of degrading servitude. But now the masses toil not on in misery through their appointed years, while the proud and haughty few look down upon them with disdainful scorn. But the few and the many are mingling together and their work has a higher and a nobler aim. The nobility of wealth and power is vanishing, as do the clouds in the blue depths of heaven when swept away by the morning sun, while in its stead there is arising a truer and more honorable nobility, a nobility of toil. To-day labor is the golden key which unlocks all the treasures of life. No man, whatever may be his condition, can obtain them without it.

The successful man is he, the story of whose life is but a record of one continued struggle, of many a crushing defeat, of a spirit that rose superior to them all, and, at last, of victory.

This, then, is an age in which to live is a great and glorious privilege. Life is not a duration of pampered idleness or of degrading bondage, but of noble, earnest labor. And he who works most faithfully and for the truest ends, for God and humanity, receives the laurel crown.

The time calls not for puny weaklings, but for men — men with brave hearts and eloquent lips and strong right arms — men who can throw themselves into the fierce conflict that is waging between right and wrong, and aid in rolling back the hostile tide that is dashing in its fury against them. Upon the shoulders of every man there rests, in part, the burden of the world's advancement. Ere it reaches the acme of its progress, we must all surmount many a rugged cliff of difficulty, bridge many a dark chasm of doubt with the arching timbers of hope. Then, fellow-laborer in the great work,

Toil on ; in hope o'ercome
The steeps God sets for thee ;
For past the Alpine summits of great toil,
Lieth thine Italy.

SUNSET ROCK.

SWEET "Sunset Rock," I love thy name;
Thou hast a charm which can impart
Rich lessons to the dullest brain,
And wake with joy the coldest heart.

And when the strife of busy day
Has freed us from its contact rude,
With lightened step we haste away
To thy enchanting solitude.

At thy broad base are strewed dead leaves,
Wasted and withered by the frost,
Emblems of death;—our spirit grieves
For those we mourn—the loved, the lost.

But bending near, the whispering pines
Chant murmuring lays of praise and prayer;—
A low refrain, like the last faint chimes
Of bells, upon the still night air.

They chord that gentle orison
To heaven above, and point the way;
They murmur with the setting sun
Low anthems for departing day.

Its glory opens on our sight,
As now adown the western sky,
Bathed in a stream of dazzling light,
The golden sun floats noiselessly.

And far and wide it casts its sheen
On every hill-top, tree, and spire;
And mantles all the syvan scene
With waving, glistening lines of fire.

And when around its beauty hover
Bright clouds, touched by an unseen hand,
They seem to open, and discover
The entrance to the spirit land.

Yes, then, as gently turns the key,
Unlocked a moment to our vision,

We seem the golden streets to see
That lead up to the fields elysian.

The sun is set; far down the west
Is left dim traces of its light;
The falling stars invite to rest;
Sweet Sunset Rock, to thee "good-night." C.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

NATIONS, like individuals, possess a character by which they must eventually stand or fall; to this they owe their very existence, and their influence and perpetuity is measured by the cast of that character. True, wicked nations may prosper for a season, and bring the whole world in submission to their power; but the time will come when their crimes will dig their graves, and leave as their only memorial the smoking embers of their former grandeur. Unlike men, there is for them no hereafter. This earth must witness their career and final destiny. Their rise, prosperity, and destruction are marked by the boundaries of time. But whilst the nation's glory may thus dwindle and fade away, and its name find no place upon the historic page, or its achievements grace the poet's song; whilst its works of art may perish, and the clarion voice of science be forever hushed within its gates, that which gives it a character, and moulds its influence, can never be destroyed. Those living agents that shape its destiny, making it the tyrant's possession and the burial-ground of immortal hopes, or the fruitful nursery of the principles of peace, freedom, and religion, always live, and upon them rest the mighty responsibility of its fate. Plainly, it is the people that form the national character; its principles may be as faultless as the ten commandments, but they have no more influence in fashioning its character than though there were no such principles, unless they are sustained and executed by the populace. As well might it be said that a mere profession gives character to a man's life, when every prin-

ciple in that profession is entirely denied in his conduct, as that the principles upon which a government professes to be built, gain respect and are regarded as the true exponents of its character, when they are utterly disregarded by its citizens. Principles, however pure, are cold formalities, failing to benefit the world, unless brought in contact with living beings. No government was ever yet formed entirely destitute of true principle. Even amid barbarous nations, that sense of justice that is implanted in every breast, has found its way into their laws, whilst in Christian governments it is found in its full development ; but these principles give the nation a character, only so far as they are maintained by the people ; they have no power to pluck the nation from ruin if they exercise no restraining influence over its citizens. The tenets of the American government are admired and praised wherever they are known, and every liberty-loving people would rejoice could they adopt them as their own ; but the sad truth that through a base perversion they have failed to accomplish in practice that which they so confidently promise in theory, has cast many a dark shade over its character that will require many years to erase ere it shall again shine forth in its native lustre. The fault is not in the tenets themselves, but that they have been prostituted for the accomplishment of base purposes by ambitious and avaricious men. They are looked upon merely as a set of unmeaning and "glittering generalities," while the conduct of the people is esteemed the true exponent of the national character. Thus it always has been and is destined to be throughout all the future, in the case of nations, as well as of men, that actions exert a deeper and stronger influence than mere professions. Although naked principle in itself cannot be regarded as a nation's safeguard, it is an essential characteristic. No more can a nation exist and prosper without it, than man can live without the air. principle is the foundation of all right action ; upon it depends the establishment of right and justice throughout the earth. That the character of a nation may be pure and unsullied in the eyes of the world, the public mind must be purified ; that the mighty truths on which all true governments repose may be intelligently appreciated in all their vast import, these truths must be adhered to with an unflinching integrity, the rights of other nations must be regarded and com-

plied with, whilst their own rights must be asserted and maintained at the severest cost. Nothing so lowers a nation's character as unjustly yielding to a superior power. Better for a nation to resist to its complete destruction, than to sacrifice one jot of principle, for when once sacrificed, no one can foretell the end of the lamentable results flowing from it. Nations founded upon righteous principles, conscientiously regarded and practised by the people, will suffer from no attacks made upon them, however severe. Not until the sun shall have made his last fiery march through mid-heaven; not until the moon shall have ceased to sail in her placid splendor through the milky way; not until the twinkling stars shall have forgotten to peep from their hiding-places; not until the angel of the Eternal God shall have descended from heaven, and sworn by him who liveth forever that time shall be no longer — shall such a government cease to have a national existence.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

'Twas twelve o'clock, the witching hour
 When elves and fairies have their power;
 When the timid spirits, who hide away
 From the noise and glare and heat of day,
 Come out, in the stillness of the night,
 And dance about in the pale moonlight;
 And in forest and meadow, so people say,
 The fairies chime a merry lay:
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

Weary with a day of care,
 I was sitting alone in my easy chair:
 The candle was out, so I sat and gazed
 At the hickory logs that before me blazed.
 When out of the very hottest fire,
 That hissed and cracked and snapped in ire,

A little tiny being sprang,
 And in a silver tone he sang,
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

Rare and strange was his attire, —
 His coat seemed made of liquid fire;
 A flaming spark on his breast he wore;
 A fairy wand in his hand he bore,
 And as he sung, in measure clear,
 The words that first had reached my ear,
 Though chained my hand and dumb my tongue,
 My heart kept time while the elfin sung,
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

Forthwith from out the brightest blaze,
 Bounding and leaping a hundred ways,
 Came a merry troop of little elves,
 Dancing along like the flames themselves.
 As they wandered over the o'd stone hearth,
 Each seemed convulsed with inward mirth;
 While one and another takes up the song,
 And fairy voices the notes prolong:
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

The elfin sovereign waved his wand;
 His followers round him took their stand;
 And while the flames upon them glance,
 The elves began the magic dance;
 And they dance about in the blazing fire,
 And skip and gambol, and never tire,
 While in the centre stands the king,
 Keeping time, while his subjects sing,
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

Now behind the logs they hide;
 Now they spring, from side to side;
 Some are climbing the burning sticks;
 Some on each other are playing tricks;
 Some in a merry dance go round,
 Circling o'er the enchanted ground;
 While in melody, full and clear,
 Ring the notes, so sweet to hear,
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

An hour flies on, the clock strikes one,
 The fairies merry dance is done;
 The fire sinks into ashes white,
 And gone is every elfin sprite.
 King and subjects have vanished away,
 And ceased are the words of their cheerful lay;
 But methought that still in the air there rung
 The dying notes of the song they sung:
 Fairies up, away, away!
 Let's be merry while we may,
 Weep when we must, but now be gay,
 Away, away, away.

P.

HENRY CLAY.

OUR country has produced few men that have left so deep and lasting an impression upon its character and institutions as Henry Clay. To be at once an orator and a statesman, and in each so nearly perfect, is not often the lot of man.

As an impassioned orator, he stands without a rival in all American history. He had learned his oratory from the Book of Nature, and his lips seemed touched with a living coal of eloquence from her sacred altar. He was eloquent in all that could please the fancy or captivate the heart; in the deep, rich tones that pealed from his organ-like chest; in the grace and beauty of

his gesture; in the fervid brilliancy of his imagination; and in the elegance and sublimity of his reasoning. Sometimes his voice fell upon the ear softly as the gentle notes wafted from the enchanting lyre of Orpheus; sometimes it burst forth like the mighty rush of a long-imprisoned cataract. Now he withers his victim with the scorching blast of his indignation, and now completely charms his audience by his thrilling appeals to their tenderest passions.

“ His words had such a melting flow,
And spoke the truth so sweetly well,
They dropped like heaven’s serenest snow,
And all was brightness when they fell.”

Few of our public men were ever actuated by more patriotic motives; few ever had the interests of the nation more truly at heart. The honor of his country was his honor, and her prosperity his best reward. His earliest offerings were upon her altar, and his most successful labors in her defence. Long and ardently did he battle in the council-chamber of the nation for the overthrow of such principles as were detrimental to the interests of the people, and for the formation of such laws as would secure to them their rightful protection. It was when our gallant sailors were being seized from their own vessels, and compelled to fight an enemy’s battles, that he raised his voice so earnestly in favor of “ Free trade and seamen’s rights.” It was when thousands of American laborers were bending beneath the galling yoke of poverty, that he presented and advocated so eloquently the principles of the American system for the protection of home industry. He stretched out by his own powerful influence the great National Road, league upon league, around the steep acclivities of the Alleghanies, and across the broad plains of the West, until it linked together the two distant sections of the land. He cheered on the oppressed sons of Greece as they rose with undaunted courage, and nerved their arms to revenge the hoarded wrongs of centuries. When the government was shaken to its centre by the agitation of the Missouri question, and when everything seemed to forbode disunion and civil war, he linked together once more the bands of Union, and restored peace and prosperity to a distracted people.

His career as a public man extended over nearly half a cen-

ture; and during that period, what was there that did not receive his impress? Go where we will, from the mountains to the sea, from the ocean to the lakes, from domestic industry to foreign trade, through agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and everything is marked with the image of his imperial intellect. The simple shaft surmounted with the Genius of Liberty, and inscribed with the honored name of Henry Clay, is not the only monument that testifies to his greatness. His fame is graven upon the fertile plains of the West, cut in the solid mountain rock, and inscribed upon the snowy-white sails of the American vessel that now visits every port. The busy hum of the factory spindle, the measured stroke of the woodman's axe, the merry song of the American laborer, and every token of a nation's prosperity and a people's happiness, all speak in praise of this favored representative of the noble West. His deeds have been written with an iron pen upon a brazen page; and his name will ever be recalled with feelings of just national pride, on account of his eloquence, statesmanship, and patriotism.



THE CYPRESS AND THE LAUREL.

I.

WHERE the soul is free from anguish;
 Where no cares disturb the breast;
 Where there is no pain or sorrow,
 And the weary are at rest;—

Where the tired hands are folded;
 Where the beating heart is still;
 Where the mourner and the sufferer
 Find release from every ill;—

Where the pattering summer raindrops
 Fall unheeded o'er each head;
 Where the autumn breezes, sighing,
 Sing a requiem for the dead;—

Where the moon-beams, glancing downward,
 Fall upon the line of graves,
 In the silence of the churchyard,—
 There the gloomy Cypress waves.

II.

Where the victor's shout is ringing,
 O'er the field of battle fought;
 When the war-worn, battered chieftain
 Gains the triumph which he sought;—

When the patriotic statesman,
 Laboring in his country's cause,
 For some victory accomplished,
 Bends before the world's applause;—

When the author, poet, scholar,
 Grasps the victor's glittering crown;
 When the men of earnest purpose
 Win the chaplet of renown;—

In life's stirring, thrilling moments,
 Mid the bright, the brave, the gay,
 In the halls of earthly glory,—
 There the Laurel has its sway.

III.

Wreath the Cypress with the Laurel,—
 Earthly crowns must droop and blight;
 And the proudest living victor
 Has one battle yet to fight.

Wreath the Cypress with the Laurel,
 Be its shadow o'er us cast;
 For the day of life is fleeting,
 Death's dark night will come at last.

Plant the Laurel by the Cypress
 On each low and grassy mound;
 Where our loved ones sleep in silence,
 Let the conqueror's plant be found;

Telling us, though life has parted,
 Hushed the voice and stilled the breath,
 Once again they'll rise triumphant,
 Happy victors over death.

AN HOUR BEFORE A REBEL BATTERY AT
DONELSON.

THE enemy is waiting to receive us. Our rifles are loaded, primed, and capped; our bayonets shimmer and sparkle in the sunshine; our cartridge boxes are firmly fixed and well filled. The slow fire that we have been receiving from the rebel battery in front continues unanswered; but the groan of a fallen comrade, wrestling with death, tells us that it is not harmless. But at last we hear the order: "Forward! March!" and while we go forward the air rings with our shouts. Our movements are directed toward the enemy's battery. Now we pick our way along the narrow footpath, two abreast, a whole regiment of us; and now, on the "double quick," up the steep hill, right against the muzzles of four thirty-two-pounders, into the gaping jaws of the battery on the brow of the hill. The deafening report that now booms upon our ears carries havoc through our ranks, and the volley of musketry that follows tells us that we are marching against a reinforced stronghold. Yet upward, onward, over the dead bodies of our fellow soldiers, through slippery pools of blood, under the guns of the battery; now over the intervening earthwork; here we are in the embrace of a desperate, a bloody foe. Our banner floats over us, torn and pierced in a dozen places; the flag-staff is shattered but not broken, and still "old glory" waves, the mark of a hundred well-aimed shots. "Blood!" is our battle cry — "Liberty!" our watchword — "Revenge!" our incentive. A rebel, a Mississippian, bristling with weapons, rushes upon us. Hand to hand we grapple with each other, but the gory body of a comrade trips his feet — my opponent falls upon his knees, and quick as lightning I plunge my bayonet through and through his throbbing, regenade heart. The life-blood spurts out warm and crimson, and the hoarse death-rattle launches his soul into eternity. Humanity loses itself in exultation, mercy yields to vengeance, and, our hands dripping with warm blood, we plunge deeper into the fray. Here a brother Zouave grapples with a fierce rebel. One rifle has been dropped in the struggle, the other is in the grasp of four strong hands. Strength fails my comrade; he loses his hold, and the weapon is poised in air, directed straight at his noble heart. But a swift

bullet from some unseen rifle pierces the traitor's breast—a gushing, spouting, stream of blood, a groan, a gasp, the cold death-shiver, with arms thrown high in air, he faces grim death, and falls a lifeless body at our feet. The grim smile of the almost victorious moment lingers on his face. All around us, friend and foe, are falling at our feet; long blades flash, and are plunged into breasts heaving with anger and excitement. Under our feet we crush the bodies of the dying and the dead, while loud above the clash of arms, the roar and rattle and din of the conflict, rises the voice our Colonel: "Slay them, boys! No flinching! Bravely done! At it again, boys!" and the fight goes bravely on. But see that movement in the rear! Now the enemy's phalanx is broken, and panic seizes upon them, while they rush like a flock of frightened sheep down the steep embankment, whipped, death-fearing cowards. A shout, loud as the thunder of the heavens, bursts from six hundred hearty loyal lungs. Now in hot pursuit we are after them. Our little drummer grasps his sticks with nimble fingers, and "Yankee Doodle" rings out saucily upon the air. A few of the fleeing herd of fear-stricken rebels escape. The rest are captured. The day is ours—the field is won—the last battery has been stormed and taken. The old sun lights up the green earth brighter than ever, the birds sing sweeter, and everything lauds the victor.

May all our battles be thus prosperous, all our charges thus brilliant, all our enemies thus cowardly, and God bless our Republic!

Q.

THE TWO MAY-TIMES.

'T WAS in the joyous May-time;
 The trees with blossoms were bent,
 And warbling birds, 'mid the branches,
 Were wooing with sweet content.

The blue skies above were smiling,
 And the violets at our feet;
 With joy we were surrounded;
 With joy our hearts replete.

We wandered through the meadow,
Made green by April showers,
Where the sleek cattle were grazing
The cowslip's yellow flowers,

Which grew by the bashful streamlet,
That softly murmured along,
Where the wild birds washed their plumage,
In the intervals of song.

Light-hearted we roamed to the river,
That sparkling flows to the sea,
As, through the blooming valley,
It lists to the bluebird's glee.

A light breeze shook the fragrance
From the willow's tasseled boughs,
Beneath whose balmy coolness
We breathed our happy vows.

'T was in the joyous May-time :
A many long year ago,
When my hair was brown, in boyhood,
That now is white as snow.

'T is now the joyous May-time,
The trees with blossoms are bent,
And warbling birds, 'mid the branches,
Are wooing with sweet content.

The blue skies above are smiling,
And the violets at my feet ;
With joy I am surrounded ;
With sorrow my heart's replete :

For now in the village churchyard
Thou art lain in thy last long sleep ;
And here, in the merry May-time,
I am left alone to weep.

THE LIFE ARCHITECT.

It is a truth worthy of note, that many of our great and gifted men have been the moulders of their own fortune and the carvers of their own destiny. They have risen from the humble walks of poverty, marched on through storms of adversity and scenes of difficulty, conquered the fortress of opposition, and eventually stood in triumphant grandeur upon the lofty pinnacle of human greatness.

The sun in its course shines upon no land where so many and illustrious examples of this class of men can be found as in America; for it is here, surrounded by these institutions, that are imbued with the spirit of freedom, that the unfettered intellect can soar into the aerial regions of knowledge, and bask in the sunshine of philosophy and science, — that the workman can be called from his bench, the ploughman from the field, to legislate and execute laws for his country, take the command of armies, and to fill any station for which he may be fitted by nature and education.

Some of the brightest and most lasting stars in the political and literary heavens of America, are those who have sprung from the lower strata of society, and by their indomitable perseverance have attained a position so lofty that none are too exalted to pay them homage. The case of Henry Clay furnishes an example worthy of the imitation of every honest aspirant for fame; for there seldom, if ever, laid a more inauspicious future before any youth, than the one upon which Clay once gazed; deprived of every earthly possession, save his intellect, he struggled and toiled until, by the assistance of a kind God, he reached the summit of his fondest ambition; and when we trace him in his splendid career, from the time when he first exhibited his vast oratorical power in a debating club, through the successive stations of honor he has adorned, until the final decline and setting of that star in all its serene and native beauty, amid the groves of Ashland, we feel as though none need despair of a future radiant with glory.

Talent is the passport to true eminence. If a man be destitute of this, he never will distinguish himself among his fellow-men. He may be subjected to the most rigid discipline, and

enjoy every possible advantage ; but it will avail nothing, unless he possesses the ability requisite to turn his discipline and advantages to the advancement of his race. But take the man of talent, though degraded and ignorant, and bring him into constant and intimate communion with books, and, ere long, the fires of his intellect will kindle and burn with the brightness of the sun, his powers will expand and strengthen, until he can read with ease and delight the sublime truths impressed upon every page of the book of knowledge. Such a man will distinguish himself in any position, whatever be the attendant circumstances ; and the source of his distinction is not so much the education he has acquired, as the talent which, cultivated and refined, have been made to yield the rich and valuable treasures buried in the soil. This may seem to be an allegory, but it is an allegory that ripens into a reality. There are thousands who, if their external circumstances would permit the cultivation of the powers they possess, would fill with honor the most exalted stations in the world. The vast amount of talent that lies dormant, unnoticed by man, is beyond human conception :

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And wastes its sweetness on the desert air.”

But all this mental power is not destined to remain inactive for ever. It may never be appreciated on earth, but throughout the eternal ages it will shine forth in all its brilliancy ; not a particle shall be detracted from its original beauty, but it shall constantly expand, like the river, as it flows majestically onward and empties its waters into the bosom of the mighty ocean.

If the youth is conscious that he possesses ability that will enable him to accomplish some great object and rise in the esteem of men, he should grasp every opportunity and seek every honorable method for acquiring knowledge and disciplining his mind, so that when the occasion calls, he may manfully and cheerfully respond, and prove himself equal to its demands. No obstacle should terrify, no repulse weaken him. As said Napoleon, when gazing upon the Alps, with their lofty peaks glistening in the sunbeams, “ There are no Alps,” and then passed over with his vast army ; so should the struggling youth

say, "there are no obstacles," and then press onward in the strength of God, "who helps those that help themselves."

Never in the history of our nation has there been a period when self-educated men were more numerous, or in higher repute than this very day. This is a glorious harbinger of a liberal future; old, erroneous, and long-entertained notions are being plucked from the public mind, and the inspiring truth that man, though deprived of the learning of the schools may, by suitable exertions and the blessing of God, ascend to high positions, is being more fully recognized. Happy era, that has sent exultant joy to so many disconsolate hearts, and presented to the world such an increase of intellectual power.

READY.

WHY should we try to fire the souls
That are ablaze already?
Nay, rather seek to check the glow,
And keep the motion steady.

From east to west the signal fires
On every hill are burning,
And myriad hearts to strike a blow
In freedom's cause are yearning.

What though five hundred thousand men
Sprang at a moments warning?
A million more but wait the word
To start to-morrow morning!

A million more true-hearted men,
Of iron nerve and vigor,
Whose flashing eyes are on the foe,
Whose hands are on the trigger.

Yes, every brother left behind,
For active work is ready;
But wait and watch a little while,
And steady, boys, be steady

THE DEAD HISTORIAN.

THREE years ago, when our country was weeping over the new-made graves of Prescott and Irving, there came across the broad Atlantic a wail of sorrow from the mother country for the loss of Macaulay, and America turned a little from the reflection of her own grief to mingle her tears with those which a world was shedding to his memory. The pen has fallen from the hand of the great historian, and the heart which inspired it has ceased to beat; he has left the country which he loved so well, and the great work to which his life was devoted; he has fallen in the battle, and died with his armor on; and the liberty he so warmly cherished, and the constitution which he fenced round with his eloquence and research, have lost their ardent defender; the long life of unceasing toil has ended, and the laborer has gone to rest; the cloud of envy and malice which through life surrounded him, and dimmed the lustre of his glory, has cleared away, and over his grave his bitterest enemies stand silent, and his country and the world can at length appreciate the loss they have sustained, and pay a fitting tribute to his distinguished talent. Prejudices and peculiarities, such as fall to the lot of all, no doubt he had; but behind these there was a deep earnest sympathy with popular liberty, which influenced all his actions. His mind was like a mighty river which flowed in a torrent, that while irresistible was perhaps in discriminating, but yet broad and majestic throughout its whole extent, and those rapids and whirlpools which marred its beauty only existed where some useless rock or dangerous shoal resisted its placid sweep. Upon the pages of his history Macaulay has depicted his own character so clearly, that it is easily seen what his thoughts and opinions were,—incongruous sometimes and faulty; but throughout the whole there runs, like a golden chain, binding him to the hearts of the lovers of liberty all over the world, that hatred of oppression in every form, and that warm regard for constitutional freedom which is so evident in all his words and deeds; for this he wrote and spoke; it was his earliest his latest theme, and in its service he employed all those giant powers with which he was endowed. The intellectual ability of Macaulay was unquestionably great; his bitterest detractors

cannot gainsay this. Though he had not the polished humor of Irving, or the delicate feeling of Prescott, yet in his own range — and it was large — his power was unrivalled. His poetry was like himself, — grand, sweeping, massive; though the softness that touches and the calmness that soothes were wanting, yet it thrills the heart like a glorious roll of drums or the echoing blast of a bugle, and in an hour like the present, when our country is roused for the conflict, we can perhaps feel some of that spirit which flashed along the lines at Ivry and animated the heart and nerved the arm of Horatius at the bridge. By Americans Macaulay will ever be held dear; for he wrote of that which we prize highest. His name is a household word among us, and he has won a lasting place in our esteem. We need the lessons of his history, for it tells us, in language never to be forgotten, how long and arduous was the struggle by which that constitutional freedom which England boasts to-day was gained, and clothes in fitting majesty the character of those heroes to whose example our fathers looked in their war for independence; and it shows us, too, how great is the value of that liberty for which so much blood was freely shed. The great work is, alas, unfinished, and there is no one to take the prophet's mantle and stand in his place. He has left us a mighty fragment which we survey with somewhat similar feelings as when we look upon one of the relics of Egyptian greatness, feeling that even as a fragment it is unapproachable. But much has been accomplished. He has taken a period of English history of which there were numerous and conflicting opinions, and sweeping away, with magic touch, the false and the fictitious, has laid before us what we feel to be the truth, and accomplished much for the cause of political liberty. Macaulay is gone. The last sounding chords from the hand of the great master have fallen on our ears: The clouds of error and superstition which obscured the past, he has cleared away forever; with untiring energy and undying patriotism he worked to the end, and now, in Westminster Abbey, his dust reposes among the illustrious dead. But it has well been said "that Poet's Corner, wherein he sleeps, cannot confine his name nor contain his best memorial. The English language is his monument; and wherever its speech is heard or its literature is read, the living and the immortal word speaks the name and breathes the spirit of Thomas Babbington Macaulay." P.

AMBITION.

EVERY passion that does not trace its origin to human depravity, is in itself noble, and if rightly indulged and directed, would be productive only of good; but the most noble of them all, when perverted and misguided, is dishonorable, and becomes the source of deep and lasting evil. Joy, if it be the sensation awakened by the acquisition or expectation of what is good, or exultation over well-merited success, is a noble emotion. But when it is gladness caused by the gratification of desires that are base and unworthy, or by the indulgence of envy or revenge, it is then perverted into a mere selfish impulse. So it is with ambition. A proper desire of preferment, a wish to arrive at a high standard of excellence by fair and honorable means, is both right and commendable. But when this is corrupted into an inordinate lust of power, or a selfish desire to be superior, not so much in merit as in position and honor, then it becomes a perverted passion, injurious in its consequences, and exerting only an evil influence upon the heart and life.

Unrestrained ambition is in its very nature corrupting. It absorbs every principle of rectitude and duty, blights and withers all the lofty and ennobling impulses of the soul, and makes the man its slave. It leads him to form an undue estimate of position, unjustly to depreciate real manliness and excellence, and hence to endeavor to appear to others more worthy and deserving than he really is, hoping thus to obtain the advantages which real worth would merit. It makes him uneasy and unhappy at the sight of another's superiority or success, — calls forth feelings of malignity and hatred towards all whose rivalry he fears, until often he will make as great effort to undermine another's reputation as to add to his own. To gratify it, the world has again and again been deluged in blood; the spirit of manhood has been crushed out; principle and probity have been sacrificed; and yet, when gratified, it yields neither satisfaction nor honor. Who that considers the frightful cost, and the still more frightful consequences, can be content to guide his course by such a principle, and to devote life with all its advantages to no higher end than the accomplishment of a merely selfish purpose?

Yet because ambition is so often perverted, let it not for that reason be condemned altogether. The desire to excel has been placed by Infinite Wisdom in the human heart; and, if properly restrained and directed, it would be productive only of beneficial results. It would call forth no unmanly or ungenerous efforts, nor give rise to any feelings of selfishness, jealousy, or ill-will. If rightly understood, what would be ambition but an ardent desire for that which alone can give a title to real excellence,—fidelity in the discharge of duty. Duty requires us to prove ourselves worthy of the confidence and esteem of others; to employ for some noble end every talent and power that has been assigned us; to fit ourselves by discipline and self-control to occupy the highest position we are competent to fill; and when once we have entered upon a chosen path in life, to take advantage of every opportunity, and exert every energy to make that path, by Divine aid, a successful one.

Our obligations to ourselves and the world allow us to do no less; and would a virtuous ambition require more? Such an ambition would ennoble and not degrade the man. Henry Clay was proud to acknowledge that he was ambitious,—ambitious to do honor to the land of his birth, and to be “the humble instrument in the hands of Providence to reconcile a divided people.” Dr. Judson was ambitious—but it was faithfully, to serve his Divine Master, and to excel in devotion to the cause to which he had consecrated his life.

Few men ever accomplished anything worth living for, that have not been actuated to some extent by an honorable ambition. It has encouraged the sincere statesman to give his support and influence to righteous measures, at the cost of popularity, by leading him to seek lasting honor, and not vain applause. It has encouraged the thinking man whose ideas were too far in advance of the age to be appreciated, by the hope that he will one day be acknowledged as the world's benefactor. It stimulates the courage of the soldier when called to battle against fearful odds in a just and holy cause. It calls forth the perseverance of the scholar, when ease and pleasure would allure him from the paths of wisdom into a life of worthless inactivity. Where is the man striving for a noble object that it will not encourage and assist?

If, then, there exist within our hearts a desire to excel, let it not be corrupted into an excessive lust of power, position, or reputation, but restrained and guided by the principle of duty; let it be such an ambition as shall lead us to seek superiority in real excellence and intrinsic worth.

MY THOUGHT.

THE brooklets roam through fragrant leas,
 And now in deep woods murmur low;
 But ever onward to the seas,
 In wayward courses, rippling flow.

Now on their surface sunbeams play,
 And now the shade of forest trees;
 But ever on, through night and day,
 They speed their course to azure seas.

Thus, thus, my thought shall roam along,
 Through sorrow's shade, through joy's bright leas,
 Through smiles of right, through tears of wrong,
 But on — to the eternal seas.

VIVERE.

VIVERE! what a world of meaning is expressed by that single word! To live; not merely to prolong life for a certain number of years, nor to drag out a pitiable and worthless existence. The vilest creature in the universe does all this; and shall we compare man, with all his noble gifts, with these? No; there is in the bosom of every true man a desire to follow the nobler and purer teachings of the soul, and make of life what it should be, a reality. This increases or diminishes, according as we cherish or repel it. The stern man of policy, the wary politician, the hurried business man and the indifferent pleasure-

seeker, the rigid and judicial, and the wanton and lawless, all, to a greater or less extent, slight its gentle promptings, and deaden the warmest sensibilities of their nature. Their lives are like lowering clouds that cast darkness and gloom around, without imparting any moisture to give life and vigor. They create their share of mischief and misery, but render no ray of hope to those about them, and finally die without having performed any noble or generous acts to endear them to the society in which they moved, or render their memories sacred. It is not enough for us to follow faithfully some honorable pursuit. We may be good artisans, financiers, and professional men, without meeting half the obligations of life. The sculptor does not leave his marble form until he has united symmetry, beauty, and grace with the resemblance of his pattern. The skilful artist does not alone draw the outlines of his visionary idol, but with fantastic touch gives life and spirit to the vision, and makes a speaking image of the besmeared canvas. The great Creator has left nothing unfinished in nature, and man, the most wonderful of all, is the very image of perfection. Hence, it becomes us to be all we are capable of becoming by culture, refinement, and Christianity; to bring out and develop to their utmost extent those faculties which a beneficent Creator has lavished upon us; to practise those lessons of charity and forgiveness that every-day life teaches; to extend a warm hand and sympathising heart to the bereaved and disconsolate; to protect the weak and befriend the innocent; to oppose tyranny in every form with a strong hand and an invincible will, and go through life with freedom in one hand, even if we have to carry the sword in the other; to mete out just reward to merit, though in a lowly subject, and ever discountenance wanton ignorance, though bred in royal purple; and, in a word, to do everything in our power to promote the happiness of those around us. He who finds nothing in the sufferings and woes of the unfortunate to arouse all the sympathy of his nature, is indeed destitute of manly feelings. Sympathy is the soul of man; and he who does not exercise this toward his fellow-beings is dead to all that is noble and true. We must cast off this loathsome garb of selfishness, and find our own happiness in that of others. The consciousness of being instrumental in the happiness of

another, but increases our own ; for the gratitude of the soul is the choicest of treasures, and the sincere thanks of a simple peasant, more valuable than the richest gifts of princes.

Again, to live successfully, we must take a broad and sensible view of all matters within our grasp. The world demands this, and we have no right to withhold it. There is a reality in true life that few fully comprehend ; a sublimity and grandeur that artists cannot paint, or poets describe. Its influence is lasting, and cannot die. True, the blood may cease to course through the veins, and the limbs become cold and motionless, and the spirit take its departure, yet the *man* is not dead. To him that has lived true to himself, death is but a second and higher life. His influence will live and continue to mould the minds of men, until time shall be no more.

Life is real ! — life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

At the beginning of the present term it was the universal sentiment of all,

“Roll swiftly round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day,”

when another long vacation should give us a sweet respite to our arduous duties as students, and

The hated clang of the hated bell,
That calls to recitation,
Where we must go, or sick, or well,
Should cease its keen vibration.

Well, the term we all looked forward to as so long and wearisome has passed away, like a summer cloud ; and as we look back upon the path we have trod, memory strews every thorn with roses, and what to all of us, a few short months ago, was

The hated clang of the hated bell,

is now

The low, sweet murmuring of the bell,
That murmurs soft, a last farewell.

May the pleasure we receive in looking back on conquered difficulties, nerve us to overcome the obstacles that lie in the path of the future.

We offer you our “Mirror.” If in its pages you find a few thoughts that memory shall treasure in after years, we feel that we are amply repaid for our labors. “Vale, vale, longum vale.”

THE FEARFUL JUMP.

’Twas the witching hour of night ;
The righteous were calmly at sleep,
When, down from a dizzy height,
There was made a fearful leap.

Some Seniors were having some fun ; —
Were smoking and having a chat,
When to the door came one,
Large, and decidedly fat.

He knocked and hammered away ;
No answer came to his knock ;
But he bellowed out, " I say,
Unlock the door, unlock ! "

But silence reigned within :
The wood-closet hid one boy,
He shook from his chin to his shin, —
Vamoosed had the poor fellow's joy.

But the noise increased without ;
The man who stood at the door
Was tall and fat and stout,
And a most unmerciful bore.

So he clamored loud for a light ;
No answer came to his call ;
Then he pushed with all his might,
That fat man, large and tall.

His labor did nothing avail ;
He could master a tough Greek root,
But he did most wretchedly fail
To burst a pine door with his foot.

His diaphragm black with rage,
Like Achilles, the warrior of Eld,
Nought could his anger assuage, —
He knocked, and clamored, and yelled.

The poor fellows trembled in fear,
Yet what on earth could they do ?
The one they most feared was near ;
And they felt decidedly " blue."

So one crawled under the bed,
Hid away from view mighty well ;
What he had very near to his head,
We are really too modest to tell.

But anything, no matter what,
 Was sweeter to him than detection ;
 Better lie there, in dirt and in smut,
 Than to *stand* in " mental dejection."

One opened the window in fright,
 Looked down on the ground below ;
 'T was a dark and starless night,
 But out he determined to go ;

So out he jumped in a trice,
 And fell to the ground " kerchunk ;"
 He picked himself up " like a mice,"
 But found that he was 'nt " all hunk."

Then the man so tall and stout,
 Kicked harder at the door,
 Till he broke the panel out,
 While reeking at every pore.

Then a wise young man was he,
 Who quickly came to the door,
 And, inserting the wished-for key,
 Said he wished he 'd done it before.

Then the tall man, large and stout,
 The man whom Phillipians dread,
 Gave them all a good shaking out,
 And hurried them off to bed.

Then away they slunk from his sight,
 To their beds of torment, away ;
 And all in their dreams that night,
 Kept hearing the frightful bray

Of the man so tall and stout, —
 The man whom Phillipians dread, —
 Who gave them a good shaking out,
 And hurried them off to bed.

MORAL.

Ye who are merry and jolly,
 Who love to smoke and play euchre,

Who for every low folly,
Spend all of your "filthy lucre,"

Of the tall, stout man beware, —
The man whom Phillipians dread, —
Lest he catch you all by the hair,
And hurry you off to bed.

BLUE LAWS OF THE FEM. SEM.

For the benefit of certain ambitious Middlers who are anxious to make the acquaintance of the Fem. Sems., we will, by permission, publish a chapter from the laws of that Institution.

1st. No young lady shall become a member of the Abbott Female Seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, kiss the theologues, repeat the multiplication table, and at least two thirds of the Shorter Catechism.

2d. Every candidate for admission to this school must come provided with one pair rubber boots, one pair cowhide ditto, one copy Todd's Student's Manual, one orthodox Conner's Subdued Hoops, one copy of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, and a clothes-line. N. B. — No cosmetics, perfumes, or fancy soaps will be permitted on the premises.

3d. All members of the school shall be in their rooms by five o'clock P. M., and shall devote one hour to the contemplation of the folly o, using a white handkerchief and looking at young gentlemen.

4th. No member of the school shall devote more than one hour a week to miscellaneous reading. The Atlantic Monthly, Shakspeare, Scott's Novels, Robinson Crusoe, and other grossly immoral works are strictly forbidden. Washington's Farewell Address, the Boston Recorder, Missionary Herald, and Bibliotheca Sacra are earnestly recommended for *light* reading.

5th. No person connected with this school shall adorn herself with feathers, flowers, or other vanities; and no colors of an excessively gay nature shall be tolerated, unless it be a composed yellow, dignified mouse, or puritan gray.

6th. No member of the school shall tarry more than three consecutive minutes before the mirror.

7th. Every member of the school shall wear a thick veil on the street, and shall be particular to turn away her face from every gentleman. Any infringement of this rule will secure a penalty of reading at least six books of Milton's Paradise Lost.

8th. No member of the school is expected to have gentleman acquaintances, unless it be a theologue, returned missionary, resident licentiate, or agent of some benevolent society.

Now, fellows, sail in.

PROGRAMME.

By the permission of the Trustees we are enabled to give the programme for the exhibition of the class of '62.

- | | |
|---|---|
| SALUTATORY, | By a (How-are-ye) Howadji. |
| 1. <i>Music</i> — A-band-ou, | By the band. |
| 2. <i>Oration</i> — Club Law, | By one "who knows beans." |
| 3. <i>Oration</i> — Chary-tea (Charity) | By one "who can't keep a hotel." |
| 4. <i>Music</i> — "Blow boys, blow," | By wind instruments. |
| 5. <i>Dissertation</i> — Kerosene, | By a <i>wick-ed lamp-ooner</i> . |
| 6. <i>Oration</i> — William Armstrong, | By one who "cultivates his muscle." |
| 7. <i>The mew-sic</i> of the spheres — A cat-erwaul, | From Longfellow's
"Voices of the Night." |
| 8. <i>Greek Diss.</i> — I ω, | By a <i>bonds-man</i> . |
| 9. <i>Poem</i> — Home(r), sweet Home(r), | By a <i>Cut-ter</i> . |
| 10. <i>Strike-ing</i> Remarks, | By a Cal-o- <i>thump-ian</i> . |
| 11. <i>Music</i> — The uproar (opera) of the band-ditty. | |
| 12. <i>Oration</i> — Uncle's seen-yers (Seniors). | By an <i>Eye-rishman</i> . |
| 13. <i>Song</i> — The <i>weigh</i> we have at old Phillips. | By the stout gent. |
| 14. <i>Declamation</i> — "Once more into the breach," | By a <i>darned chap</i> . |
| 15. <i>So-lo(w)</i> — The flowing bowl, | By a <i>base player</i> . |
| 16. <i>Oration</i> — Common scents, | By one who <i>nose</i> . |
| 17. <i>Latin Diss.</i> — Me (t) ipse, | By a member from the bar. |
| 18. <i>Song</i> — From mem'rys tablet wipe away all <i>saws</i> , | By some "old file." |
| 19. <i>Oration</i> — Bowling, | By an <i>alley-gory</i> . |
| 20. <i>Greek Diss.</i> — λάος, | By a brick. |
| 21. <i>Song</i> — "I love to steal awhile away, | By an <i>abstracted man</i> . |
| 22. <i>Latin Diss.</i> — Par-ce-me-tu (Pa, see me, too), | By the young one. |
| 23. <i>The Knave-y</i> , | By an old salt. |
| 24. <i>Oration</i> — <i>Rush</i> on the mind, | By a <i>Reed-er</i> . |
| 25. <i>Oration</i> — Schools of H'arts and Sighences. | |

What proof is there that Uncle is not a strict temperance man? Because porter (Porter) is often seen in his study.

What evidence have we of the future greatness of the second Middle class? Their lofty aims (Ames).

Why is it hard for us to keep Uncle's rules? Because we have a young Bacchus (Backus) among us.

How is the floral taste of the first Junior class exhibited? By their fair lily (Lily).

Why would the Middle class succeed well in the lumber business? Because they have a jolly Carpenter, and an excellent Wright.

Why does the second Middle class resemble the State of Massachusetts? Because it has a merry Mac (Merrimac).

Why do the Seniors always have plenty to drink? Because their Pool never dries up.

Why do the hats of the Senior's resemble "coming events"? Because they cast their shadows before.

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CHARLES W. PARK, }

THE MIND.

THE mind, the noblest quality in man, surpassing all by its wonderful power, coexisted with man; its analysis a hidden mystery, its power immeasurable, to its expansion there is no limit. In vain have fellow-minds striven to attain a correct theory of its action, and in vain have they toiled, far beyond the powers of man in his shortsightedness; it is one of the many mysteries yet to be revealed in the unending future. This alone gives character to man, and raises him above the endless human beings around him, to a position second to his Maker. To this mighty power the Supreme Being intrusted all the works of his hands, for him to rule over and to care for, and adapted them in such a wonderful manner to his taste, that in every particular they remind him of an Almighty power to whom there is no limit. And it is a thought well worth consideration, that as so many pleasing influences have been thrown around him for his elevation and cultivation, he should make a proper use of these means, and by his exertions so prepare that mind that it would be of inestimable advantage to him in the

present, and thereby fulfil the greatest and noblest object of living — the preparation for the future — which was the plan intended by the Great Architect of souls. It is true, that from Nature we derive our greatest lessons, yet the mind in order to bring out and expand its powers, needs the discipline of difficulties involved in a course of study and the many instructive lessons to be derived from the writings of our predecessors, the examples of heroes, and the experience of scholars, many of whose lives presents to us fit models for our imitation.

The difference between the educated and the uneducated mind is very marked, and in every sphere of life is more or less prominent. With it the mind enters into the spirit and animation of Nature, and is capable of comprehending her many instructive lessons. It fits the mind to wield an unrestrained influence over fellow-minds, whether that influence speaks through the pen of the poet and historian, the eloquence of the statesman and politician, or the mind of the philosopher, promulgating some new principles in the field of science. Without it the mind becomes narrow, and is less able to appreciate the broader principles of life, and thus descends to the low and grovelling in all its tastes and aspirations.

The thought that every mind was born to fill a particular department in life, is in a measure a true one, or it has become to be such, on account of the many prominent proofs there have been of this; hence as the youth is the father of the man, the importance of each choosing that department for which he is best adapted, and for which he has the strongest inclinations; for upon this depends the success of the man.

The time allotted to the mind to live is too limited to fully accomplish its work of development, or sufficiently to investigate any one of the many departments of life, enshrouded as they are in the veil of obscurity. Newton, who had spent all his days in the study of the laws of gravitation, at the close of his life uttered these impressive words, “I have just begun to learn,” and if his great mind, after the lapse of those years,

had just begun to learn, what must be the extent of the knowledge of any of us? And, but for the assurance that the mind was forever to live, and forever to continue its noble work, its preparation and labors in the present would be to no purpose, and its life a failure.

♦

SMALL THINGS.

“DESPISE not the day of small things,” is an adage, which, from its very nature, and long standing, is worthy of universal adoption. But when it comes to us from the pages of Holy Writ, and is sanctioned by the inspiration which attends that sacred volume, we see that its importance is too great to be depreciated.

Little particles enter into the composition of all things. The mighty ocean, which lashes itself into fury at the coming storm, which bears upon its bosom the commerce of the world, and buries beneath its depths vast resources of hidden treasure, is made up of waves and billows, each of which can be dissolved into separate atoms. The gorgeous rainbow, which spans the heavens, the refreshing rain, which sheds moisture upon the parched earth, and delights both man and beast, the clouds which adorn the sky, of various hues, and diversified shapes, can all be divided into their component parts; and even the little drop of water, from which these grand combinations are derived, when seen through the microscope, is found to contain animalculæ without number. The broad earth, covered with Nature’s verdure, producing man’s support, and teeming with the work of his hands, can be reduced to the apparently insignificant grain of sand. The sturdy oak, giant among trees, and lord of the forest, which affords shade to weary man, when oppressed by the heat of summer, and warmth when bitten by the frosts of winter, which bids defiance to the fiery blasts of

the storm king, and stretches out its arms to the birds of the air, who nestle in its branches, and make them redolent with their songs of praise, was once contained within the tiny enclosure of just such an acorn as that which lies neglected at its base.

All things must have a beginning.

We cannot, with magician's wand, erect an edifice in a night, but the first stone must be laid, the first nail must be driven, and the splendid mansion of fair proportions, dazzling richness, and faultless architecture, must rise to its lofty eminence by slow but steady progress. Thus humble beginnings lead to noble results. Step by step we ascend the hill of fame, round by round we climb the ladder of glory. We cannot take it at a leap, we cannot scale it at a bound, but gradual must be our course, securing each foothold as we go.

No one can arrive at distinction in any profession without vigorous and incessant toil upon first principles.

The Reformation, which spread with lightning certainty and rapidity over the Old World, eradicating error, and revealing truth, is traced to the instrumentality of a few leading spirits, and originated in the brain of one man. The political, social, and religious privileges which we enjoy as a nation, can be ascribed to that Puritan band of Pilgrim Fathers, who came to Plymouth Rock, in the *Mayflower*, in the face of difficulties such as only they could endure, and under the most embarrassing circumstances that it is the lot of man to experience. In the midst of winter, they were thrown upon a barren, icy shore, and exposed without measures of relief, to dangers from cruel enemies, and death by violence, cold, and hunger. But that God who left them not in their extremity, brought them through this fiery ordeal, only purified in the furnace of affliction. The missionary work, which stretches its broad wings over the islands of the sea, and extends the light of the Gospel to those of every nation sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, substituting the Bible for idols, and diffusing Christian civilization where heathen barbarism has held sway, emanated from a small body of

Christian students, who met under the shadow of a haystack to discuss the important topic. So, too, with this rebellion with which we are now so desperately grappling. When the first symptoms were exhibited, it might have been nipped in the bud; for this too, like other gigantic systems, arose from a small beginning. But the sparks, instead of being smothered, were fanned into a flame. The flames, instead of being extinguished, were provided with fuel. The first few trickling drops which oozed forth, instead of being checked, were allowed to increase; until the flames have burst forth from hundreds of cannon, all over the South, destroying our dear ones, and our property, and the waters have found their way into every northern household, submerging the flower of the family, extinguishing the light of the home; and as this stream of death is pursuing its onward course, its waters are swollen by the tears of bereavement, and mingled with the best blood that ever flowed through patriots' veins. Upon its banks grow weeping-willows, upon its bed lie the frustrated hopes of thousands. At first its progress might have been checked by the strong arm of the government; but now its course can only be arrested by the dead bodies of our youth.

A man's character is made up of little traits, his mind of single faculties, his heart of separate affections, his life of distinct acts. A little event can change the history of the world—the destiny of an existence. A little word, or even look, can heap a cup with happiness, or overflow it with misery. The fear to say that little word “No,” has ruined many prospects for life, and dug many a drunkard's grave. The tongue, in itself, is a very little member; but, as a medium of intercourse, what burning words of eloquence it can express! What scathing words of satire, and abuse it can hurl at the offender! In what lofty strains of harmony divine it can indulge, and yet, what profanity it can launch forth! In friendly conversation, what hopes it can inspire, and what aspirations satiate, and yet, in angry dispute, what fiery darts of envenomed passion it can

dispense! The eye, though small, conveys to the mind the actions of the outer world, is the abode of light and intelligence, the seat of beauty, an expression, and how extensive is the range of its vision! "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "The very hairs of our head are all numbered." A single tear, upon a mother's cheek, will soften the heart of a reckless and obdurate son, which threats and violence have failed to reach. And Virgil tells us, that they were overcome by tears, whom neither Tides, nor Achilles, nor ten years, nor a thousand ships, had been able to conquer. Through all the various fluctuations of man's career, we see written indelibly on every page of his life, as in characters of fire, a reiteration of the divinely propounded question: "Who hath despised the day of small things?" E.

GOD AND NATURE.

THERE was a time, far back in the distant past, millions upon millions of centuries ago, when God alone existed. In His infinite power, and majesty, and grandeur, God was. No one to bow down and worship him—no subjects dependent upon His word for life and breath—no vast revolving globes performing their wonted journeys at His command—nought but *God!* The mind of mortal man shudders at the contemplation; it shrinks from wandering back, and trespassing, even in imagination, within that sacred time—that dread space of the past eternity, when the Almighty dwelt—*alone*. It fears to see Him there in His unutterable, solitary, yet awful, sublimity. And well it may! For what is man?

But God spake; and, lo! what a change! Where there had been nothing, now vast worlds appear; boundless space overflows, as it were, with luminous orbs, which at His word commence their ceaseless revolutions. Countless millions of

created objects at His command spring into an existence, which, for some of them, will be unending.

He spake, and the work of creation was over. And now the works of God seem to merge into those of Nature.

God created all things; adapting them to each other, so that certain results would be produced, under certain circumstances. Nature preserves all things; using the means which God has given for bringing about those results. Thus we see, in all things, two agents: God the Creator, and Nature the Preserver. The one dependent upon, and growing out of the other, which in itself is the First Great Cause of all things. The one takes up the work where the other leaves it. The one follows and obeys, the other leads and commands. The power of the one is limited, that of the other infinite. The one will last only so long as the universe remains, the other is eternal.

At God's command the universe commenced its being. By His power, acting through and by that of Nature, it retains its symmetry. It is one of Nature's sublimest laws that keeps the heavenly bodies in their places, not permitting them to wander from their paths. Even the seemingly erratic comets, that fly hither and thither through space, now crossing the orbits of the planets, almost coming in contact with them, as they pass around the sun, and now dashing away into the remote depths from which they came, not to return again for years, perhaps for centuries, even *they* act in accordance with this law. So exact are the operations of this law — and so nicely is this vast system of moving bodies adjusted — that philosophers would have us believe, that if one particle of matter upon any one of the heavenly bodies should be utterly annihilated, and its weight be lost, the equilibrium would be destroyed, and the whole universe be thrown into confusion.

Again, we see the power of Nature in preserving created objects, in action in every organized body about us. For instance, God created the matter of which trees are composed. Nature collects that matter, changes it as much as may be

necessary for the benefit of the tree, and then distributes it, in the manner and through the channels which God has provided, as fast as is necessary for the tree's growth. By mere natural laws, also, the vapor rises from the ocean, is wafted by Nature's breezes over the thirsty land, and then, at Nature's command, it falls in refreshing showers. The same agent purifies the atmosphere, distributing gases equally throughout the air, and from the cast-off matter of one class of organized beings provides healthy food for another.

Nothing is lost in the economy of Nature; so exactly does she prepare her various compounds, so fairly does she scatter them, — only where they are needed, — that everything is turned to a good account; what is thrown aside as useless at one point is conveyed straightway to some other spot, where it is needed and used.

Thus in all things do we see God's Almighty power manifested, first in creating — then, by means of His good helper, Nature, in preserving; and as we read day by day, from Nature's unprinted book, all we there see would tend to lead us and direct us

“From Nature, up to Nature's God.”

K. Y. II.

SUMMER BY THE SEA-SIDE.

DESPITE the war and tumult, that invade our blessed land,
 In spite of poverty and want, now seen on every hand,
 We leave the crowded city, with its sun-baked roofs and streets,
 And seek the open country that, with outstretched arms, entreats.
 Not content with fields and meadows, but desiring something more,
 We hasten to the water's edge, and reach the sea-girt shore;
 Now here we have, in unison, the grandeur and the wealth
 Of land and ocean both combined, conducive to the health.
 Instead of noisy vehicles, the heavy, lumbering dray,
 We hear the cow's deep lowing and the horse's lively neigh;

Soft breezes to refresh us at evening, noon, and morn,
 Come laden with sweet perfume o'er fields of waving corn ;
 And through our open windows, just at the dawn of day,
 Come the notes of warbling songsters — some mournful, others gay.
 We've no need of peddling hucksters, with crude and unripe fruit,
 Who offer their unwholesome wares, begrimed with dust and soot ;
 But we can have in plenty, while the dew upon them shines,
 Peaches, apples, pears, and melons, fresh from the trees and vines.
 We, in search of grateful shade, such as cities seldom afford,
 Recline beneath dense foliage, on the green and tender sward ;
 Not restricted by hard pavements, not hemmed in by high brick walls,
 We roam at large, and ramble through Nature's spacious halls, —
 Through woods and bushes, over mounds, at random we can stray,
 And bring back game sufficient to reward our devious way, —
 Peruse, mid plants and flowers, an interesting book,
 Or find most luscious berries in some sequestered nook.
 But these are not the only pleasures that can here be found, —
 The place is rife with others, which richly do abound.
 See the ships, how they go gliding by, with sails so trim and neat, —
 Look out towards the horizon, where the clouds and waters meet :
 Behold the ships : beneath that line they disappear so fast,
 First the hulk, and then the sails, till all is gone at last.
 Now watch the white-capped waves as they pursue their onward way,
 Breaking on the beach and scattering all around the spray ;
 Each one is armed with sand, with bright shells, pebbles, and sea-weeds,
 It leaves its treasure on the shore, then quietly recedes,
 Making room for its successor, which, loudly rearing, goes,
 And on the strand its burden it quickly, lightly throws.
 The night comes on, the wind has risen, the sea with fury's lashed,
 And angry waves with violence upon the shore are dashed ;
 The heavens frown, all nature scowls, the sea is in a rage,
 The elements against themselves a mighty battle wage ;
 The lightning's flash, the thunder's peal, intensify the storm, —
 Old Ocean, formerly serene, assumes a hideous form :
 Amid the howling of the storm, above the high-tossed wave,
 The beacon-light burns brightly on, the mariner to save.

Those excursionists enjoy themselves, so swiftly gliding by, —
 There's comfort in each figure, and pleasure in each eye ;
 And as the zephyrs fill their sails they sing discarding fears :
 Sweet music, rising on the air, is wafted to our ears.
 Now they stop, and, taking in their sail, they let the anchor go,
 And fish awhile, then for the sport and profit they will row ;
 In their meshes many of the finny tribe they ensnare,
 Wildly struggling from the briny depths, and mutely saying " spare."

* * * * * * *

See that group of dancing satyrs! no! 't is Neptune and his nymphs;
 Their appearance is deceptive, half terrestrial and half imps;
 They must be some naiads or mermaids; no, they're human now I see:
 Women, in a dress fantastic, are a bathing in great glee.
 Now some men — modern Apollos — in their garbs of various hue,
 Enter the ring to share the scene, and have a frolic too;
 And then, to show that they are really champions of the race,
 They spatter water on the girls, and splash them in the face;
 The first step rather pleases them, the next needs some coercion,
 For that is to baptize them by the process of immersion.
 They then resist with all their might, and scream as ladies will,
 Thereby getting of the nauseous mixture their entire fill;
 They writhe, and foam, and struggle hard, but the men are energetic,
 Their partners having taken that which acts like an emetic.
 And thus these active scenes go on, growing lively more and more: —
 Oh! how pleasant 't is to ramble in the country by the shore!

E.

PIETY AND PATRIOTISM.

IN what subject could we all more readily sympathize, as lovers of those principles of Freedom and Prosperity which we are in duty bound to obey? And yet not with the idea that these soul-stirring themes can be fully and carefully weighed, in all their importance, in the few words only which I can now present to you. But if we, by revolving them in our minds for a few moments, shall succeed in awakening one fresh

thought of love towards God, and fanning into a brighter flame the fires of patriotism and devotion to our native land, — this glorious heritage, — as, I trust, already kindled, I shall feel amply rewarded. We will discuss no doctrinal point, but that great subject which lies near our hearts. Not Piety — that element implanted in the soul by a divine influence, and which leads our thoughts up to the Great Giver of all good; which arouses the slumbering affections and love of the mind, and reveals new aspirations in life, new hopes, and new fears; which arrays the whole enginery of the soul against the powers of darkness, and struggles through fierce contests in the holy warfare, trampling under foot all that is impure, and reaches out in earnest longings for a divine life, a more heavenly existence, — not this would we consider particularly alone; nor Patriotism, which calls forth every earnest endeavor from the willing mind for the good of one common country; but the two combined, as a fixed basis of action, which have enabled so many,

Where the battle was the hottest,
 Where the cannon's roar was loudest,
 Where the leaden rain was thickest,
 Where the bayonet's point was keenest,
 Where the life-blood flowed the freest,
 Where death ever seemed the nearest,

to say, “God and my native land.” We can hardly separate the two, and yet patriotism may to a great extent exist without one iota of piety. Love of country, and all its great advantages, of liberty, of free institutions, and a heartfelt sympathy and assistance in their prosperity and maintenance, is experienced by many who have no love whatever towards Him, who is the Great Ruler of all his creation, and at whose smile or frown nations, as well as the most humble of his creatures, rise or fall; by many who look no higher than mere human agency for the support and strength of a government or the success of a nation. Indeed, the records of history point us to whole

nations even, that God, for his own wise purposes, has permitted to flourish. Although upon their vision the light of prosperity may have been reflected with unwonted splendor, yet they have been entire strangers to that sweeter, more peaceful effulgence and glory which alone can spring from the Star of Bethlehem—a light in the firmament of God's love, to guide all nations into the path of justice and peace. But we cannot for one moment doubt the existence of patriotism among them. We, of course, condemn every step beyond, as cruelty and barbarism; for patriotism will hardly warrant any one to revel in scenes of blood—it will only permit the defence of national rights and national privileges. On the other hand, piety cannot exist without patriotism. A man whose heart has become so expanded as to receive piety, the fountain of whose soul flows pure and free, cannot so far forget his duty to his God as to forget his duty to the land which gave him birth, whose blessings he has drunk in like water; still less will he betray, and labor for its downfall, its utter extinction. The Rubicon should never invite him to cross its rippling waters to devastate his home. No gilded throne, or royal apparel, or position of power, should turn him aside from principle and equity; nor will they do it, unless he shall first become corrupted with the eagre desire to stand high upon the pinnacle of worldly fame, so bright and dazzling to the eye, whatever may be the sacrifice. We know that many a moral man, making no pretensions to holiness, may be so constituted, may naturally possess such a disposition that these things have little or no attraction for him; while by his side may dishonorably fall his neighbor, who had thought himself fortified against temptation, but ambition fired the dormant passions of his soul, and in an evil hour he yielded to the siren song, and is swept along with fearful momentum over the shoals of popularity and public opinion—love of earthly glory—until he finds himself deserted by his professedly most devoted followers, after they have served their purpose with him. But if he be no hypocrite, this will only lead

him the more thoroughly to question his own motives, and more carefully to search his own heart, and in future to act in the great drama of life in his proper place; so that this can be the least possible argument against the union of two such noble elements in real character, because he is a wiser man, for he has learned,—although by the most bitter experience,—the truth of those two words, containing worlds of meaning, “Know thyself.” While the moralist beholding, who cannot read the silent, spiritual language of the subdued Christian heart, will only surround himself with a more impregnable covering of morality, and, with a firmer hand, obliterate piety—the key-stone of patriotism—from the tablets of conscience, where God has inscribed in characters of living light, and united them by peculiar ties in such an unmistakable manner, that man—presumptuous man—has no right to sever them. Oh! how our country bleeds on account of this very thing to-day—suffers, because men, unlettered in the eloquence of the soul, stretch forth a ruthless hand and mar the beauty and the loveliness of piety—that gentle messenger of peace. “How like a mountain devil in the heart rules ambition”—lawless, breaking away from all reasonable restraint, smiting down innocence and purity in order to place a victor’s crown, although it be with blood-stained fingers, upon their accursed heads. No, we cannot separate piety and patriotism. They are united. Let our country adopt them as her motto, and, by the blessing of God, she will march on steadily to triumphant liberty. Let us adopt them, and we have a foundation firm as the Rock of Ages.

B.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE JUNIOR.

NOBLE parent's pet,
Handsome little boy,
Hero of his set,
And of home the joy ;
Has but little knowledge,
Tries to be a man,
Boasts he's going to College,
Swaggers all he can.
Thinks he's wondrous wise,
Talks about orations,
Tells tremendous lies
About his own relations.
Speaks without reserve
Of his checkered life,
Every line and curve
With daring deeds so rife.
Asks how you have spent yours,
Enough almost to vex,
Then tells his adventures
With the "gentle sex."
Progress is retarded,
Finds he is far wrong,
Wholly disregarded
Mid so great a throng.
Wiser than the hoary,
Thought he would be heeded,
Finds his way to glory
Very much impeded.
Homesick, dreads the morrow,
Tastes of life the bitters,
Finds out to his sorrow
"All's not gold that glitters."

Middlers will torment him,
 He's imposed upon.
 No one will defend him,
 He's the butt of fun.

THE MIDDLEL.

See the mighty student,
 Head no longer thick,
 Never is impudent. —
 He's a "perfect brick."
 Sports among the fellows.
 Has a glorious time,
 Puffs with mighty bellows,
 Thinks he is sublime.
 He, of fame deserving,
 Often tries to write ;
 Thinks he is an Irving.
 Picture his delight
 When his bright effusions,
 Published in the Mirror.
 Challenge all allusions,
 And charm every hearer.
 Ventures on the stage ;
 Thinks that he can speak.
 Ought to be a sage,
 Since he's studying Greek.
 Virgil's very inspiring,
 In his room rehearses ;
 Of the Latin tiring,
 Tries some English verses ;
 Sends them to the ladies,
 Sips nectar, sweet, Elysian,
 Far from Tartarean Hades .
 In rapturous fruition.
 " Nuns " and pretty " fem sems,"
 Are his constant theme :
 Of these nuns and fem sems
 He does nightly dream.

They meet his advances,
 Call him "dear" and "dove,"
 O how it entrances
 With them to be in love!
 But the foolish "Middler"
 Soon is put to rout.
 He is second fiddler,
 Senior's cut him out.

THE SENIOR.

Lofty is his bearing,
 Conscious of his worth,
 Dignity he's wearing,
 Greatest man on earth.
 By his whole demeanor
 You can surely tell,
 He has left off Kühner
 On Xenophon to dwell.
 Homer's ancient roots,
 At his touch expand ;
 He culls Sallust's fruits,
 With a steady hand.
 Valedictory's ever
 Present to his mind ;
 From it naught can sever,
 To it he's inclined.
 Honor, fame, and glory,
 Hanging overhead ;
 E'er the year is o'er, he
 Snaps the slender thread
 And secures the laurels
 Skill and talent gain,
 Though with anxious quarrels,
 Some will strive in vain.
 Him the fair ones favor, —
 In company appears ;
 Attentions do not waver, —
 Old beyond his years.

Envious position. —

Hope he will not spoil ;
 Surely a condition,
 Worth two years of toil.
 O most noble Senior,
 Keep your tongue in bounds !
 Since your boast, and e'en your
 Pride is without grounds.
 Learn a useful lesson,
 May it guard your ways,
 It will prove a blessing
 If others sound your praise.

E.

L I F E .

THE presence of life is everywhere seen throughout all the vast realm of nature, gushing forth in all created things, welling up in all beings animated with the invigorating principle of vitality, springing upward in thousands of forms full of beauty and loveliness, and spreading joy and gladness in its path wherever it goes. The cold, dark ground on which we tread, when moistened by the refreshing showers of summer, and warmed by the gentle rays of the genial sun, seems to feel within it the rush of life. The flush of life thrills upon the mountains, over the hills, and among the quiet, peaceful valleys, beautifying each flower, each leaf, and everything which it touches with its magic hand.

Wonderful is the life that beams forth in all the works of Nature ; wonderful is the life that courses through all animated being ; but there is a life which far transcends all the glory, all the happiness of mere physical or animal existence. The creation was a stupendous work, but the finishing stroke, the climax of that great work, was the creation of man, whom God made in his own image and after his own likeness, giving

him power over all the other works of creation. God breathed into man the breath of life, and he came forth from his Maker a living soul.

Beautiful is morning, as the sun, resplendent and glorious, rising majestically above the eastern horizon, crowns the brow of the distant mountain, as it kisses the grassy hillside, as it tinges the flowers with beauty: so also is the beginning of man's life. In youth all seems fair and lovely; the rough places of the future are made beautiful by distance. The youth sees bright visions before him; fond hopes allure him; he thinks he hears a voice calling him onward, and obeying that voice he urges his way along, overcoming all obstacles, striving to realize his fond hopes, but finds that they were illusions. Nowhere on earth can he find that which will be lasting and real. Only in that life beyond this can he find that which will be enduring.

PASSING AWAY.

THESE beautiful and impressive words are written upon the whole face of Nature. From the East, where the first rays of the morning sun make glad the hearts of men, to the ever verdant prairies of the West. From the green and flowery fields of the South, to the cold and icy regions of the North, these words are written upon the whole face of Nature. The mighty oak which for years has withstood the storms and howling blasts of many a winter, and whose strong limbs and knotted trunk are fit emblems of that hand who made them, speaks forth in a voice which cannot but be heard, those all-powerful words, "passing away." From the sun, whose smiling brightness betokens the glory of the Eternal one, to the less brilliant yet no less beautiful moon, from the mighty cliff, whose cloud-capped summit is covered with eternal snow, to the lowly mound, comes the same voice and the same words, warning

men that though glorious and bright, though proud and beautiful, they are slowly but surely "passing away." Thrones and empires are crumbling into dust. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced beneath the setting sun on many a bloody but victorious plain, and whose sons well sustained the name of Romans. Greece, lovely Greece, the land of literature and the arts, — these have "passed away." And now we, who are living at the present day, are swiftly gliding down the stream of life; soon the places which know us now shall know us no more forever. And let us, knowing these things, consider them well, so that when we are placed upon the bed of *death*, we may be able to look through the dim mists of the past, and know that we have not left upon the records of time the memory of a misspent life."

◆◆◆

THE ACADEMY BELL.

At morning, and at eve,
 And through the busy day,
 The bell, without reprieve,
 Retains its rigorous sway.

Through wind, and snow, and cold,
 It rings with equal force;
 Its tongue it cannot hold,
 It never will grow hoarse.

It hangs in stately form,
 Monarch of all around;
 Alike in calm and storm,
 We must obey its sound.

Engaged in toil, or play,
 From its control ne'er freed,
 We cannot lag or stay,
 Its summons we must heed.

Scarce from the apron-strings,
And other bores beside,
We're chained to higher things,
And to the bell-rope tied.

With text-book under arm,
We go to meet our fate;
We hear the last alarm,
And know the bell won't wait.

We can't our task commit,
And yet it's all the same, —
The bell don't care a bit,
But glories in our shame.

Through rain, and mud, and slosh,
In mire up to the knees,
That bell will never hush,
It likes to torment — tease.

And when on Sabbath morns,
Fatigued, we seek repose,
The bell us rudely warns
To hurry on our clothes.

For biblical it rings
With more than common zest;
It says, 'mong other things,
“This is no day for rest.”

For “cutting” there's a cure,
And perfect, without doubt;
The bell says, now “be sure
Your sin will find you out!”

But this bell has a charm,
It sometimes cheers us all;
We apprehend no harm
When't cites to Philo's hall.

GENIUS *versus* LABOR.

PERHAPS no word in our language is more commonly used in a sense which does not properly belong to it, than the word *genius*. We see a man attaining to great eminence in any branch of human literature or skill, and we call him a *genius*; so we say this one has a *genius* for music, this one for oratory, this one for science, and so through the whole category. Possibly they have; but should we examine carefully into the matter, we should probably find that what is commonly called the result of *genius*, is, in a majority of cases, nothing but the fruit of patient, continuous, unromantic *labor*. Said Alexander Hamilton, one of the brightest examples of what the world calls *genius* that our country can afford (we do not give his precise words): "When I wish to write upon a subject, I first give it the strictest examination in all its various bearings and relations; I read about it, I study about it, I think about it; in short, I completely master it, and then make known the result of my inquiries. And this is what they call *genius*." Therefore let not him that has it not in any remarkable degree despair; its place can be amply supplied by earnest effort.

Few things ever have or ever will be accomplished without *labor*—severe, patient, unrelenting labor. Not that kind of labor which prompts us to give over as soon as wearied or discouraged; *that* has effected but little for the good of mankind. Labor to be effectual must be self-denying, it must be earnest.

When we consider the condition of our fellow-men at this time, and see them sunk in degradation and vice, we are almost appalled by the magnitude of the work before us. Man is to be raised from his unhappy state; he is to be enlightened, purified, ennobled. And how is this to be done? *Genius* alone cannot do it. Riches alone cannot do it. Both combined would fail to accomplish it. Judging from the evidence of the past, we see but one method, one mighty agent, which, in the providence of God, is destined finally to effect the purpose; and

that method is labor. Riches and genius, when rightly used, may be beneficial; but the past history of our race teaches us that those who have done most for their fellow-men have been destitute of either. Here, then, is a power which all can wield. And let no one despair because he has not genius; this, alone, has effected but little if anything for the good of mankind. It is only when directed by right principle, and when sustained by diligent toil, that it becomes effectual for good.

There are indeed those who, trusting solely to their genius, seem to despise honest work; rising above it, as it were, in lofty flights, as the eagle rises high above his winged competitors, and from their airy perch looking down with disdain upon the commonplace toil of life, until, with broken pinions, they fall to rise no more. Meanwhile the patient, toiling worker, despising the ridicule of his highflown rival, strives on, day after day, night after night, and finally shines conspicuous among this world's brightest stars; and when he departs from life, with its tumultuous scenes and cares, his name is handed down with grateful feelings to future generations. While the poor genius, neglected and forgotten, sinks rapidly in the cold, dark waters of oblivion, and he is gone; his influence, his deeds, his fame, all perish with him, and shortly crumble into dust. Some one, perhaps a firmer friend than most, carves upon his tombstone his name, age, and death, then passes on and mingles with the world's busy throng, which still moves on in its wonted circles, unconscious of the fate of *genius*.

K. Y. II.

TACT AND TALENT.

BOTH these are predominant qualities in the organization of the mind. Tact always adapts itself to circumstances, and everywhere exhibits keenness of perception, depth of thought, and clearness of intellect. Talent, on the contrary, clothes the mind with the beauty of imagery, the refinement of education, and all the power which genius can produce. Tact and talent are the exponents of a mighty mind; hence great men in every age have been men of tact and talent. Mind, in itself invisible, yet is the greatest power in the universe. The struggle for greatness and fame is but the means by which tact and talent gain the ascendancy over minds of less capacity. Napoleon shook the whole world by the power of his mighty genius. It was not some lucky star which always crowned his efforts with victory, and led him on from a position of low estate to the very pinnacle of fame; it was rather the tact which he possessed of combining all his energies upon the accomplishment of one purpose.

As we read the works of Webster, does it not seem as though his eloquence was almost inspiration, as at the bar and in the senate he so ardently became the expounder of law and of liberty? One, as the echoes of his voice to-day fall upon the ear, proclaiming the results of secession as war, and such a war as he could not describe in its twofold character, would think his words almost prophetic. In invention, reform, and the advancement of civilization, tact and talent always *have been* and doubtless ever will be leaders. In the world's history, the enlightenment and experience of one generation forms the basis for a new. Thus the standard is ever rising, and a higher grade of talent is constantly demanded in proportion with the progression of the age. Fifty years hence, all the abilities which any of us possess, improved and cultivated by all the efforts which the time of youth will allow, cannot more than supply the demand. Few if any of us can rise to a level with

what might be styled the great men of the age, but we can devote all our energies to the improvement of the faculties we possess. Our time must not be spent in idleness and inactivity; we have a life to live, our talents to bring forth to the world, and a name and reputation to secure.

Toil on; in hope o'ercome
 The steeps God sets for thee;
 For past the Alpine summits
 Of greatest toil,
 Lieth thine Italy.

S. E. D.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

ON the field of battle gory,
 On the field of carnage red,
 Lay a gallant soldier dying,
 With the earth his only bed.

As he lay his thoughts flew homeward,
 To the cottage on the hill,
 Where he oftentimes hath wandered
 By the brooklet and the rill.

From his breast he drew a locket,
 And within were faces two,
 One his dear and loving mother,
 Ever faithful, just, and true.

And the other was his loved one,
 'T was his bride so fond and dear.
 Whom he prayed for without ceasing,
 And let fall the silent tear.

He had left his home so cheery
 At his country's holy call,
 To preserve our glorious Union,
 Or in its defence to fall.

As he now lies faint and weary,
 With no hand to soothe his brow,
 He thinks of his dying Saviour,
 Whom he never loved till now.

Turning his eyes in the twilight
 To the massive field of blue,
 He whispered a prayer to Heaven,
 To his God so just and true.

Gently a band of glad angels
 From God's holy court of love,
 Came and bore him on their pinions
 To his blessed home above.

Now he shines in the light of God,
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 On his head a crown of glory
 For his deeds so fair and bright.

R.

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS.

NOTHING is so essential to the happiness and prosperity of a people as good government, and none is so well adapted to the minds of men, as the Republican, granting as it does, equal rights to all, by bestowing upon the poor the same power as the rich.

This is indeed the strongest foundation for any government, and we are pleased to say it is the distinguishing feature of the Republican, with the power fixed in the hands of the people for them to make it a government prosperous and powerful, or on the contrary, its prosperity marred by civil contentions and strifes, which tend to its overthrow and utter demoralization.

For this great principle of freedom, our fathers, weighed down by the crushing hand of monarchy, fled from its tyrannical sway, and sought this pure land, then untainted by the ruling

hand of man, but held open by the Almighty, for an abode of peace to the oppressed of mankind, its wide extended shores ever welcoming with the greeting of peace. Come hither, O subjects of tyranny, and build up for yourselves a government with freedom for its foundation, freedom to live, freedom to act, freedom to worship God.

Of the origin of the Republican government, we refer you to Greece. Her people disgusted and enraged by the supremacy of the higher classes, abandoned royalty, and adopted the Oligarchical government, the first form of Republicanism, which won for itself the name. This change taught the people of Greece the important principle that government was for the citizens, and not for a few; and as a result of this revolution, this period of Grecian history has been marked as its most brilliant. But we know of no government which ever has existed that illustrates the principle of Republicanism so powerfully as the government of America. Though many Republics have risen for a short space, and gained a name to live, yet they have been overcome while young, by the more powerful hand of supremacy, and its subjects having breathed its inspiring air, are again compelled to yield. Thus our fair land, planted as it was in the wilderness, grew to be an extensive colony under the banner of freedom, till the monarchy of England, realizing the influence and effect of such a government, strikes a powerful blow to its liberties; but, instead of effecting the object in view, wakes up her sons to the mighty issue, and seeing freedom and tyranny presented before them, with the words of the gallant Henry in their mouths, "*Give me liberty or give me death,*" go forth in arms against the most powerful government of the world, win for themselves their liberties, by the dear price of human life, and found for us this Republican government, now the proudest of the world. One blow was not enough; again she invaded, and again she was defeated, till by the lapse of time, thrice strengthened, we can oppose her.

We have already stated that the greatest feature of Republi-

can governments was their equality; this we regard to be the great secret of their success, for by placing before the poorer classes the advantages of education, we fit them for better purposes than mere labor; we raise their grade of morals, and elevate their tastes, and thereby fit them better to sustain the government of which they are a part.

The ragged boy in the street, or the inhabitant of the humble cot, may raise himself to the highest office of the land, in common with the wealthiest; each man can hold and utter his own opinions with the same impunity as the monarch on the throne. It abolishes those dividing lines between rich and poor, so prejudicial to the harmony and prosperity of a people. In fine, freedom and liberty, so far as not to encroach upon the rights of fellow-man. The advancement it has been to this people cannot be overestimated; for what form of government in existence could have raised this people from all the degradations and want into which they were plunged, by the ravages of a ten years' war, and developed her mighty resources in such a wonderful manner, in those short years that are passed; surpassing all nations in her inventions and mechanical genius; in the general intelligence of her people, and the additions she has made to science; and, lastly, the great mysteries she has revealed in the art of war. In a powerful manner has she shown monarchical governments the folly of standing armies; but at the time of invasion, to appeal to her sons for succor, and an army is raised up equal to the army of years. Then should we entertain any fears for the ultimate success of such a government, sustained as it has been by the greatest intellects the world has ever seen, and so marked has been its prosperity all through its history. But should we not rather feel, with such principles at stake, if truth is to prevail, the Republican government should rise to be the noblest the world has ever beheld? Already have her principles won the highest respect among the nations, and its policy upheld by all. Already has she proved that doctrine, hitherto unknown, that man was born *to rule* as well as *to be*

ruled. Justly, the Republic of America can be pronounced a success ; well can we appreciate her advantages, well extol her virtues ; but her ultimate success remains to be proved. Great the revolution she is working in the hearts of her people to-day, and the question at stake still greater. Her cause is shaken to the very foundation, and the Republic that was, is not, — families against families, father against father, brother against brother, are drawn in battle array. The one contending to re-establish the Republic ; the other invading, to build upon its ruins the hated monarchy. Thus is freedom tottering upon her once strong foundation, and again her re-establishment is fated upon the conflict of arms. The eyes of the world are upon us, eagerly watching her slow, but sure elevation ; and the day is near at hand, when the Republic of America is to be the government of the world. D.

STAR OF "63."

SEE! another star has risen
 From out the eastern sky,
 Dispelling by its azure light
 And by its richest dye,
 The clouds of doubt and fear,
 Which had begun to be
 Gathered round old Phillips halls ;
 'T is the star of sixty-three.

May this star which dawns so brightly,
 Shed its lustre far and wide,
 O'er the sea of human thought,
 Many care-worn souls to guide,
 As they sail o'er life's rough ocean,
 Ever tossed by care and strife,
 A beacon-light to guide them
 From the reefs and shoals of life.

May it turn them to a haven

Where there's nought but joy and peace,

Where loving friends shall greet them,

And every care shall cease.

Then shall they turn with pleasure,

To the beacon-light at sea,

Which warned them of the quicksands,

The star of sixty-three.

R.

COLUMBUS.

THE name of Columbus, a man of humble origin, but in whose mind had been implanted a mighty intellect, is a light which shines forth conspicuous from the dark mass of ignorance and superstition with which it is surrounded. Living in an age when learning and science were still buried under the massive ruins of Greece and Rome, his was no common genius, and had it not been for his great perseverance and courage, the results of it had never descended to us. Battling with the dogmas and bigotry of his time, his mighty mind overleaped the barriers of superstition, and ranging, in the boundless realms of thought, grappled with truths, which then seemed too great for human comprehension, or if received at all, were received as the offspring of a disordered mind, or the frivolous emanations of the imagination. Pondering on the form and motion of the earth, he conceived that according to the laws of Nature, there must have been another hemisphere to the West, to preserve its equilibrium; and when he looked forth upon that ocean, "boundless, endless," and unknown, stretching from his feet until its blue waters mingled with the skies, his spirit chafed within him, he longed to tempt its treacherous depths, and to unfold to an admiring world its profound secret. The question arose in his mind, whither does this watery waste lead? where does it terminate? His vivid imagination pictured to him fairy

realms unseen before by man, abounding in silver and gold, clothed in all the verdant foliage of the tropics, and inhabited by unknown races of men. The vision dazzled him. In his dreams he seemed to spurn the old, and enter a new world.

Having matured his plans, he now sought men and money, the influence of the rich and noble to carry them out, but he met with nothing, on every hand, but discouragement. His plans, upon which he had bestowed so much profound thought, were treated with contempt, while he himself was looked upon as an idle dreamer, and in some cases as a mad man. But he continued in his endeavors, firmly convinced in the truth of his assertions, until, having laid his plans before the King and Queen of Spain, he obtained three small ships and their crews. With these he set sail. Pointing his prow to the west, he is borne on. Gradually, the land diminishes, until the then known world, with all he holds dear, friends, and a nation patiently waiting for the accomplishment of his bold undertaking, is but a faint blue line stretching along the horizon. At last, this even disappears, and nothing but the boundless ocean meets his gaze on every side. With nothing to guide him but

“ that trembling vassal of the Pole —
The feeling compass — Navigation’s soul,”

he pushes boldly into the unknown space before him. Many times his mutinous crew almost force him to return, but he surmounts all difficulties, and at length his dream has proved a reality. Lo ! before him lies the New Hemisphere, the goal to which he had been tending so long, and which he had now reached to the astonishment of the world. With what joy does he pour forth his thanks to God, as that welcome sight meets his eye. How he rises immeasurably superior to his fellow-men, and stands forth alone. Columbus, the discoverer of America, will always be known as long as this country, although it bears the name of his rival, stands upon the face of the earth a massive monument to his memory.

P.

SODALE CARMEN.

SEMPER condiscipuli
 Bene laboremus!
 Studio, ac labori,
 Præmium habemus.

Quisque sit præclarus vir,
 Usque agens dura,
 Atque pergens prorsum "per
 Ardua ad astra!"

Fama aperit portam,
 Nos vocat intrare.
 Opus est ad gloriam
 Acriter certare.

Omnes fideles amant.
 Matres, et sorores,
 Et amici, nos sperant
 Capere honores.

Attamen est decus quod,
 Viam monstret morti.
 Optimum est dictum — "prod —
 Esse quam conspici."

E.

 WAIFS FROM A SOLDIER'S LIFE.*

WHILE passing through a grove, on the banks of the now celebrated Antietam Creek, our attention was attracted by the sound of a well-known voice breaking strangely on the morning air — "Support arms!" We advanced into the open space, and again that voice breaks upon us with its familiar accent.

* Written after the Battle of Antietam, from the effects of which the writer contracted a disease which terminated in his death.

Can it be? Yes; there stands an old Phillips boy, and soon we Phillipians join in a pleasant greeting, and for a few brief moments, days spent in Andover were recalled, with its many pleasant associations, and among them Philo was not forgotten. Yes, in these stirring scenes, Philo's sons are found true to themselves and the principles learned and defended on her floor.

Two weeks ago last Sabbath our regiment left Fairfax Seminary, and after forced marches, a good deal of swearing, and a very little to eat, we reached our brigade on the Tuesday evening previous to the great battle of September 17, at times a hard cracker was considered a luxury. We all had one tent, and could have accommodated several thousand more, "sleeping with naught but the starry-blue overhead;" but all this was forgotten, when on the eve of the 17th we pitched camp in silence and in darkness, within shot of rebel batteries.

We had hardly lain down when the word was passed along, "Rebels! up! up!" and instantly we were in line and ready for action; but on investigation it proved to be only a squad of cavalry, and soon our camp was quiet again. In the morning we were aroused by the bursting of bombs and the music of shot, varied by their size and the distance of the batteries. This, indeed, was our first introduction into active service, and the sight of bodies still warm and bleeding, though lifeless, and of others mangled and torn, was full of horror, yet we soon became accustomed to such scenes, and could witness them without emotion. One shell burst so near as to stir us for a moment, inflicting numerous flesh wounds, and doing other slight damages. About the middle of the afternoon our brigade entered the fight by a roundabout course, worn out with marching, fasting, and excitement, yet ready and eager to join in the fight, though perhaps unfit, as we had been only two weeks from home, and had received very little instruction in the use of our pieces. The balls whistled merely about us, furnishing shrill tenor for the deeper base, harmonious as the

music of Phillips choir, which was once compared to that of a "harp of a thousand strings, and each played on a different key." As night came on, the firing slackened, and finally ceased, and the calm quiet was broken only by dying groans and prayers of those who longed for death as their only deliverer and greatest blessing. God bless the poor fellows who are now suffering from the terrible battle of that day, and may he soon grant our loved land deliverance from her trials, and a speedy restoration to her former peace and prosperity; yet may the fires of patriotism never cease to burn with increasing lustre till treason shall be overthrown, and the Union established forever.

RESOLUTIONS.

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WHEREAS, in the all wise providence of God, our dear friend and late schoolmate, SAMUEL H. THOMPSON, has been removed by death, therefore

RESOLVED, That in his decease we recognize the hand of HIM who doeth all things well, and bow in submission to his will, who has removed our friend from earth to a far higher and nobler sphere of action.

RESOLVED, That in his Christian example, his unselfish devotion to his country's service, and his peaceful, triumphant death, we find much to cheer and animate our hearts in this hour of trial.

RESOLVED, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved relatives and friends, upon whom the hand of the Lord has fallen heavily, and comfort them with the assurance that the grave where they have laid him will

“Watch the well loved sleeper,
Guard the placid form,
Fold around it gently,
Shield it from alarm,”

until he shall arise in newness of life, crowned with immortal glory.

D. J. BURRELL,
A. J. ROGERS,
B. F. WILLIAMS, } *Committee.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY. —

At the expiration of the long summer vacation, with its joyous days and pleasant recollections, we assembled once more within the time-honoured walls of old Phillips, and, with regret, beheld many faces missing, which we desired to see present, and the ones to whom we had looked for advice and support. But they, prompted by a true love of country, and feeling that she needed them most in the hour of her trial, laid aside their books, and offered their aid to support her noble cause. But, while we look upon their departure with feelings of regret, yet we feel proud of them, and with our best wishes bid them God-speed. With these regrets and disappointments, the dreaded term opened upon us, and toiling we plodded through its first few weeks, till each became so much brighter and shorter than its preceding, that soon they glided by unnoticed, and unnumbered; and again the closing is before us, which is followed by a short rest from toil, and is greeted by all with the greatest pleasure. But, in passing, we cannot but notice the prosperity of the Society during the term that has passed, and the promptness and energy attendant upon every effort. And we trust that this feeling will continue through the terms that are before us. With these few remarks, we present to you our MIRROR; thanking you for the generous support you have given us, and though its pages are covered with thoughts aside from the great subject of the day, yet we trust they may not be disdained. It is with feelings of sorrow that we present to you one of its pages draped with resolution on the death of one of our number; yet we do so with this comforting assurance, that he died *in the cause of his country*. With these scattered thoughts we leave the chair to those who may come after us. "Vale, vale."

FOOTBALL.

It is five o'clock, and after; and the day's work is all done,
 And the boys are left at liberty to study, or have fun;
 Some are going to the club-rooms, some are going to their books,
 Some are walking — to see others', and exhibit their own looks;
 But the greatest crowd of fellows can be seen on the ball-ground,
 That fine place where fun, in plenty, is at all times to be found;

Now the football is sent flying through the air, so swift, and high,
 As if, like a thing of life, it sought a mansion in the sky ;
 And then scores of anxious faces watch its progress, and descent,
 And again, up towards the heavens, in its rapid course it's bent ;
 Then it falls, and bounds high up in air, and then's sent up again,
 Ever thus the lively play goes on, and fiercer grow the men ;
 Then they swarm around in clusters, and each other much impede,
 For a hundred feet are ready to perform the mighty deed ;
 The ball goes gayly onward thus, its devious way hard steering,
 'Mid shouts, and exclamations, and the lustiest of cheering ;
 For they fight as for a victory, their steps no longer slow,
 And they kick as though their life depended largely on the blow ;
 Thus the ball is urged fast forward, and has almost reached the goal,
 (The expression on each countenance depicts the ardent soul ;)
 When a man, who stands in readiness to thwart this plan profound,
 On the very verge of victory, sends the ball back to the ground
 On the centre of the campus, where of fellows quite a crowd,
 Take the ball up to the other base, 'mid shouting long and loud ;
 Then the ball is on the field again ; a stout and sturdy man,
 (Who has long been resting for the task, and thus it is he can ;)
 Snatches up the ball, and rushes the whole length of the long field,
 And though all attempt to stop him, he will not his treasure yield,
 Till he's gained the final boundary, o'er obstructions in his way,
 And is then, by acclamation, called the hero of the day ;
 Now the men come off the playground, loth to leave their favorite game,
 But ah, see ! for some are tattered, others bruised, still others lame ;
 And, instead of decent students, from a field of active sport,
 They resemble worn-out veterans, from a field of different sort.

E.

Why ought the Senior Class to be very good ? *Paul* and *Moses* are in it.

Why have the Middlers reason to be proud ? They have one bright *page* (Page) in their history.

Why do the Englishmen keep themselves so straight ? They have so good a *plumber* (Plummer).

Of what consists the entertainment in No. 9 ? Music from the "slender *reed*" (Reed).

Why do the Euclid Classes in No. 6 pass over the "PONS ASINORUM" in such safety? They have good *bridge-man* (Bridgman).

Why are Englishmen never hungry? They always have good *eating* (Eaton).

Why is George Francis Train like bad bread? He's not much *needed* (kneaded).

REGULATIONS OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

1. Students will not be allowed to leave their beds before three o'clock in the morning, nor will they be permitted to retire until seven in the evening.

2. Students are not permitted to spend more than seven evenings a week in ladies' society.

3. Students are not allowed to attend more than sixteen parties a month.

4. As the students are generally very green, and boorish, and rough in their manners, as well as slovenly in their appearance, they are advised to associate, as much as possible, with the Academy boys.

5. Students will not be allowed to go to Lawrence without an Academy boy as an escort.

6. Students are allowed to play marbles in the cellar, between the hours of five and six in the evening.

7. Students are not allowed to drink cider, sour milk, or any other INTOXICATING beverage.

8. Members of the Junior Class are requested not to talk Hebrew in THEIR SLEEP.

9. Members of the Middle Class are not allowed to commit more than fifty PSALMS for a recitation.

10. Members of the Senior Class will not be allowed to write more than FOUR sermons a week, but must AMUSE themselves in other ways.

11. Each student must provide himself with a copy of CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE, which he must always carry with him in his VEST POCKET.

12. Punishments for violation of these rules will vary according to the crimes, but will be such as receiving lectures on MORALITY and BEHAVIOR from the Academy boys, blacking their boots, carrying their water, &c.

L I N E S ,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE ENGLISHMEN.

You Englishmen are naughty boys, —
 That's true, and nothing shorter ;
 At prayers you make an awful noise,
 And don't do what you'd oughter.

On Uncle's daily wicked list
 You always have your share ;
 From evil if you don't desist,
 You'll have him in your hair.

In Jimmy's heart you cause regret,
 And many great distractions,
 Because you're such a wicked set,
 And don't love vulgar fractions.

And Mr. Kimball grieves, perhaps,
 As much as anybody ;
 It's awful wrong for little chaps
 To call their *teacher* " Toddy."

At prayers you do things quite improper
 For little boys to do ;
 I don't believe you care a copper
 For anything that's true.

You're always breaking Uncle's rules,
 You wicked little sinners ;
 He ought to make you stand on stools,
 Or go without your dinners.

Now, Englishmen, your ways amend,
 And cease such naughty acts,
 For to your books you should attend,
 If you'd learn useful facts.

You'd best be sober part the time,
 If you would Jimmy please ;
 And then, although you ne'er can climb
 To a *Middler's* peace and ease,

You may, perhaps, by toil aspire
 To a little better name;
 And by strong effort you'll rise higher
 Than the place which now you claim.

X.

Why is the Middle Class like a rainbow? Because it has brilliant *hues* (Hughes).

What do the Second Juniors do to the Latin Reader? They *gnash* (Nash) it.

What sort of lard do the First Middlers use in their cookery? *Bul-lard*.

Why would the Second Juniors be successful in pugilistic encounters? On account of their powerful *knocks* (Knox).

What horticultural specimens does the Senior Class possess? The *park* (Park), with its *hawthorne* (Hathorn), — a tender *plant* (Plant).

How do we know that the Englishmen are a warlike set? They have *battles* (Battles) in their recitations.

Why will the Seniors succeed? They are all bound to *win* (Winn).

Why will the Middlers lay their foundations well? They have a good *mason* (Mason).

What fish do the Englishmen like best? *Bass* (Bass).

What representatives of a family are there in "No. nine?" *Brother* (Brother) and *sister* (Sistare).

How do the Seniors measure their rate of speed? By *ells* (Ells).

What funeral appendage does the Senior Class exhibit? The *pall* (Paul).

Why is the Second Middle Class like an omnibus? It can always take in one *more* (Moore).

How will the Seniors keep warm this winter? By their *coals* (Cowles) and *spencer* (Spencer).

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T. J. VOLENTINE.

HAMILTON KITTREDGE.

OWEN G. LOVEJOY.

MENS SANA IN SANO CORPORE.

IN a quiet, rural home there was an unusual excitement during the last few days which precede the opening of the academies and other institutions of learning so thickly stationed, as beacon lights, on these New England hills. The only son and beloved brother was making preparations to leave his home, and take the first grand step in student life. He was yet in the early part of his teens, vigorous and healthy. Until that period his life had been spent in the pure air, free from the contaminating influences of the city. The purifying tendency of habitual communion with Nature, had implanted in his mind a reverence for Nature's God; and the duties incumbent upon him, as a farmer's son, had imparted strength to his muscles. Nature was the volume he read; and as he perused, with boyish delight, the history of the heavens and the poetry of the flowers, heard the eloquence of the thunder and the music of water, ennobling and lasting impressions were made upon his mind. While thus engaged in reading this fascinating volume, he bade adieu to rural scenes, and was introduced to the more

confining duties of academic life. Soon the pressure of study occupied all his time, and proper exercise was neglected; and as he drew nearer the close of his course of study, he felt the pressure more and more.

From morn till sultry noon,
From noon till dewy eve,
From eve's last lingering light
Till silence crowned the night,
He toiled without reprieve.

At the close of his course he was graduated with honor, and possessed in an eminent degree the *mens sana*, but not the *mens sana in sano corpore*. He returned home, but his happy and joyous sisters, who had been drinking freely from the flowing springs, breathing air perfumed by the sweets of nature, and acquiring good health and sound constitutions to beautify their womanhood, did not welcome back the fresh, glowing countenance, and the sparkling eyes which they looked upon with pride at his departure. The color had left his cheek and strength his muscles.

Thus perish many of America's most gifted sons. And where lies the blame? In part it rests upon the individuals themselves, but mainly upon our institutions of learning. The amount of work to be done, especially in some of our preparatory schools, is so great, and the time in which to perform it so short, that it cannot be accomplished thoroughly by common minds and at the same time pay due attention to other duties. It *can* be done, and done in a thorough manner and in the prescribed time, and that, too, by a young man of common abilities, if he will sacrifice every other interest, and bend all his energies to the accomplishment of that one object.

It *has* been done often, and almost as often has it resulted either in dwarfing the moral sensibility or stunting the physical powers. Haste makes waste, and it applies to educational interests with a peculiar force. Now combine with this the system

of marking, and we have two of the most *prominent* and *fatal* errors in American institutions, each of which has a twofold tendency.

Haste results in superficial scholarship or failure of health. It is a continual gorging, without any respite for digestion. If a student fully understands and masters all the requirements of his course, he sacrifices his health; and if he spends a proper amount of time in healthful exercise and other general duties, he gets no deeper than the surface in his studies. The system of marking, also, terminates in superficial scholarship, and, besides, dishonesty of character. The student does not study to know, but to recite. And many of our teachers and professors sit with pencil and paper in hand, ready to mark each recitation before it escapes their contracted minds. This littleness in the teacher has a tendency to disrobe the student of every manly feeling.

The world is in need of ready, active, practical men, men of strong minds, noble impulses, and sound bodies. We educate the intellect, discard the physical system, and too often the heart. Socrates taught his followers in the open air with words of "strange wisdom on his lips," and it would be a blessing to the world if his style of instruction were adopted more frequently in our own land. The bad effects of our system of education are seen in so many pale-faced students, unfit for study, and less fit for any other occupation; in "dyspeptic theological students," and professional men of all grades.

If our Maker has given us strong constitutions, we are under lasting obligations to keep them so, as far as it lies in our power. If we cannot take a course of study without injuring our health, it is evidently our duty to lay aside the study and preserve our health, the precious boon of Heaven. It is insulting the mercy of a beneficent God to destroy the health in order to accomplish our ambitious purposes. Yet this is often done. Nay, more, they are not few who expend all their physical strength in their attempts to obtain some petty honor, and *then*, when all the vitality of life has been wasted, present their shattered frames

and diseased bodies to the holy office of the ministry. This is a gross insult.

The pulpit, the bar, our national halls, all positions of influence and responsibility, call for men of practical views. We do not undervalue scholarship; but the world has been cursed long enough with book-worms. American scholarship needs to be vitalized. Our educated men ought to be men of action, as well as men of thought; men who can make laws and put them into execution, lay down the pen and take up the sword, and, if necessary, lay aside the dignity of the scholar, and assume the garb of the husbandman, or pilot the Ship of State through fearful breakers, and after she is safely moored in the quiet harbor of peace, return to their usual avocations. But how can they do this without the *mens sana in sano corpore*? V.

AMBITION.

GOD has endowed man with certain qualities, — certain passions and desires; and he has implanted within the breast of every man, to a greater or less extent, what is called Ambition, — a desire to excel, to rise above our fellow-men, and to gain distinction, honor, power, and renown. In some this is one of the most excellent and beneficial, in others one of the most evil and destructive of all qualities. This is in accordance to the degree and the object for which it is possessed. When possessed in a very great degree, unless it be for some pure and noble object, it is one of the most evil and destructive qualities in man. It brings not only destruction upon the person possessing it, but injury upon others. Its tendency is to corrupt, to lead men from a good and honorable course to an evil one, for the sake of gratifying their ambition, — to lead them to resort to foul means to accomplish their purpose. Thus it crushes every good and noble quality, or makes it subservient to itself; it unfits the man for life and usefulness here, and destroys the salvation of his soul hereafter.

The career of Napoleon affords us a striking instance of the injurious effects of ambition when carried to excess. Although his ambition was in part to benefit France, to bring her out of the misery and ruined condition into which she had been plunged, and make her one of the greatest nations of the earth, which was noble and honorable ambition; yet his great end and object of life was to gain for himself power, to increase his supremacy, aiming, perhaps, at nothing less than the sovereignty of the whole eastern world. Thus that noble man degrades his humanity, and becomes a slave to an evil ambition which brought ruin upon himself and desolation upon France. How many lives were sacrificed, how many homes made desolate, by the ambition of that one great man! France was ever involved in war, thousands and thousands were slain, Josephine, his espoused wife, was divorced, — a most cruel deed, — and Napoleon himself, at last, is torn from the throne of France and finishes his life in obscurity, ruined by his own deeds, the results of a great and unrestrained ambition.

So in almost every case, the very ambitious man, — one who discards all truth and virtue, and is willing to resort to any means to satisfy that one desire, — fails of accomplishing his purpose, injures himself, is of no service to his fellow-man, and dies in infamy and disgrace.

But ambition is not wholly an evil, only when carried to excess. When possessed in a moderate degree, it is one of the noblest and most essential qualities in man. Man without ambition becomes a sluggard, has no aspirations for anything high and noble, dishonors himself and his Maker, and is of no service to his fellow-man. Washington, Adams, Franklin, and other revolutionary fathers were ambitious for their country's good; they aspired to do her service, to excel in good qualities; thus they benefited their country, were an honor to their countrymen, and died the most beloved and respected of men.

The unambitious student never arises to any degree of excellence, never becomes an educated and distinguished man; but

the ambitious one, who is ever pressing onward, nothing daunted by all the difficulties and trials in his way, but is resolved to surmount every obstacle, gradually overcomes them, and step by step ascends the steep and rugged mountain of knowledge, and gains a prize well worth years of toil.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that we all have ambition to a greater or less degree, some for one thing, some for another; but we all have one object for which we are ever striving, one goal to which we are ever pressing on. Some desire to become literary men, to be numbered among the great writers and orators of the land; some statesmen, and warriors; others to become wealthy and influential men in the world. Some wish to attain their object by fair means; others, so great is their ambition, are willing to resort to dishonorable and unjust means. But it is ever to be remembered that the latter class do not succeed, but spend lives of unsuccess and disappointment, are not beloved and respected by their fellow-men, and fail in gaining the approval of their Maker, and thus do not fulfil the great end for which they were created.

Thus let not our ambition be carried to an excess, so far as to corrupt ourselves, to induce us to dishonorable and unjust means to gratify it; but let it be restrained by principles of right and justice; let it be for something noble and honorable, — to make the best use of the talents that God has given us, to be a benefit to mankind; and, above all, to discharge our duty to God the giver of every good gift.

OUT OF THE FETTERS!

“ And on her bonnet graved was plain
The sacred posy — *libertie*.” — BURNS.

HAVE you ever in revery sought
For some holy and beautiful thought
Which shall breathe o'er your paper serene?

Have you yearned for some language to tell
 This thought in its passionate swell
 For relief from the chambers within?

On tabouret in antique room a thoughtful poet lay
 Weaving out some weary rhymes, to write his virelay ;
 And from his lips these accents came :
 “ O earnest-eyed genius and thought revealing angel.
 Leave thy tenement of stars, cease thine echoing evangel,
 Inspire us with trump of fame.”

Anon into the darkness descended
 A figure whose beauty was blended
 With the pallid sculpture of death ;
 Trailing curls falling all o'er her,
 Shadowed eyes gazing before her,
 Parted lips vacant of breath.

And beneath the stainless forehead
 Burned the vision earnest, torrid,
 God's glory through it shed ;
 And a wild, impassioned grace
 Swept round the tender, saddened face
 With the God-smile haloèd.

She spoke, and the darkness all round her
 That like a cerement bound her
 Dissolved 'fore the breath of her lips ;
 And the tone of her eloquence swelling
 Through the gloom, was an angel's fortelling
 Our nation's apocalypse.

“ O'er thee broods the thunder-pall,
 Columbia !
 The cloud gloams o'er thy castle wall,
 Columbia !
 For thy fetters clank on limbs of freemen,
 For thou hast doomed the race of Edom,
 And thou must lead them on to freedom
 Columbia, O Columbia !

- “ While traitor-brows are o’er thee darkling,
 Columbia!
 While traitor-swords are round thee sparkling,
 Columbia!
 Wilt thou lie steeped in listless lore,
 Or languid with the mandragore
 Which golden wealth doth round thee pour,
 O Columbia?
 Arise, gird on thy sword of honor,
 Columbia!
 Arise, tred forth upon thy manor,
 Columbia!
 Look on thy servants’ fever-pains,
 Hear the clank of their servile chains, —
 Their blood runneth in thy veins,
 Columbia, O Columbia !
- “ Hark, I hear thy call in the shadowed arch,
 Columbia!
 I hear the tramp of thy onward march,
 Columbia !
 No more art thou denied for me,
 Henceforth thou art a bride for me,
 Wedded America and Liberty
 Now and forever.
- “ Purpose sublime is through thee breathing,
 Columbia !
 Laurels on thy brow enwreathing,
 Columbia !
 Thou shaketh off the perfumed wine,
 Strength shineth in thee, hyaline,
 Thou art Heaven’s now and mine,
 Columbia, my Columbia !
- “ Though to-day thou’rt tempest hurled,
 Columbia !
 Reck ye not of the ribald world,
 Columbia !

Smile upon its king's glories,
 Stoop ye not to pay its price,
 To-morrow ye see Paradise
 Columbia, my Columbia!"

She paused ; but round him in the mist
 The sounds did float confusedly
 And fell about his brow unwist,
 For by her smile his heart was kissed
 Into earnestness and ecstasy.

But slow she passed into the curtain of night
 With noiseless footfall and stirless vesture,
 Like a sinless soul's flight all swathed white
 In the glowing drapery of the Infinite
 Entering heaven with silent gesture.

Nor wore the dead a stiller face,
 Oh, one could bear that forehead fair ;
 But not those earnest eyes of grace,
 But not the pathos of those eyes
 Looking in mystic silence there.

Ah, students, every nation's glance
 With expectant countenance
 Is turned with waiting gaze but leal for our contest to reveal
 A bond that shall consecrate
 In its oneness every State,
 To the country's better weal, to the glory of our ideal.

Only England's smile is growing colder
 As she gazes o'er her shoulder
 On the Northmen as they solve this problem bitter, pitiless,
 Which makes free as ocean-wave,
 The helot-life of swarthy slave,
 But which lays on Saxon braes white brows with the bullet's kiss.

Ah, brothers, through this blackness which darkens all our youth,
 Through the sadness of the twilight that to gradual darkness glooms,
 Ah, sisters in the temple of our glorious young truth,
 Stands the poet's angel, smiling with a smile of saddened ruth,
 Wreathing wreaths of roses round sainted heroes' tombs.

“ PERSEVERANCE AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.”

PATIENCE and perseverance, in the words of Richardson, overcome all difficulties; but perseverance, to a great extent, includes patience, together with the enterprising spirit which is so essential to success. In a time of difficulty and danger, patience alone will not avail for extricating one's-self; there is something more that is wanted, which, together *with* patience, is comprehended in the word “Perseverance.” Perseverance, therefore, is the true and necessary element of success.

And how true it is that this element overcomes all difficulties, for we see it exemplified in the lives of the self-made men of our country; we see it in the life of Henry Clay, in the life of Benjamin Franklin, men who rose from the lowest order in society to among the highest stations of trust in the country, and that, too, through their own energy, through their own determination, with the motto “Patience and perseverance overcome all difficulties” on their lips.

In whatever we engage, whatever we undertake, we hope for, and to a great degree expect success, and we would to a greater extent obtain it if we were not so deficient in the element of perseverance; but, alas, that element is wanting, and hence it is that so many of our plans and projects of life result in defeat.

If it had not been for the perseverance of Columbus, when ploughing the deep in search of a new world, which he was certain must exist, but the idea of which was ridiculed and sneered at by the people of the Old World, from whom it was with the greatest difficulty he could obtain a vessel and crew to try his experiment, although surrounded by men who, in their despair of success, were thinking it a false delusion of Columbus to suppose that such a land did exist, the discovery of which he was so eagerly expecting, and who, on this account, had become mutinous, and were threatening to throw him overboard and sail for home, — if it had not been, we say, for the perse-

verance of Columbus, America would not have been discovered. And unless the Puritans had come to this country, unless they had fought their way manfully and courageously through all the dangers and difficulties that beset them, and had overcome and crushed, by their patience and perseverance, all the obstacles that thwarted and hindered their plans, unless their descendants, the heroes of and martyrs for American liberty and independence, had maintained their rights against British aggression, we would not now have the glorious, though for the time being the disordered and broken, Union and Constitution.

It was *perseverance* that raised Stephenson from the low position of a coal-digger to the rank which he did once, and still enjoys, in the eyes and estimation of the world. It was *perseverance* that obtained for Alexander the conquest of the world, though it was such an unjust and cruel success; and it was, to a certain degree, (looking at it from a worldly point of view,) the perseverance of the disciples of Christ, that prevented the extinction of his pure and holy religion during the reign and persecutions of that most cruel, bloodthirsty, and vile human monster that ever polluted earth.

Thus we see what perseverance has achieved, even sometimes in wicked as well as righteous causes.

Let us, therefore, cultivate and cherish this valuable and useful trait; and, first, being sure that our cause is just, let us, taking for our motto, "Patience and perseverance overcome all difficulties," press on in the contest of life, struggling manfully and bravely in the cause of humanity and of God, having a well-grounded hope of victory and success.

FINIS OPUS CORONAT.

THE end crowns the work,
 The patriot hero cries;
 The end crowns the work,
 Each scholar's heart replies;

The end crowns the work,
 The statesman pushes on ;
 The end crowns the work,
 And noble deeds are done.

And thus through all our lifetime,
 Though many evils lurk
 Around our slippery pathway,
 Yet the end crowns the work ;
 And though our feet may falter,
 From the path of duty turn,
 Yet keep this motto near us,
 And every evil spurn.

When at last we reach our haven,
 Full of joy and peace,
 When loving friends shall greet us,
 And every care shall cease ;
 Then think we of the compass
 By which we've steered our bark,
 The never dying motto,
 The end crowns the work.

I.

“CONTRABAND.”

WE are fighting “men in buckram.” Again and again have we assailed the crumbling old fortress of “Abolitionism,” but its ivy-cased battlements echo back our charges, and its time-girt foundations will yield only to the force of the advancing civilization of the ages. The old granite scowls at our feeble blows, but will decay, as the fog yields to the rays of the rising sun. If this be so, why do we not direct our blows at the *true and immediate* cause of our great national disaster? In the dawn light of Freedom, it is easy to discern the power that has thrown the apple of discord between the North and South, and

left them both weak from loss of the strong blood of Union. Paris is “ contraband.” A woolly head, with ebony face and ivory teeth, — look no further, friend; *this* is the fingerboard that points to America’s darkest hour. An artist has drawn a picture; balmy breezes fan neglected fields; the plowshare in the furrow, and the sod unturned; feeble childhood droops beneath the withering touch of famine; commerce ceases, and desolation, like a dismal cloud, settles upon the once busy metropolis; a dread silence hovers o’er the land; now through the stillness arises the piercing wail of famine-pinched humanity, heaving groans, and smothered sobs, and the avenging cry of the bereaved; falling tears, and breaking hearts, and whitening locks. A dark, dark picture; and the *artist* is “ contraband.” Yesterday our fair America blossomed as the rose, — to-day the withering simoon of war leaves her soil a fruitless, parched Sahara. The storm was cradled in the warm lap of Ethiopia, and an army of “ contraband ” spirits bore it trans-Atlanticward. Let us beware how we “ kiss the rod ” that has humbled us. The voice of Liberty in behalf of America, and the voice of Humanity in behalf of the slave, call upon us to cease our wrangling, and remove the “ *cause*.” A chorus, “ How long, O Lord, how long,” from the throats of three million suffering blacks, is borne to us upon the Southern breezes. From the gathering cloud of Divine indignation returns the answering demand, “ Let my people go.” Why do we lend an ear to the vain babbling of scheming politicians, and suffer them to sell “ certain inalienable rights ” for eagles and dollars? Cry aloud, and let the heavens reverberate with the shout, “ Down with politicians and *up* with humanity and the *people* ! ”

“ The day is here — the hour is nigh.
 Let ‘ freedom ’ be our battle cry !
 Strike he who dares ! strike he who can.
 A blow for Heaven, a blow for *man* !
 Strike grandly, in this hour sublime,
 A blow to ring through endless time !
 Strike ! for the listening ages wait !
 Emancipate ! emancipate ! ”

CLASS SONG OF 1863.

TUNE — “*Lilly Dale.*”

AMONG the halls, where “Phillips” calls
 Her sons, so brave and free,
 No other class can e’er surpass
 The class of “sixty-three.”

CHORUS. — O sixty, O sixty, O sixty-three!
 No other class can e’er surpass,
 The class of sixty-three.

When term is o’er, that time for lore
 And holidays begin,
 These noble boys commence their joys,
 For pleasure is no sin.

CHORUS — O sixty, etc.

But when the term, that useful germ,
 Comes promptly round again,
 They study hard, nor fun discard,
 Deep scholars and true men.

CHORUS — O sixty, etc.

For ’t is an art we should impart
 To all around us here,
 To never shrink, to play and work,
 And thus divide the year.

CHORUS — O sixty, etc.

For constant toil will wholly spoil
 The student for his life;
 ’T is exercise diversifies,
 And fits him for the strife.

CHORUS — O sixty, etc.

In after years, ’mid hopes and fears,
 May this a fact e’er be:
 Success and peace do e’er increase,
 The class of “sixty-three!”

CHORUS. — O sixty, etc.

THE TIMES.

NOT many years ago our forefathers, beset by every difficulty, starvation staring them in the face, hostile savages to meet upon every side, landed upon this continent, and, held down by the governments of the Old World, struggled on, growing stronger day by day, until aroused by the oppression of old England, they determined to resist her tyranny, and establish their independence.

Thus, although weak and few in numbers, they contended with the monarch of the world, and after a long and bloody struggle, they gained their independence, and founded a Republican Government. She has prospered and grown strong, until but a little while since, she held up her head among the proudest nations of the earth. But what is her present condition? weakened by one of the greatest and most wicked rebellions that have ever disgraced the earth, she totters, and unless the sons of freemen arouse and answer her call more than they have *as yet*, she falls. But shall she, once the pride of every American heart, fall? Will not every freeman rush to arms, and still save her while yet tottering? Shall that noble government, founded by our revolutionary fathers at the cost of so much blood and treasure, be blotted from the earth, and our Union with which we stand, but without which we fall, cease to exist? Shall we not manifest the same spirit as did our revolutionary fathers, who resolved to conquer or die? And will not every one be ready to cry the words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death?"

Yes! every true freeman replies, The spirit of '76 is not dead, but only sleeping. Twenty-three millions of freemen will not yield to seven millions of slaves and slave-drivers. We will arouse and put forth our strength, and still save this noble government while yet tottering, and prove to the world that we are able, after we have gained our liberty, to maintain it forever.

TRUST IN GOD.

In the hour of dark misfortune,
 In the hour of trouble's night,
 We should look to God our father,
 For with him all things are light.

He will show our path as clearly
 As at morn the rising sun
 Tells us that the day is dawning,
 That our work must be begun.

As of old he led his people
 Through the wilderness afar
 To the holy land of promise,
 Out of danger and of war ;

So at present will he lead us
 Through the depths of Treason's sea,
 A purged and chastened people,
 That forever shall be free.

Then relying on his goodness,
 And our zeal for Freedom's cause,
 We will battle for the Union,
 And defend its righteous laws.

I.

TWILIGHT.

THE king of day has but just bid adieu to earth, the timid stars begin to tremble upon the bosom of the "upper deep," and departing day mingles with approaching eve.

The sun, unwilling to leave mankind in total darkness, sends back a few lingering rays to light the earth till the pale moon shall appear. These rays of fairy light seem to throw a charm over the face of all nature, subduing our hearts by its gentle influence, while all painful thoughts succeed to tender memories.

At this calm hour, as we wander forth, what scenes of peace and content meet our gaze as —

“The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.”

But we heed them not, for, like some beautiful vision, the scenes of “Long-ago” pass before our minds.

Scenes of joy and scenes of sadness,
Scenes of greeting and of gladness;
Scenes of parting and of sighing,
Scenes of grief, of loved ones dying.

O, the sweet memories of the past! We seem again to be sporting in the bright sunshine of our childhood, to be roaming the green fields in search of fairest flowers; again our thoughtless hands tear from its snug hiding-place the nest which the robin had so carefully prepared for her young; again reclining on the shady bank of the cool stream, we worry the fish in their dark retreats, and patiently watching the livelong day, where the cool water kisses the grassy bank, we endeavor to allure the shy creatures from their hiding-places. As we look fondly back on that dim shore of the past, we see through the mists and vapors which surround it the form of one associated with all our childish sports and sharer of all our joys, whose gentle face even now haunts us, and whose voice, borne by memory across the dark ocean of time, falls on our ear like strains of saddest music. Though its accents are joyous, yet the echo in our heart is most sad, for that voice is silent now. Yet at this calm twilight hour its echo still lingers in our hearts like the burden of some sweet music which can never die.

The lofty castles and beautiful palaces of the western skies are laid in dark ruins; all the stars of heaven sparkle with joy, for the flickering rays of light in the east betoken the approach of the “queen of night,” and the sweet hour of twilight is over.

THE SKATING POND.

SMOOTH, solid ice ; clear, bracing air ;
Have caused a crowd to gather there.
We look around among the throng,
Conclude that skating can't be wrong ;
For there 's a sage, great dignitary
Looking at the scene so merry.
Gloomy thoughts are now discarded ;
Nor is pleasure e'er retarded.
Girls dash by ; great skill, too, showing,
Cheeks with health and beauty glowing,
Show how they enjoy the sport,
And that this too is their forte.
For, with grace in every movement,
Leaving room for no improvement,
They sway men's minds as they list,
Wielding charms they can't resist.
Here comes a man who's quick at books,
You see the scholar in his looks ;
You watch to see his motions rife
With that which marks the student's life ;
His stern demeanor e'en appals,
But look he totters, reels, and falls.
He falls, borne down by weight of brains,
Feels humbled when his feet he gains.
Circumstances alter cases ;
Drone and student now change places ;
Behold the idler ! how he goes !
Forgetting all his school-room woes,
Describing figures, making curves,
Now advances, now he swerves ;
Who would have thought that he so slow
At tasks, could with such swiftness go ?
Though we should do with all might,
Whatever comes beneath our sight,
Yet he has done extremely well,
Who can in many arts excel.

The Englishman can study here,
 By demonstrations plain and clear.
 The certain laws of *gravity*,
 And wonders of *astronomy*
 He understands ; but, best of all,
 Illustrates by a heavy fall,
 And then 'mid various bumps and scars,
 Sees constellations of bright *stars*.

E.

LIFE AIMS.

A BEAUTIFUL Eastern tradition is handed down, of a rugged mountain upon whose summit stood a temple in which were found the joys of Eden. Many were the weary feet that pressed its steep ascent, but only those ever reached the longed-for Paradise who kept their eyes firmly fixed upon the summit where the gilded temple shone brightly in the sun. Many were tempted, by listening to the ripple of cool waters and the beautiful song of birds, to turn their gaze and retrace their steps to the pleasant groves below. And so we all are toiling up the rugged sides of Difficulty to reach the summit of our hopes, where rests the goal we've fixed our hearts upon. But, if our aspirations are noble and worthy of us, vain pleasures around us and below us are beckoning us back. While our gaze is *fixed* upon a noble object, our progress is right "upward and onward;" but when we indulge the caresses of Fortune and Favor, we falter and recede.

A steady eye, a firm step, a determined *will*, will guide us safely to our journey's end.

The world, like heaven, claims an Omnipotent Trinity. Honor, Wealth, and Pleasure wield the sceptre upon lofty thrones, and before them pauper and millionaire, prince and peasant, bend the knee. Oh, how many hopes of life are fixed upon these — how many aims, how many aspirations! But

vain hopes they are, and, like breakers in the broad sea, they wreck the souls with which they come in contact. Ever since Eden, by the touch of sin, was transformed to earth, the air has rung with the piercing shrieks of those who have wrecked their immortality on these fearful reefs, and yet the rough sea bears upon its bosom many a bark without pilot or compass, laden with the precious burden of souls immortal.

Pleasure may delight us with her winning smiles and pleasant voice, — Honor may crown us with her greenest laurels, and paint the glory of our rising star, — Wealth may extend to us the purse of Fortunatus, — but what are all these to a noble life?

Pompeii revelled in the world's gay round of existence; voluptuous pleasure, princely wealth, and royal honor jewelled the crown of the proud city; but the merry dance and laughing voice and vulgar word were hushed by a black torrent of wrath that leaped from the crater of Vesuvius, and buried Pompeii, its glittering pinnacles and splendid columns, from the view of man. For a moment the world stopped, held its breath, and wondered; then the busy hum began anew. To-day we forget the warning, and rush blindly on in the same mad course. The ancient city rises from the heart of earth, corroded with the rust of antiquity, and lifts the kind finger of admonition, crying, "I *was*, but am not." The jewelled arm of Pompeii's Eastern Beauty, the grasping hand of Avarice, and the crowned head of Distinction, arrested by the hand of Petrefaction, tell us plainly that Pleasure, Wealth, and Honor endure but a *moment*.

Louder than the blast of the battle trumpet comes the call for earnest men, with nobler, loftier aims than these. The Past, with tear-dimmed eye, points us to the wrecks of those dazzled by Life's vain trinity; the Future looks upward with the firm gaze of Hope; the *Present* flings out her banner to the breeze, and calls us to be *men*.

Many breathe the air and tread the earth and call themselves *men*. They wallow in the puddles of Ease and bask in the sun-

shine of Contentment; they live and die, and the world cries "good riddance." When humanity is mingled with the nature of divine things, *then* it is that the nobility stamped upon the "image of God" looks up and claims the homage due to a *living soul*,—*then*, indeed, we *live*.

Thank God for noble men, with *hearts* and *souls*, who have dared to will and to *do* for the right, who have measured swords with Opposition, and, breaking through the ranks of Difficulty, have joined the shouting forces of Success! "He who is a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among the shadows," cannot be intimidated by the ingratitude of a cold world. He lives a nobler, higher life, and such as he are the guardian angels of our best interests.

"The gates of Heaven are left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
They wander out of Paradise."

With the weapon of their own honesty they bore out the great round Cyclopean eye of the world's malice. They find
"Τὸ ζῆν τὸ νικᾶν."

Let us like these fix our goal in the heavens, and beware lest we *reach* no higher than the lowering clouds beneath. We may take a firm hold on truth, and make the hope of reward for *true* merit an anchor to our souls. Let the Day Star of Bethlehem be our beacon-light to guide us along the path of life temporal into the haven of life eternal. B.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

AROUSE ye, nothern freemen,
Arouse ye, western knights;
Go buckle on your armor,
And battle for the right.

Arouse, the nation's calling,
 She calls her sons and sires ;
 Go valiant men, undaunted,
 And make brighter freedom's fires.

Arouse, defend your country
 From the foeman's ruthless hand ;
 Defend ye all her cities
 Throughout the old northland.

Defend our soaring ensign,
 The flag our fathers bore, —
 Till its extended folds shall reach
 From shore to farthest shore.

Awake, ye gallant soldiers,
 And let your anthems swell ;
 To God the captain of our hosts,
 Who doeth all things well.

And may he, in his own good time,
 Put down this civil war ;
 And may the song of freedom ring,
 Henceforth forevermore.

RESPECT FOR LAW IN AMERICA.

NOWHERE are the laws which control the actions of men better suited and adapted to their wants than in America. In no case are they oppressive or injurious to the rights of any man, but on the contrary they have been made to promote the best interests of the people. Consequently no nation ever had more cause to respect the law than our own, and we think we can safely say that no nation in the history of the world ever *has* entertained more respect for laws. In order to prove this statement it is only necessary to illustrate the conduct of the

American people in the affair of the Trent. At this time the correspondent of the *London Times* informed the English people, through its columns, that "America was governed by a mob." And this assertion was made when our country was involved in a ruinous and destructive civil war, — when it was devoting its every energy to the suppression of a wicked rebellion, to whose gigantic proportions no age in the history of the world ever presented a similar, and when there hung over her like a huge pall the sad presentiment of a war with England, the greatest maritime power on earth. The cause of this bold assertion was the excited popular applause of the brave act of Captain Wilkes. He had secured for our government the two arch-rebels who were on their way to Europe for the purpose of inducing England and France to unite in interfering in behalf of their unholy cause. The bold and fearless act of Captain Wilkes, in ordering a British vessel on the high seas to deliver up the traitors which she was carrying to undermine the interests of America, coupled with their importance, naturally excited the admiration and called forth the plaudits of a generous people, and Captain Wilkes was the hero of the hour. The whole North rejoiced at the information that he had secured them. None could at that time have been so acceptable to the American people. Their ability and perseverance, as well as their official character and mission, were well known. Captain Wilkes, by their capture, won golden laurels; his praises were on the lips of all; everywhere was he welcomed by the North; swords were presented to him, resolutions of thanks were adopted by public assemblies, and along his route there was one continual ovation. The enthusiasm of the North was unbounded when it was felt that the two rebel emissaries were held firmly grasped in the power of the government, and Captain Wilkes was almost held in veneration by the grateful people of the North.

In the midst of all this joyful sentiment we hear strange mutterings from over the sea. At first, like the darkness that pre-

cedes the storm, they occasion a general surprise, and give warning of their approach. For a few moments everything remains calm; not a breath of wind moves the heavy air; and then immediately upon all sides are heard the busy notes of preparation, as swiftly the dark cloud speeds onward in its rapid course; and suddenly, too, the angry notes of indignation sound loudly upon the stillness of that dark hour. The people of the North with heroic determination unanimously resolved to brave the fury of the storm, — to meet and to conquer. Not one dissenting voice; everywhere may be seen the determined resolve, everywhere the burning indignation, at the seemingly insulting conduct of England. Such bursts of patriotism, such unanimity of purpose, exhibit well the stability of our institutions and our laws. They know the power of the foe, having twice tried it. They recognize their ancient enemy creeping upon them now, while they are already involved in civil war. They are moved by the same extreme hatred by which their fathers were. They are eager for the conflict. On every side the popular passion, on every side the unchangeable determination never to give up the prisoners, are visible. Even our noble President declared that he would brave the power of the whole British nation rather than give up the prisoners. Such was the intense excitement of the people that to the simple correspondent it appeared impossible for the government to deliver up the captives, even though it wished to. Now, too, haughty England demands the prisoners, and the people of the North are doubly enraged.

And now the President receives the proud message of England. Soon it is ascertained that in the seizure of the prisoners some technicalities of the law were not observed. Immediately the President resolves to deliver them up, and submit to the overruling power of the Law. And as soon as the reasons which led the President to this determination are made known to the American people, immediately all acquiesce, and determine to submit to the majesty of the Law.

To-day they are as determined to submit to the law as yesterday they were never to give up the prisoners. We challenge all history to present such an instance of obedience and submission to the law as this exhibited by the American people. Yesterday as the ocean, when waves were rolling mountains high; to-day as calmed by a Saviour's presence; so America, yesterday, disturbed by the rolling waves of threatened war, to-day is calmed by the commanding presence of the Law.

F. H. H.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY, —

While the elements are in confusion, and political revolutions are changing the face of the whole civilized world, and while the modern Babel of American Slavery, whose summit aspired to reach the very heavens, is crumbling into ruins before the resplendent beauty of the fair and gilded edifice of Liberty, Philo stands unshaken; her sons are loyal. As the whole North is prosperous under the peaceful reign of her *common* Uncle Sam, so is Philo under the paternal guidance of her *uncommon* "Uncle Sam." We present you our *Mirror*, as an index of what her sons have been doing this term, although many of them have been much annoyed by mid-day visions of never-to-be-realized *honores*. Upon looking through the various articles, you will see that they are advocates of liberal education, both of mind and body, of a holy ambition, universal freedom, true piety, lofty aims, and undying patriotism. These are noble impulses; and may they ever inspire us all to strive manfully for the right.

We are compelled to make the heart-rending statement that one of our number began to build, but was not able to finish. The following production was found upon his table one morning, and from the abruptness with which he closes we infer inspiration deserted him, and thus the world is deprived of an effusion which would enrich the literature of the land. *Ubi gentium est auctor?*

Before we ever meet
 Around that honored seat
 So fitly placed in No. Nine,
 Some strange reports we hear
 Of that dread "senior year,"
 When old and young must toe the line.

'T is with trembling knees,
Et infirma spes,
 We enter first that threshold wide.
 We only know how,
 With terror-clothed brow,
 Sat "Uncle Sam" at Homer's side.

After morning prayers,
 He rushes up the stairs,
 And calls on Nolen for the grammar ;
 This poor senior's sure,
 Like a *parvus puer*,
 To rise and begin that stammer.
Vix ea fatus erat, —
 (*Quum*) —

THE MIDDLEL'S BOAST.

I'm a middler and a poet ;
 I want all the world to know it ;
 In the *Mirror* I will show it,
 And with all my might I'll go it ;
 To the editors will owe it,
 In a boat I'll some day row it ;
 In the garden then I'll hoe it,
 For the oven too will dough it ;
 In the fields will also mow it,
 On the housetop loudly crow it ;
 Through a trumpet also blow it,
 In the contest bravely foe it ;
 Louder than the bulls I'll low it,
 Everywhere I'll thickly sow it, —
 That's the mark, and I must toe it.

POETA.

SLEEP.

How pleasant, when the setting sun
 To labor brings a close,
 And when we see our duties done,
 To go to bed and snooze !

How pleasant, when the earth's o'erspread
 By evening's sombre hues,
 When near we hear an angel's tread,
 To go to bed and snooze !

How pleasant, when from cumb'ring cares
 We know which to choose,

To leave the world and all its snares,
And go to bed and snooze !

How pleasant, when our wearied soul
Herself in sleep would lose,
And clocks the hour of midnight toll,
To go to bed and snooze !

How pleasant, when our listless head
Old Kühner's rules has conned,
How pleasant then to go to bed,
And dream of pretty nuns and
Fem. sems. up there on the skating pond !

OUR TAYLOR.

OUR excellent *Taylor*, of wonderful wits,
Gives all in his province remarkable *fits*.
And one thing about it you'll gen'rally find,
His patrons are *suit*ed and *cloth*ed in right mind.

His magnetic *needle* attracts every morn,
To his desk crowds of pitiful boys and forlorn ;
And then, with precision, the *rules* he *unfolds*,
Till each one the *thread* of his story beholds.

To some of them he will *wax* warm, eloquent,
When speaking to them of their *board*, and *their rent*.
To others pronounces his mournful "tut tut,"
And *cuts* to the quick those who frequently "*cut*."

With skill and discretion he handles his *goose*,
And finds that the answers are often "too loose ;"
Then this mighty *Taylor*, so practised, and wise,
Takes hold of the *button* examines the *eyes* ;

And, when the offender protests and declares,
With *seeming* composure, "he *rips* and he *tares*"
Tell the hardened delinquent he's *pressed* him enough,
And calls his apology nothing but *stuff*.

What military term is often heard in the nunnery? *Wheel(w)right.*

What advice do we give to a certain student in respect a to member of the nunnery? *Catch her, Mac, and tie her.* (McIntire.)

Why is Andover like an old man? Because she has a gray and dry *beard.* (Beard.)

How do we know that a certain Middler is the brother of Absalom? Because he's *David's son.* (Davidson.)

How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he's been to *sea* (see).

Who leads the First Middlers through the fertile pastures of No. 5? Their *Shephard.*

When does "uncle" withhold us from communication with a certain Middler? When he tells us not to go to *Lawrence.*

What is an old woman in the sea like? Like to be drowned, of course!

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FRANK H. HATHORN, }
GEORGE H. GODDARD, } EDITORS.
WILLIAM H. MORSE, }

OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

OUR country's cause is not only the cause of constitutional liberty, but of all humanity. All hope of self-government, of the equality of man, of the triumph of free principles, has been and is now centered in this republic. The lovers of liberty in all parts of the world have watched her progress with feelings of mingled hope and fear. With joy they have beheld every indication of success, with the deepest humiliation and sorrow the least sign of defeat. To this republic they have pointed as the crowning point of all their hopes. Her growth and progress they have accepted as sufficient proof of the stability of a Republican form of government. All the mighty republics that have preceded us have flourished for a time and have passed away, to be numbered no more among the nations of the earth. Athens, the seat of science and of art, the light of the whole civilized world; Rome, the birthplace of statesman and of warriors, have fallen distracted by internal and civil feuds. They existed

for a time as models of self-government, of liberty, and the rights of man.

At the present time, the interests of all mankind are involved in our own great national struggle for liberty. Will they, who in all parts of the world have exulted in the achievements of Garibaldi and the liberation of Sicily from the yoke of the Bourbon, grudge the shout of encouragement to those who, on many a bloody field, are striving to put down the most terrible conspiracy the world has ever witnessed? No. The great heart of the masses of the people throughout the world to-day beats true to the cause of liberty. Their sympathies have been, are now, and ever will be enlisted on the side of freedom and right. It cannot be otherwise. Although the suppression or perversion of truth may for a time influence the minds of the people in some parts of the old world, their sympathies will only be the warmer on account of the temporary restraint. The issues to humanity, then, in the present contest, our own glorious history, the struggles of our forefathers, the memory of Freedom's heroes, whose names are household words, all call upon us as a nation to prove ourselves worthy of the important trusts transmitted to us; and this especially since it is a "greater disgrace to lose that which one has obtained, than not to have obtained it at all." We are called upon to use every effort in the suppression of a rebellion which from the beginning of its existence has threatened with overthrow the cause of universal freedom,—a rebellion at the contemplation of which humanity stands aghast—a civil war on such a scale the world has never witnessed! Piety lifts up its hands in supplication and cries, "How long, O God! how long! History has no such conflict on the roll of Freedom's struggles. In consideration of the magnitude of the contest and the issues involved, let us awake to the impor-

tance of exerting all our energies on the side of right. Thanks to God for the success that has already crowned our arms. Although we have suffered long in the want of a Jackson at the helm to guide the ship of state safely through the breakers of rebellion, a Washington to lead our armies to victory, yet we placed our trust in the same God that favored our forefathers in the war of the revolution, and success and victory to a certain extent have crowned our efforts. Have we, then, any reason to hope that our own nation will yet survive the shock of war? Will she not follow in the wake of her predecessors, and sink forever beneath the waves of oblivion the last hopes of the popular party? God only knows. God alone can penetrate the dark veil that now hangs like a huge pall over our country, once happy and prosperous, now deluged in blood. To Him alone must our nation look for support in this time of trial. He will give victory to the right; and we cannot but think it in accordance with His divine purpose that America shall emerge from the dark cloud that now envelops her, the admiration of the world, — that she shall exist throughout succeeding years, diffusing among surrounding nations the blessings of peace, liberty, civilization, and religion.



THE IMPORTANCE OF A LITERARY EDUCATION.

THAT “man learns by experience,” is a proverb true and trite; but that it is a “dear teacher” is no less true. He who attempts to live in this progressive age without any literary education will make a grand failure of life; and the better an individual’s education in this respect, the better will he be fitted for its active duties. We do not refer to a

superficial education from newspapers, and other periodicals, but one derived from a careful study of books, of science, and history. We would not throw classical studies aside entirely, but for a practical man they afford little profit save the discipline of the mind. A person to prosper in life must have experience; but if he spends all the best years of his life in obtaining it, what avail is it to him? He cannot apply it. The time and opportunities for that are gone, never to be recalled. How then must he obtain this experimental knowledge to guide him in his course? We reply that he must resort to books: these facts can be obtained nowhere else.

There are, indeed, undeniable advantages in personal experience as a means of obtaining knowledge. But the advantages of a literary education seem to far surpass these. Books and their study are the chief foundation of thorough knowledge. In personal experience we gain information on a subject in one or two respects; in books we see the matter brought to light, and investigated on every side. From the works of others we may learn in a short time what it would take a lifetime to find out for ourselves. Books are the great storehouses of facts, without which we should be confined in ignorance of the past to our own narrow circle of observation. Our lives and actions must be controlled principally by history, or we shall continually fall into the same errors that have proved the ruin of those who have gone before. Great men, as a general rule, are well read; otherwise they would have narrow minds—those slaves of one idea.

We find on examination that even the master intellects, which seem to have sprung up with little or no literary opportunities, have a natural taste for reading, which they have satisfied at some time in every possible manner. Shakspeare, Milton, Burke, Webster, and all our greatest minds have been wide and deep readers.

We believe and apply the great principles of political economy, astronomy, chemistry, and mathematics; but we must learn them from books: for not one of us could study out the hundredth part of those which we most often use, without the help of the observations and experiences of those who have preceded us. Our government, which, notwithstanding the fiery trial through which it is now passing, we believe to be the best in the world, was not established as a mere experiment; but it was the result of a careful examination of the rise and fall of other nations, as written upon the page of history. The most common arts and manufactures are indebted to books for their existence. For, were each one obliged to study out for himself the underlying principles upon which he now relies for support, the world would stand still, and we should be no more advanced than we were at the beginning.

So we see that, with no literature, we should be in entire ignorance; and, hence, the better literary education a man has, the more fitted is he to perform the duties of life. And not only by the *practical* education derived from books are we benefited: but, by the mental discipline derived from their study, we are better fitted to think deeply and act wisely for ourselves. We should not attempt to learn too many things; but should adopt the old motto: "*Ne multa disce, sed multum.*" Let us, since we see that books are the foundation of all thorough knowledge, study them earnestly and deeply, and thus fit ourselves, in the only way possible, for positions of honor and influence in the world.

CHINESE HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

No nation in the world is more peculiar in its habits and mode of living than the Chinese. Their customs are so different from those of civilized nations, that they naturally excite wonder and curiosity. Their manner of living is calculated to make them robust, and capable of enduring much bodily exertion. The climate is healthy, and their food simple and wholesome. Still their manner of eating it presents a striking contrast to ours. Instead of our ordinary utensils, they use two thin pieces of wood, about the size of a pencil, which serves them for both knife, fork, and spoon. They sleep at night upon mats, which tends to invigorate them. Their houses are built compactly, and stand little chance of escaping destruction in case of conflagration. They are low, seldom exceeding one story in height. Their streets are very narrow, and, with the exception of a few, are unpaved.

Some of the most noticeable objects that attract the attention of a foreigner upon landing in this country, are the numerous boats that line the wharfs. These the natives call "Sanpans." They are made of bamboo, and have an awning in the stern. Inside of each boat there is an idol, which they worship, and frankincense is constantly burnt in honor of them.

Marriages are of very frequent occurrence, and it is rather a remarkable fact that in many instances the one engaged has been known to be as young as thirteen.

Their religious worship is perhaps more remarkable than any of their customs. This is conducted with such marked reverence and respect, as not to fail to impress a witness of it. The temple in which their devotional exercises are held is of an oblong shape, and quite spacious inside. Within is

frankincense, water, and provisions of all kinds, which things are regarded as sacred to the idols. Some of the images in the temple are designed to represent propitious divinities; others, unfavorable. They are all of them very large, and capable of terrifying anybody. Their mode of worship is of a very ludicrous nature. Clothed in long robes, they enter the temple on their knees. Thereupon several low bows are made. Then, standing upon a stool, they throw themselves prostrate on the ground. This is repeated nine times; and sometimes they lie on the ground for hours together. Immediately upon rising, they seize a trumpet and commence blowing; then they rush around the temple with their hands uplifted. These ceremonies occupy a great part of the day, and sometimes even the whole day. They are exceedingly interesting to behold, and the natives are only too glad to have strangers visit them. Their hair on such occasions (which is generally one long cue), is coiled around their head, like the folds of a snake.

There exist among the Chinese several cruel and barbarous customs. One of these consists in binding the feet of all females, except the boat-women, as soon as born. Another is the cruel manner with which they put to death a condemned criminal. Instead of shortening his sufferings, they prolong them as much as possible; so that the unhappy victim often hangs wavering between this world and the next by a mere thread.

The Chinese, taken as a class, are very ingenious, and the ornaments that deck the streets display finely the inventive character of the people. Among the foolish habits are these: Looking at the sun till one is blind, in order as they think to propitiate their God; lying on the ground for days without tasting anything, either food or drink. All these habits, though they may seem to us barbarous (and so they

are), yet, in accordance with custom, they are considered as nothing.

Although, as we have before stated, their food is simple and wholesome, yet some of them indulge in meats and dainties, that present no relish to a foreigner. Of these dog pie, broiled rats, and roasted mice, are the most common. They sell their goods at moderate prices — a fact which is worthy of note. A hundred of *their* cents, are equal to one of ours.

Singular as the Chinese are for their customs, still much ought to be allowed them. Considering they are an uncivilized race, their habits are not so bad as some which are daily perpetrated in our own country. For simplicity and frankness no nation surpasses them. They are friendly and well-disposed to those who treat them well. Strong as their inclinations are to their own religion, still their mind is open to conviction. Much good has already been done by the missionaries, and, judging from the past, the prospects of no nation look more favorable. The language presents at first a great barrier, as it is exceedingly hard to learn. But beside this there is no hindrance. Access to the people is open and free, and we may yet have high hopes for this nation.

W. H.

THE SENIORS' LEVEE.

It was a dark and gloomy night,
The moon by clouds was hid from sight ;
But still in uncle's large domain
Was gathered a delighted train
Of youth and beauty, in great glee ;—
It was the Seniors' grand levee !

While jealous Middlers prowled about,
And Juniors were not less put out,
And Englishmen, in case of fun,
Determined not to be outdone,
These worthy boys of sixty-three
Were happy as they well could be.
They were the lions of the eve;
Enjoyed themselves without reprieve.
To them the ladies bowed and talked;
With them they gladly strayed and walked;
For them they played and sang so well;
On them they smiled — a magic spell —
Wit, romance, music, sentiment,
Refreshments too were freely spent.
This clatter of so many tongues;
This babel noise and strength of lungs,
Was in full force and at its height,
A busy scene and pleasant sight;
A few, just left the crowded rounds,
Were promenading in the grounds,
When cries of "Fire! fire!" loud and clear,
Were brought upon the startled ear.
A building — which we will not name —
Was wholly wrapped in sheets of flame.
A brilliant light, terrific glare
Blazed through the thick and murky air.
But still the mirth goes gayly on,
And some enjoy the pleasant lawn,
Who wish for fresh and open air,
And to the outer seats repair,
Where they can see, in quiet way,
The conflagration's grand display,
Illumined (and it was a hit)
Just for the Seniors' benefit.
Great crowds of men, in awe profound,

From all directions gather round,
 And dance around the funeral pile
 Of their departing joys the while.
 They poke the embers, raise a shout,
 Like demons madly rave about.
 The crackling flames now pierce the sky,
 And all attempts to check defy.
 The night wears on. The pale moon roams
 From under clouds ; and to their homes
 The seniors have, with tender care,
 Escorted maidens sweet as fair.
 The latest lingering guest has gone ;
 The eventful night wears further on.
 Some straggling mourners yet surround
 The ruins smouldering on the ground,
 And mutter solemn dirges still ;
 With loud laments the air they fill.
 Long will this night in memory be —
 Night of the Seniors' grand levee !

TIME AS A POET.

TIME has been called the Avenger and the Destroyer, and so constantly that many of us have come to regard old Father Time in these characters alone, and overlook other attributes he possesses, and which entitle him to our highest admiration and esteem. Now is this generous ? Is it *just* ? Are the scythe and the hour-glass the *only* symbols of Time ? By no means. Though his scythe swings as unceasingly as the sands run in the glass he holds, still the wide swarth which marks his progress bears other evidences besides those of retribution and destruction ; it also shows

that he possesses kindly sympathies and is gifted especially with a high poetic genius.

This may become more apparent if we first glance at one or two passages in English poetry, which have been universally considered as among the highest and most characteristic conceptions of a true poetical imagination, and then compare them with some of the imprints by the finger of Time upon this world and its history.

In the second book of the *Paradise Lost*, Satan "explores his solitary flight" toward the gates of Hell, and finds them guarded on either side by Sin and Death. Milton, after describing Sin, proceeds :

"The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed ;
For each seemed either : black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart : what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

A description so sublime, so truly awful is beyond comment ; and yet we may observe that its effect is reached not so much by what is said, as by what is merely suggested, and then left unsaid. With the instinct of a true poet, Milton presents to the mind a dim, shadowy conception, indefinite in outline, shrouded in mystery ; and this image the imagination seizes upon with eagerness, and fills out with all the surroundings which fancy suggests, guided only by that first impulse the poet's genius gave. I can not forbear mentioning here the similar but even more sublime passage in the *Book of Job* iv. 13 : "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake,

Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up : It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof ; an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God ? ” Another passage in Milton, the description of Satan lying floating on the burning lake, has called forth warm admiration and praise from Macaulay for this same “ dim imitation.” One more illustration of this idea. The spirit of Hamlet’s father, “ doom’d for a certain term to walk the night, and, for the day, confin’d to fast in fires,” attempts no description of his tortures ; yet his reservation surpasses description :

“ But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

Thus has the inspired Hebrew and thus have Milton and Shakspeare won the homage due a poet’s name.

Now compare the poetry of Time. See with what masterly touches he paints the heroes and the deeds of antiquity. With what sublimity he figures Troy and its downfall. He preserves no exact account of the origin and appearance of the city, nor of the daily life of its inhabitants. He does not make us acquainted with those minor details by which we might become really familiar with the place and persons. No ; familiarity destroys sublimity.

He treats the subject with vastly greater skill. The very position of the city he has involved in doubt. Not a trace has he left enabling one to point with certainty to the spot

where Troy was ; some even deny that it ever existed except in the poet's brain. Of the birth and life of the city, Time gives us merely the few details preserved incidentally in the poems of Homer ; while around the scene of its death agony, at the hands of avenging Greeks, he throws such lustrous glory that the heart beats high with admiration at the mention of those valorous soldiers who fought three thousand years ago.

Again, how magnificently he presents Nineveh and Babylon for our contemplation. We find the testimony of the Scriptures and of ancient historians agrees in attributing the greatest splendor and magnificence to these two cities. Nineveh is called by the prophet Jonah, " an exceeding great city of three day's journey," and history shows us its might and importance, tells of its grandeur, and leaves us in wonder at its overthrow. Yet the site of Nineveh was a subject of pure speculation until 1845, when an enthusiastic Englishman (Layard) identified it with the " large, deserted city called Larissa," near which Xenophon halted with the 10,000 Greeks ; and which still remains as a large mound on the banks of the Tigris. The sculptures and other works and memorials of art recovered from this heap of rubbish, fully vindicate ancient writers from exaggeration as to the imposing greatness of the city. Yet after all, what do we know of Nineveh, of its inner life, of that which constitutes its individuality ? Almost nothing at all. We cannot present it to our minds as a tangible object of contemplation. The clouds of a high antiquity envelope it, revealing only a dim outline of the former glory of the East. But that outline, just because it *is* so shadowy and so closely allied with the supernatural, compels us to bow in veneration and awe before its spiritual and mystical character.

A similar effect is produced by recalling the fate of Car-

thage. That proud city, the "mistress of the seas" in olden time, led the van of an industrious, enterprising, and peaceful civilization — a civilization so opposed to that of Rome that the Imperial city was led to exclaim with Porcius Cato, in an agony of apprehension, "Delenda est Carthago." The completeness of the destruction is forcibly set forth by a modern English author: "Thus an entire civilization perished at one blow — vanished, like a falling star. The voyage of Hanno (one of her admirals), a few coins, a score of lines in Plautus, and lo! all that remains of the Carthaginian world!"

Shakspeare thus defines poetry :

" As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

This is Shakspeare's estimate of the poet's talk ; and how has Time performed it ! The first crude conceptions of Mahomet Time afterward embodied with a rapidity still unparalleled in the world's history, and gave his followers a name, at whose power the nations of the earth trembled with fear. And though that power has long since passed away, the Koran of the Prophet to-day regulates the language, if not the conduct, of over one hundred and twenty-five millions of souls. Thus has Time given the "airy nothings" of Mahomet's luxuriant imagination a "local habitation and a name." The "form" of a land "unknown," "bodied forth" by the genius of a Columbus, Time "turned to a shape" which we love to hope will yet be *the* home of the dove of peace. Luther's religious misgivings resulted in a reformation which purified the church, and which Time has turned to a blessing for thousands who now possess a "habitation" "not

made with hands," and have the "name of God written upon their foreheads. Is not this poetry of the highest and truest type? And is not Time a true poet? All honor to him while he lives, for soon, "Time shall be no longer."

"FORWARD, FIFTY-FOURTH!"

DEDICATED TO THE 54TH (COLORED) REGIMENT MASS. VOLS.

ONWARD they come, with steady tread,
 Vanguard of Liberty!
 ONWARD they come, with fearless mien,
 Marching to victory!
 ONWARD they come — let the way be clear —
 Give them ovations!
 ONWARD they come — let them forward go —
 Behold them ye nations!

Now I hear the sound of thy coming tramp,
 And I see thy bayonets gleaming;
 And floating on high, o'er thy armèd ranks,
 See, Freedom's banners are streaming.

And lo! over head, with her banners there,
 The sign of the cross is glancing:
 The Christian's hope and the freeman's flag
 Are side by side advancing.

Behold, high up on the mountain-top
 Are Liberty's watchfires burning;
 Cheering thee on, for in triumph thou art
 To slavery's realms returning.

Returning, to raise thy fallen race ;
 Returning, in Liberty's name ;
 Returning, to kindle on Southern plain
 Bright fires with Freedom's flame.

Behold, at thy coming, in the future I see
 The pillars of slavery shaking ;
 And the slave looks up with beaming eye,
 For his long-wrought chains are breaking.

And I hear from the ages to come a sound,
 Like a mighty war-cry ringing, —
 "Forward!" they cry, "for freedom to us
 Thy advancing ranks are bringing."

Ay! the nations now do cheer thee on,
 Posterity, too, shall love thee,
 For the sake of the cause thou art marching to aid ;
 For the flag that floats above thee.

And the sleeping dead from their tombs shall rise,
 To see thee pass in thy glory ;
 And peoples unborn shall catch the sound
 Of the never-dying story.

Ay! tremble ye foes to humanity's cause !
 Tremble, ye doomed oppressors !
 For thy knell now sounds in the echoing tramp
 Of Freedom's stern redressors.

And vengeance upon their brow is stamped,
 Their eyes thy fate revealing ;
 And destruction they'll hurl, from their shining blades
 The mighty death-blows dealing.

A nation's eyes are fixed on thee,

Fifty-fourth!

And freedom's voice is calling to thee,

Fifty-fourth!

And thy down-trod race is waiting for thee,

And up-coming millions in the future I see,

Whose hearts shall long and faint to be free,

And who stretch their suppliant arms to thee,

Fifty-fourth!

And down in the future honor I see,

Glory and fame which are thine to be,

Fifty-fourth!

Only to right and justice be true.

Strike with thy might for the red, white, and blue —

Strike, till the wave of freedom shall roll

O'er the North and the South, a united whole —

Strike, till the voice of freedom shall rise

From North and South, to the listening skies;

And the freeman's heart with joy shall sing,

And the echoes shall back from our mountains ring,

The strain which once, o'er Bethlehem's plain,

Poured forth from the lips of the heavenly train,

"Glory to God in heaven above,

Peace on the earth, to men be love."

II.

THE WEST.

"WESTWARD the star of empire takes its way," has now become a proverbial expression, founded upon the testimony of ages, and sums up in one short sentence the history of civilization, of the arts and sciences, and of man himself. Guided by this we naturally seek for the birth-place of man in the extreme east, and from the Scriptures we are taught

to believe that he was first placed upon earth in the Garden of Eden, a beautiful spot near the Euphrates in Asia, where the first pair, our common parents, ruled in undisturbed bliss, and whence our race gradually overspread the world. In this vicinity, afterwards, large empires arose, and India and probably China, further to the east, were the seats of learning and civilization. Here long lines of kings may have swayed the sceptre over refined and enlightened people, whose ships covered the ocean, whose capitals were the wonders of the world in magnificence and grandeur, whose marts were receptacles of untold wealth, whose artisans were masters of art long since lost, but whose records, alas, have perished. By the first faint glimmerings of authentic history, we behold such nations as the Assyrian and Egyptian, such cities as Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, and Thebes. Might not these have been — and who can say they were not? — but degenerate descendants of nobler ancestors, and puny imitations of mightier capitals of nations which have preceded them in the east. The few relics that yet remain attest their former greatness, and even now we look with awe upon the mere ruins of their pyramids, obelisks, and hundred-gated cities.

Next Greece becomes the centre of civilization, and man, under the refining influence of learning, attains a degree of perfection before unknown. Literature was cultivated. The arts and sciences flourished. Music and poetry were brought to perfection. Here also was

“ Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence — ”

whose orators and poets have modelled the literature of the world, whose master-pieces of sculpture, painting, and architecture have never been equalled. As her patron goddess, glittering from the top of the Acropolis, was the first object seen

from the distance ; and as she was exalted high above all surrounding objects, and shone a beautiful piece of art and guardian of the city below, so Athens soared far above all her sister cities, and was superior to them in refinement, civilization, and art.

But in accordance with the stern decree of fate, Greece falls a vanquished victim to Rome, and the sceptre of power is transferred to that iron city. Rome in turn was mistress of the world. But she too falls ; and we now behold England holding that enviable position, while the reins of power are fast slipping from her enfeebled grasp into the hands of her youngest daughter Columbia.

And now the star of empire has almost made its circuit. America is the last continent west. Here, with all the freshness of a newly-discovered world, we may build up, with the aid which nature has afforded us, an empire which shall rival all antiquity. May not the star of empire halt in its shining course over America, as a beacon-light and guide to all men ?

THE SOLDIER'S SACRIFICE.

As we mourn departed heroes,
And lament the early dead,
Do we ever think of *their* woes,
Of *their* joys and pleasures fled ?

They have left sweet homes and firesides,
Comforts they have forfeited ;
They have gone where cruel death glides,
Unrelenting, o'er each head.

They have sacrificed ambition,
 Given up their wealth and friends ;
 Have descended from position,
 Spurned the hopes which station sends.

This they 've done for us and ours,
 For their country and their God ;
 Died exerting all their powers, —
 How we should their virtues laud ! E.

NIHIL SCIMUS.

WHEN Youth first trims his sail and launches upon the stream of time ; when life, like a pleasant lanscape seen from a distance, lies before him ; little does he imagine the many rapids and breakers he is to pass, the boisterous winds and adverse currents he must battle against. Little does he think that the landscape stretched before him, bathed in alternate light and shadow, looking so mellow and inviting in the distance, is made up of dark jungles, dismal swamps, rough and sometimes impassable mountains. He cares nothing for the future. The present fully occupies his attention, and furnishes him sufficient enjoyment. He views everything through the rose-colored atmosphere of joyous youth. Easily deceived, he does not realize the stern reality, but is attracted by the tinsel and gaudy appearance of outward show. His is a pleasant life.

But he proceeds on his voyage ; his bark shows the evidences of its conflict with many a storm, of its narrow escape from many a sunken rock. Youth has gradually been disabused of the many impracticable opinions he has formed, his air-castles have vanished. Experience has been a stern

teacher, and her precepts are not to be often neglected. He now begins to see things in their true light, and is able to meet or overcome them accordingly. Then it is, when we have reached this point; when we are not to be deceived by appearances; when we can calmly look at a subject and comprehend all its various bearings or frankly acknowledge our ignorance; when by sad experience we are thus humiliated, then must we come to the inevitable conclusion that we know nothing.

Man has a desire for learning and knowledge arising from a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite. The pleasures of knowledge surpass all others, since there is no end to them: they are

“ A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns ;”

whereas, all other pleasures soon satiate, and are exhausted. In this way man is led on step by step in learning, acquiring knowledge all the time, yet always with the same boundless prospect before him.

Survey the vast array of books which now flood the world; books on every art, on every science, on every branch of learning; books which contain the results of centuries of learning, and the immortal thoughts of a generation of men. How small a portion of this mass of knowledge can one man master in a lifetime? How far even can he pursue one branch of learning in his short period of existence? Alas! when we contemplate upon it we involuntarily exclaim, “Nihil scimus.” The scholar, after a lifetime’s study, after diving deep into the mysteries of learning, and drinking of the pure spring of true knowledge, on his death-bed exclaims, “Nihil scimus.”

The most simple phenomenon of nature puts to flight the accumulated wisdom of ages; a little flower, the mechanism

of an insect's bill, baffles the comprehension of man. We commence the study of one of the sciences ; for instance, astronomy ; we learn the rudiments of a science which knows no end, which extends over a space as boundless as the heavens, and the orbits with which it deals. We are almost lost in an amazement at the grandness and comprehensiveness of the subject. We are discouraged from entering it. But when we have, and secret mysteries of the heavens are laid open before us ; when we comprehend the beautiful regularity and harmony of the systems ; when we learn of the vast distances of the stars, the rapidity of light, the attraction which holds all together ; when we behold constellation upon constellation, each revolving in its own orbit, and all revolving around the great common centre, the whole traversed by the erratic paths of the flaming comet, seemingly in inextricable confusion, yet all in perfect harmony, — then, with all the world we must exclaim, “ Nihil scimus.”



DEATH THE AVENGER OF ALL.

O THOU injured heart ! unable
To redress a shameless wrong,
There is One to whom all justice,
Equity, and right belong.
Trust not in *thy* strength or fortune,
Thine oppressor to lay low ;
But await in calm endurance,
For the time *will* come, though slow,
When the Conqueror of Nations,
With his all-destructive breath,
Shall lay low thy proud oppressor
At his feet — the feet of Death.

O thou land by tyrants wronged,
Though subdued and crushed, oppressed,
Yet the time approacheth surely
When thy wrongs shall be redressed.
For the stern, unmoved Avenger,
He who holds our fleeting breath,
Will subdue your haughty master
At his feet — the feet of Death.

“ '64.”

DEATH-WORDS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

PERHAPS there is nothing that produces a greater impression upon the human heart, than the dying words of some person, eminent perchance for religion, patriotism, virtue, or almost any acquirement or attainment, who with their latest breath confirm, or weaken, certain important principles which it had been the object of their lives to establish and maintain.

The death-words of Stephen serve to illustrate the purity and the spirit of forgiveness to which the gospel of Christ can raise men, and thereby confirm and strengthen the efficiency and loveliness of the Christian religion; for while the persecutors of that religion were showering down storms of stone upon him, it is beautifully recorded that he “kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, ‘Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!’ and when he had said this, he fell asleep.”

The death-words of Nathan Hale, one of the martyrs of American Liberty and Independence, served to infuse new zeal and energy into the hearts of the American people, to prove to them that their cause was just, and thus to aid the

cause of American Liberty ; for when the rope had been placed around his neck, while the executioner was awaiting the order to swing him off, the brutal Cunningham, hoping doubtless that the fear of death would cause him to betray some weakness, or make some confession in order to obtain his release even at the sacrifice of dishonoring his country, gave him permission to say a few words, to give a parting message before he was launched into eternity. But true to a noble and heroic devotion to his country, unmoved and unawed at the very gates of death, through which he was about to pass to the surprise and anger of the brutal officer, in a clear, firm tone he uttered those noble and patriotic sentiments which caused the hearts of thousands to thrill with a new impulse and determination, "*I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.*" And the impression of these words will be indelibly fixed in the minds of all succeeding generations.

Finally, the last words of Socrates, the greatest philosopher of antiquity, show to what a little extent human reasoning unaided by divine revelation, can attain. He had been endeavoring during the latter part of his life to discover somewhat concerning the immortal soul and its final destiny, yet his closing words before drinking the fatal cup of hemlock, were, "It is now time that we depart — I to die, you to live ; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the gods."

But why, it may be asked, are death-words so impressive ? why did those few words uttered by Tom Paine, merely because they were uttered at his death, produce an effect as great, if not greater, than all the writings and sayings of his life ? In answer to this we say, first, Because they are sincere ; and if that be true, then, as in the case of Tom Paine, they contradict, and render abortive, all the false principles which it had been the purpose of his life to establish.

And why should they be particularly sincere? First, there is little to be gained by insincerity. During this life men may be actuated by false principles in order to obtain seemingly desirable ends; but when they feel that life is ebbing away, can they feel that any thing is to be gained by insincerity? But do they not, on the contrary, feel that, by a truthful confession, they may remove from the heart a load which no earthly support can any longer help them to bear?

In the second place, there is an instinctive fear arising from a sense of guilt; and this may be proved by the many testimonies which men have given on their death-beds. It is this fear, also, which prevents them from speaking otherwise than truthfully.

During this life we frequently commit wrong deeds, and may partially drive away the fears of so doing; but when we feel that we are approaching the dark river of death, that we are upon its brink, or have nearly gained the opposite shore, as it were, then it is that the awful and solemn realities of an eternity of woe, or of happiness and life eternal, burst upon us, with such overwhelming force as to utterly exclude in the first place by its terror, and in the second, by its blessedness, the thought of practising deception.

And death-words are also impressive, because they are the *last* words. They are, as it were, memorials of the dead. There is frequently a hallowed sweetness attached to them. They are not merely the parting words of friends separating to go and dwell in different parts of this earth, but the farewell words of a soul before it leaves its temporary habitation to wing its way heavenward.

What an assurance then, and at the same time a warning, is there in death-words! What an assurance it is to have the evidence of one who was an infidel during his life in favor of deism! and, at the same time, what a warning are the death-

words of Tom Paine to all those who, though surrounded with the evidences of a Supreme Being, and even while beholding his works can say, these things are but by chance, for *there is no God!*

O. C. M.

OUR PROCLAMATION.

“On the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves shall then, thenceforward, and forever be free.”

THE brazen tongue of Freedom's joyous bell rang out in triumph “Then, thenceforward, and forever free!” Justice raised her voice and shouted loud “*Forever Free!*” Southern breezes wafted it to Slavery's domain, and stooping o'er the worn out bondsman whispered, “Free!” Three million hoarse and weary throats repeated, while rocks and hills and mountains caught the sound and echoed back “Forever free!” The morning sun dispelled the tainted air of night, and rising, tipped the ocean's waves, bearing the message upward still, till Heaven shouted joyfully, and hailed the first rays of America's glad millennial sun.

Raise your drooping head, fair Liberty; you are no longer stifled and oppressed! Smile once again, for *God* has broken your chains!

Rejoice, ye oppressed; for the day of your deliverance has come! Mourn ye oppressors, and hide your bloody hands; for Freedom's long-fought battle is ended, and the day of victory has dawned!

Countless altars drip with Freedom's gory sacrifice. Households are desolate and the “mourners go about the streets.”

The war-horse hastens from the battle-field, his fetlocks moistened with his rider's blood. Bitter indeed is the ransom. But the anger of a gracious God is now appeased, and triumph is at length achieved.

The heavens have been lit with the flames of a martyr host. Their bodies now lie "mouldering in the grave," but, thank God, their "souls go marching on!" A chorus to their memory rings out clear upon the air, is borne upon every breeze — "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

A nation sinned, and its people have suffered; we were tried, and have triumphed. Work yet remains for every earnest heart. Let there be no peace till, *root and branch*, the curse is all removed.

"In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumph and revenge —
While still is spared the cursed thing
Which severs and estranges!
But blest the ear
Which yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of slavery *forever*."

Forward! ye warriors of the Lord! Advance to yonder fortress. Fling out upon its battlements the blood-stained banner of the free. The minions of slavery are retreating, leaving their dead, thick-strewn upon the field.

RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

It is customary for the generality of people, when they change their form of employment or buisness, to consider themselves in duty bound to likewise change all their former

habits and modes of living, and apply themselves with great assiduity to their new employment. But all common degrees of excellence are attained at less trouble and expense. Whoever would steadily and resolutely assign to any art or science those small vacancies of time which intervene in the busiest employment, would find every day new objects full of knowledge and interest, and they would discover that much more is learned by perseverance and frequency, than by violent efforts and sudden desires; as their efforts soon cease when they meet with difficulty, and their desires, when too frequently indulged, continually roam from one object to another. The disposition, which is almost universal, to delay performing some important undertaking until a time of leisure and rest, proceeds from a false estimate of what one is capable of doing. Except those men of large and powerful intellect, who grasp an idea or theory by intuition and understand it in all its bearing, the most successful students acquire their knowledge by short stages, between each of which they permit the mind to rest. Few persons can be confined to a severe and unremitting study; but when they have acquired some new fact, they take a short respite and examine it until they have become familiar with it, and are ready to begin again. Whoever will not be discouraged by any fancied difficulty, will find that they acquire renewed strength by the necessity of exerting their energies at short intervals. It is probably from some cause like this, that among the great number of men who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to distinction, in spite of all opposition, by the "right employment of time." Some of the greatest inventions have been made by men who were continually employed in their occupation, and yet made good use of their spare time in perfecting or inventing some peice of mechanism. By reading the history of

self-made men, you will find that they have acquired their education and distinction by employing their leisure hours or minutes in study, and thus improving themselves and benefiting their fellow-men. A celebrated preacher in the West, who was partially blind and yet performed all the duties of his office within a radius of three hundred miles, acquired his knowledge and prepared his sermons while riding on horseback from one station to another. He was obliged to stop his horse in order that he might read a few lines, and would then repeat it aloud until he knew it entire ; and in this manner he memorized a large portion of the Bible and a great variety of hymns. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual wandering ; and yet by means of great perseverance and a right improvement of those hours which will happen in the midst of restless activity, he wrote more books than another, under the same circumstances, would have read. He has transmitted to us the most perfect picture of the manners of his age, and his greatest book, " The Praise of Folly," was written while on his journey on horseback to Italy. By economizing our time, we may all learn something useful every day, and become better fitted for our journey through life. W. B.

"SCIRE EST REGERE."

KNOWLEDGE raises man above
 All the brute creation ;
 Brings him to a God of love
 In a close relation.

Swords decay, and sceptres rust,
 These soon lose their power :

Kingdoms are oft razed to dust,
Like the short-lived flower.

Knowledge holds a steady reign
Over all its minions ;
Soars aloft, in high domain,
On exalted pinions.

Let us, then, with zeal, and might,
Gain this priceless treasure ;
Ever battling for the right,
Let us count it pleasure !

Let us gain true wisdom then —
Knowledge of our duty —
Learn of God, of things, of men,
And enhance its beauty.

From the ant's most humble mound
To the eagle's eyry,
Let this motto e'er resound
" Regere est scire ! "

E.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:

The present term has been fruitful in events. The success of our arms in Pennsylvania, and the surrender of Vicksburg, has roused the loyal and patriotic spirit of the North. Although blood has been freely spilt in behalf of our beloved country, and many a heart has been saddened by the loss of near and dear relatives, still, with heroic devotion, they have nobly offered them upon the altar of freedom. The spirit of our fathers has revived, and we are again nerved by the same loyalty and patriotism that aroused them. Our hearts are now truly thankful for our success, and fervent prayers are being offered, all over our native land, to the All-wise Ruler of the universe, for his great goodness and mercy to us, as a nation. Meanwhile Andover has been comparatively quiet, bearing her part however in the rejoicings over our signal victories. All of us are doubtless rejoiced at the prospect of another vacation. Old Philo, nobly sustained by the efforts of her sons, stands to-day upon as firm a basis as ever. Thanking the members of the Society for their liberal contributions, we offer you our Mirror, hoping that in its perusal your expectations may be realized.

The following shows conclusively the kind and effect of Andover soil:

ANDOVER MUD.

What raises Joel Phelps's bills,
Is worse than Ayer's bitterest pills,
And fills this place with country ills?
Andover Mud.

What makes the fellows late at prayers?
 What makes them cross as hungry bears?
 Subjects them to unnumbered snares?

Andover Mud.

What brings a scowl on Uncle's face,
 As he upon our boots does trace,
 The thick, deep mire of this old place?

Andover Mud.

What mars the glory of this town?
 What spoils the patience, soils the gown,
 And makes the "Nuns" and Fem-Sems frown?

Andover Mud.

What is the bane of every room?
 What wears the carpet and the broom?
 And what dread we as awful doom?

Andover Mud.

What sticks to us like Spaulding's Glue?
 In what do we oft leave a shoe?
 And what remains till all is blue?

Andover Mud.

Remembering then our common cause,
 A nuisance 'gainst which are no laws,
 Than which a greater never was—

Andover Mud.

So let us now perform a deed,
 Of which there is an urgent need,
 That our successors may be freed

From Andover Mud.

The following production smacks somewhat of the classical.

THE FATE OF PALINURUS.

Aeneas' ships were on the deep ;
 Clear, starry sky was overhead ;
 The Trojan sailors were asleep ;
 Optimus pater was abed.

But Palinurus at the stern
 Faithful his watchful vigils kept,
 And steered (as near as I can learn)
 His ship while all the others slept.

But Somnus, with mischievous thought,
 Lightly slipped down to where he sat ;
 Somnus, a god, who surely ought
 To know how wrong a deed was that.

And in his hand he had a bough,
 Wet with forgetful Lethean dew,
 And shook it o'er the pilot's brow,
 Talking a lot of nonsense too :

Of how he ought to have some rest,
 And how the sky was clear and bright,
 And how, if he should sleep his *best*,
 The Trojan fleet would sail all right.

Poor Palinurus fell asleep ;
 But treacherous Somnus pushed him down,
 Headlong into the mighty deep,
 And left him there alone to drown.

In vain he called upon the crew,
 To save him from a watery grave ;
 But wicked Somnus upward flew ;
 Unconscious lay the sailors brave ;

When, the next morn, the sun arose,
 They mourn in vain their pilot's end;
 And sadly near their journey's close
 While bitter griefs their bosoms rend. S.

This is by one who, being often troubled by insects, knoweth
 whereof he speaketh.

EULOGY ON A MUSQUITO.

Alas! And is it all that's left,
 Of this once happy critter?
 Of life and light and joy bereft,
 She's found of death the bitter!

No more, upon the ears of night,
 Shall sound the drowsy hummin';
 Proclaiming, that to plague and bite,
 Some wretched 'sketer's 'comin'!

No more, while in the wood we rove,
 Some mighty question weighing —
 We'll hear, within the silent grove,
 This poor musquito playing!

Her race is run, her course is o'er —
 She's through her earthly mission;
 Bewail with me her trial sore,
 Her mournful, sad condition!

Her song was sounding in my ear;
 One act of mine had hushed her!
 I thought that she had come too near;
 I raised my hand and squshed her.

Her home has now lost all its joy,
 Which made time fly the fleeter:
 Her bites no more my peace annoy,
 For she's a dead muskeeter.

Here is something from one who loves niggers.

THE CONTRABAND.

Sambo's heart went pit, pit, pat,
 As he lay on de ground a thinkin,
 And he twirled wid his hand his ole tattered hat,
 And his eyes kep slowly a winkin.

All ob a sudden he turned berry pale,
 In de midst ob his cogitations ;
 Ses he, I'm de pusson for de auctioneer's sale,
 Unless I can better my condition.

So tho't the darkey to hisself as he lay,
 Wid his mind in a drifflest confusion,
 For his massa's directions he'd dared disobey,
 And now he was spexin a collision.

He pondered on de wrongs he'd suffered all de while
 From de massa wid whom he was a libbin,
 And come to de conclusion dat he didn't lub de style
 Of the cane-brake, corn-cake, an drubbin.'

Thus wid eyes full ob tears^aan a heart full ob grief,
 He adopted a firm resolution.
 To abandon his massa wid out any leave,
 And start fir de Lincolnists' nation.

Ob course massa'll swear when he'll find I'm gorn,
 And all ob de region go a searchin,
 But nebber fear dat, I's bond to be one
 Whom de ole coon'll nebber catch nappin.'

T'was ten long miles to de Yankee's camp,
 And de journey all de way full ob troubles ;
 On de one hand thick were de boys ob de swamp,
 On de other 'twas solid full ob rebels.

Our darkey took de former as he turned from his home
 An' subsisted as he went on de berries,
 And on de next day as de sun went down,
 He discovered hissself to de Yankees.

Sambo's trials now are o'er,
 His heart am light an gay,
 As de sea-bird flitting about de shore,
 Or de bubo in de tree.

De sojers call him Contraband ;
 But never mind, he's free ;
 He's seen de power ob freedom's hand,
 An de fruit ob freedom's tree.

Why is a flunk in No. 9, like taking a dose of Castor Oil?
 Because it is "Sufficient."

What musical entertainment does Uncle daily listen to in No. 9?
 Harpers, harping upon their harps.

What evidence have we that Mr. Carlton devotes a great deal of
 time to his classics? Because he uses up weeks (Weeks) on a sin-
 gle passage in Virgil.

Why ought a dentist to be a mathematician? Because he is
 skilled in extracting roots.

Why ought the Seniors to be in mourning? Because they have
 lost a sister. (Sistare.)

Why is the Senior class like a thing bewitched? Because they
 have got the "Old Nick" in them.

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OLIVER C. MORSE,
WALTER BUCK,
MASE S. SOUTHWORTH, } EDITORS.

PARTY SPIRIT.

THERE is no element more disastrous to a nation's prosperity, than party spirit. When its influence was first manifest, cannot be definitely determined; for in the earliest period of history we can see its destructive power at work, causing the overthrow and ruin of cities and nations. Perhaps no nation of antiquity can afford a more striking illustration of its ruinous and murderous effects, than Greece. While the Persian was invading it, and laying waste its lands, Greece was united, — all were filled with the same zeal and determination to oppose the aggressor; every heart beat in unison; every one was ready to sacrifice his wealth, his interests, and even his life, if necessary, in the defence of the whole country. Athens and Sparta joined hands in marching against the common foe. One purpose, one aim, one object engrossed the heart and mind of all: it was to drive the invader from their territory, and to free their country from the yoke of bondage which was impending over it.

And while *this* spirit lasted, Greece remained firm and invincible, — no weapons of the enemy, however skilfully directed, could find a vulnerable point in which to assail it; for Greece was *united*. But when no enemy was attacking it without, — when, on the contrary, Greece had become the invader, and, enriched by the spoils of its conquests, it had sunk in luxury, — when disputes began to arise in its midst, — when one city began to view the increasing wealth or power of another with a jealous and suspicious eye, — when, in short, *party spirit* found its way into the hearts of its citizens, from *that* period you may date the gradual decline of Greece, and to that element you can assign the cause of its final overthrow. It was *party spirit* that drank the life-blood of the Roman Empire, and, gradually undermining the huge structure, crushed out its life, and piled its shattered remains into a magnificent mass of ruins.

And in tracing the history of nations, — in observing the rise, progress, and fall of so many of them, — we cannot fail to see in the downfall of many, this great destroyer's hand. For it is this element which, in so many cases, and to such a great degree, is the cause of the most direful calamity that can befall a nation, — *civil war*. We see it and its effects in our own native land, to-day, — too undisguised and too unmistakable not to be seen distinctly by the most short-sighted. Into what a state has it brought our once happy and united country! Anarchy, confusion, bloodshed, and civil war new rage through a vast portion of the country. The roar of artillery, the flash of musketry, the silent, deadly bayonet-charge, the desperate hand-to-hand conflict, — all too vividly picture its terrible and disastrous effects. In the death of hundreds — nay, even thousands — which we read of daily, we see the embodiment of its ghastly form.

What a warning is the present history of our country be-

coming to the nations of the earth! May it prove a salutary warning to our own nation, if once permitted to rise from the sad state into which it has fallen to a place in the first rank of the family of nations, — which it has always hitherto held, and which, we trust, it may yet hold, after having passed through the purifying though sad furnace of national affliction and calamity.

Since, then, we see the direful effects of this most accursed element, let us strive, with all our power, — however limited that may be, — to check its growth, and, if possible, to root it out. For we are all soon to emerge from our present employments and occupations, and take places upon life's grand theatre of action; and it behooves us to be careful into what scale we throw our influence. Let us, then, belong to no party but that of *right*; and in all our actions and pursuits in life, have no party to which we are opposed except that of *wrong*. Let this be our only party distinction.

O. C. M.



CLASS OF '64.

NOBLY does '64 lead forward in the van, — nobly are her faithful sons striving, as best they can. Yes, truly, Sixty-four has thus far ably sustained Old Philo's name; and, with her banner floating high on the breeze, is even now battling for the cause of right and humanity. Although not in the field of battle, facing the bayonets of the rebels, yet, on the battle-field of life fighting the common enemy, ignorance, and infamy, — spurning the allurements of vice and ignominy — her sons have devoted themselves, body and mind, to the advancements of those qualities which shall make them bet-

ter men and better citizens. "Non nobis sed Patriae," inscribed high on her banner, still waves triumphant; and with those letters emblazoned by the light of day, continually growing brighter and brighter, shall at last shine forth with such refulgent glory as to fill the bosom of every true Phillipian with pride and enthusiasm; and her noble sons, as they at length go forth into the world, will ever keep in mind that motto for which so many of our brothers have sacrificed their lives within the last two years. "Non nobis sed Patriae!" shouted the Old Mass. Sixth, as they marched the streets of Baltimore; — "Non nobis sed Patriae!" cries the wounded soldiers, as they lie for days on the battle-field, without a murmur; — "Non nobis sed Patriae!" echoes the Phillipian, as he devotes himself renewedly to his studies — fitting himself for future usefulness.

"POETRY."

AFTER the woful night;
 After the hard-fought fight —
 Shall gloom give place to light?

After the care and grief
 Of a life sad and brief,
 Shall man then find relief?

After sorrow and pain
 Subdues the worn-out brain,
 Shall loss be counted gain?

After the many fears
 Of a soul drenched in tears;
 After the cold world's sneers;
 After the weary years, —
 What then?

After the bitter strife
 Has snapped the thread of life;
 After the golden bowl
 Is broke, and the weary soul
 Is loosed, — shall the thread of love
 Draw us to Him above?

After the sad farewell;
 After the tolling bell;
 After the funeral knell, —
 What then?

When the last hour's fled,
 And lower moans the sea;
 After the stars are dead,¹⁾
 Day breaks, — and where are we? A. S. H.

MAN'S GREATNESS.

It has been most truly said, "that every man, in every condition, is great." It is ourselves, our own diseased perceptions, alone, that makes him of little dignity. A man as a man, is noble, even though he confine himself to the humbler circuit of action. The grandeur of his system, his intellectual endowments, his natural talents, his physical development, — these are glorious prerogatives, and they all tend to place him upon the level designed for him by the great Creator. On account of the vulgar error of underestimating what is common, we are liable to omit these things, and to pass them by as of little moment. But as it is in nature, so it is in the soul, — the common attributes are the most precious. A man formed in the image of his Creator, possessing all the qualities that go to perfect manhood,

cannot be otherwise than noble, no matter where you place him. You may load him with chains, immure him in dungeons, deprive him of every comfort; but still he is great. The nobleness of character lies entirely in strength of soul, will, and determination; that is, in the force of thought and moral principle. Man's greatness does not consist in his sphere of action, but in the extent of good he does to his fellow-men, in the benefiting of mankind, and in his own moral culture. A great man needs no monumental stone to perpetuate his memory, — no statue of marble, no column of granite, — for his deeds live after him, and speak for themselves. The dead, indeed, are voiceless; but their many actions speak, in ringing tones, to their glory. A man may live nobly, and die sublimely. And the death of the great and good is indeed sublime. It is sublime to behold them peacefully and calmly passing to the better rest. May we not so conduct ourselves, that, when we come to die, it shall be said of us, that we manifested an exemplary course in our every life? s.



LIFE.

THE temporal existence of man is made up of changing scenes. So unreliable is it in its nature, that one knows not what the morrow may bring forth. To-day all may be sunshine and happiness; to-morrow, mourning is substituted in its place.

We may, with great propriety, compare it to the motion of the sea. To-day, as we cast our eyes over its broad surface, we are greeted by merry, laughing eddies, as they joyfully skip along, gently thumping the sides of the little bark

that bears us up, and portrays to us the greatness of God ; — to-day it is sunshine, — the heavens, serene and beautiful, cheers the heart with the boon of peace ; and the blue azure that forms the dome above, sends joy and gladness to every heart. The scene becomes truly magnificent, and Nature appears to rejoice in herself. As we gaze from the prow of the vessel upon the face of the water, there we behold a grand mirror, exhibiting celestial scenes in fathomless depths. Indeed, so beautiful does this appear, that we are almost persuaded to think it is impossible for a spectacle so imposing and brilliant to be broken by conflicting elements, and made to roar in anger. But as the day begins to wane to its close, we find the wind has changed its course, and, instead of the balmy breezes that have been whispering to us, Peace, we are told by the frequent blasts, that bear with them the damp fog of a stormy region, that the scene has indeed changed. Behold the energies of the experienced mariner in preparing for the conflict ! He knows that all depends upon his skill for safety. How eager the landsman, that has taken passage on board, watches every movement of the vessel ! How he shudders, as he hears the colliding elements and the snapping cords ; — with what intense anxiety he frequently inquires into all the signs, in order to gain some knowledge of the impending storm ! Night comes on. Behold the darkness of the heavens ! There is no star visible to cheer the drooping spirit of the little crew. Darkness how profound ! — the wind how terrific ! With a wild emotion, and a throbbing heart, the cries goes forth, Thou greatest of dangers ! how dare you unveil eternity so bare to mortal gaze ? The ocean foams, the spray of the surging deep begins to dash even over the masthead, and — as it has been expressed by one — throws the little bark first to the very stars, then again bringing her down to wallow in the lowest depths.

Day breaks. How gladly is hailed the returning morn! — how joyful is drunk in the first years for turning light! And yet the storm does not abate. Seemingly the winds have decreed a dreadful fate. As the light returns to penetrate the dismal fog, all on board are forced to exclaim, with a horror-stricken emotion, and yet with an exultation mingled with gratitude to God for their safety; for had night refused to withdraw her sable curtain, the whole crew must have been lost, because the returning light reveals the quicksand and the dangerous rocks. The pilot, seeing the danger, springs to the helm; turning the weather-beaten prow, ploughs the great deep in another direction. Soon the clouds break, the fog clears off, and the storm is over. All is again lulled to composure, and tranquillity prevails.

Thus is life — ever on its ups and downs, first in a calm, then in a storm. As our mortal barks plough the breakers of time in painful search of a celestial morning, we have to face the battlements of earth; and often by our sides, upon the sea of time, we behold those of our own nature wrecked in the dashing billows that swell around us, and sink beneath the tide. In order for a prosperous voyage and a sure passage over the ocean of time to the haven of rest, we are to receive the Bible, — the only chart and compass for weary man, — and ever be willing to confide in the peace-giving voice of Christ.

G. R. J. A.

CICERO.

THE little town of Apinum, about sixty miles southeast of Rome, was renowned for being the birthplace of Marius and Cicero. The great orator was born 106 B.C., on the 3d day of January, at a time when wars were raging in the Republic,

and men were everywhere devoting their attention to arms. The country had need of the service of every patriot to subdue its enemies and to restore peace and tranquillity. Great men often spring up at the right time. Never was the eloquence and firmness of Cicero more needed than during that terrible conspiracy which had for its object the ruin of the state and the overthrow of the laws. He was a true patriot, and no one can ever assail his memory by charging him with disloyalty; for he devoted his life and splendid talents entirely to the public good, and was rewarded with the title of "Father of his country," which no one had received before him, and but few subsequently.

In his youth he gained some knowledge of military affairs during the Marsian war under Sylla; but seeing, with his usual clear-sightedness, that these civil commotions would lead to absolute monarchy, and considering that his tastes were not inclined to warlike pursuits, he withdrew from the army, and retired to his studies and a quiet life, fitting himself for the bar. Probably if he had remained in the army he would never have astonished the world with his eloquence, and might have been an obscure man; but it was at the bar that he distinguished himself, and in a civil capacity did he save the city. In the civil war between Marius and Sylla, the rapacity of the generals in power exceeded all bounds; and Cicero first displayed his talents in a case in which Sylla was interested; and no one was found courageous enough to oppose the dictator, such was the terror that he inspired, except Cicero, who came forward and gained the case—thus securing for himself the favor of all who hated the tyrant, and were desirous of seeing their ancient liberties restored. Then fearing the displeasure of Sylla, he travelled abroad for the sake of recruiting his strength, as he was in feeble health at the time, and of studying the Greek language:

for Greece at that time produced all the orators and philosophers; and every Roman youth who wished to fit himself thoroughly for the bar, must first go to Greece and study under some of the great masters there.

From Athens, Cicero went to Asia and the Isle of Rhodes, and there listened to the celebrated rhetoricians of the age to qualify himself for the forum. Shortly after this he returned to Rome, with fresh vigor, both of mind and body, and entered upon his forensic life. At this period, Hortensius was the orator of the day — particularly admired, when a young man, for his Asiatic style of speaking; but he was now far advanced in life, and yet there was no corresponding change in his oratory, which was not suited to his age. Cicero possessed those solid qualities that overcome every obstacle. He understood human nature, adapting his discourse to his audience. He turned everything to his own advantage, and calculated the exact moment when to strike, and he made every blow tell. In his sarcasm he was terrible, and woe be to the unhappy wretch who attempted to oppose him in his course. It was like trying to stop an avalanche. He made wicked men tremble in their fastnesses, and good men recognized in him a preserver of their liberties. Step by step he rose, until he reached the highest office which the gratitude of his fellow-citizens could give him, and in every station his course was marked with justice and moderation; and in the provinces where he held his offices he endeared himself to the people by defending them against the tyrants who oppressed them; so that when Cataline attempted to secure the consulship to himself, the greater part of the patricians, appreciating his merits, put up Cicero. The fate of Rome depended on the vote of the people. If Cataline succeeded in obtaining the office, the city was doomed; if Cicero, then the lives and property of the citizens were safe. This

time the right triumphed, and Cicero was elected. Cataline, bent on vengeance, plotted that horrible conspiracy so destructive to the best liberties of the city, so sanguinary in its nature, and associated with himself all the most desperate men he could find to assist him in his murderous designs. But Cicero, working night and day, employed all his skill to bring Cataline's treasonable plots to light and defeat them. And not in vain. The chief conspirators are captured and executed, Cataline is defeated and slain, and Rome is saved. This was the crowning triumph of his life, and one of the greatest achievements that man has ever accomplished; and the debt of gratitude which the Romans owe to him is great. Well did he merit the title of "Pater patriae," which was given to him by Cato; for he did the most that a patriot could do for his country, — he saved it! But a few years afterward, for this very act of justice in putting the conspirators to death in an illegal manner (as it was alleged by his enemies), he was banished! What a reward for all his sufferings, and the exposure that he made of his life for the good of his country!

Cicero's faults were comparatively few. The gravest that has been advanced against him, is his irresolution in not following the fortunes of Pompey, for fear of the displeasure of Caesar; but he might have had honorable motives for not more decidedly espousing the cause of Pompey. Another defect was his self-conceit; but it was the self-consciousness that a great man possesses of his own worth, which is more readily excused than the egotism of a mean mind that has little to boast of. A seeming inconsistency in the character of one so great, is the flattery that he bestows on the distinguished men of his time. This is particularly noticeable in his oration on the Manilian Law, where he praises Pompey to the skies; and subsequently, in the oration for Mar-

cellus, he gives an equal amount to his great rival, Caesar. He might have been dazzled by their characters, or, what seems to be improbable, he might have wished to propitiate their favor ; for what can be more flattering than to have one's deeds related in the glowing language of an orator ?

He made many enemies by his power of ridicule and his withering sarcasm ; and this no doubt excited the hatred of Marc Antony, then one of the triumvirate, at whose instigation he was assassinated by Popilius, whose life Cicero had saved by his eloquence. Thus perished the greatest of Roman orators, a diligent scholar, and one of the most industrious of men ; one who has done much to improve and benefit mankind by his works, many of which have been preserved for our use, and has left behind him a great name as a statesman and philosopher.

SPEED AWAY.

SPEED away, speed away to the land of the blest,
 Where the faint and the weary are ever at rest ;
 Where the toils and the sorrows of life are no more,
 But the joys of salvation on eternity's shore.

To that haven of rest we are journeying on ;
 Then upward and onward till the goal is won
 E'er be the motto to guide our frail bark,
 Through life's stormy sea, o'er ocean dark.

Swiftly we're sailing o'er life's foaming tide,
 Soon in the harbor on the other side
 We will greet our friends who have gone before
 To that heavenly land, that distant shore.

Jesus forgives, and bids us freely come,
 Welcomes the worn and weary traveller home ;
 There, harmonious and with sweet accord,
 The angels sing the praises of the Lord.

Speed away, speed away to that haven of rest,
 Where sin and commotion disturb not the breast ;
 Where the toils and the sorrows of life are no more,
 But the joys of salvation on eternity's shore. R.

ON SERMONS.

As we of this Academy are all fated to hear preaching twice each Sunday, unless, perchance, we are sick, we have thought that a few brief observations on the subject of sermons might possibly be endured.

We begin by exhorting our fellow-students to listen attentively to every sermon that is preached before them ; for, first, all ideas connected with the subject of religion are important, and should command our attention ; and, in the second place, if, as is sometimes the case, the sermons contain no ideas on that subject, they may be listened to with profit as showing the peculiarities of the preacher, and his manner of writing. In this last light, we propose to consider the subject.

As students here, and in college, we shall be called on, hereafter, to fill a certain number of sheets of paper with what, in school-boy phrase, is call a composition. Ministers are precisely in that predicament ; and to many of them, we think we may safely say, the situation is one of difficulty. Cannot we save ourselves from scalding in the future, by attentively observing the conduct of those who are continually in hot water ?

If any of you think that that would be but an irreverent and selfish way of spending our time in church on Sunday, we would say that we are now considering only those sermons which have no ideas, or original views, of religion in them ; and it seems to us to be more praiseworthy to pay attention to what the preacher says, than to go to sleep, or be gazing around at the young ladies.

One of the most common resorts of ministers, when they find themselves hard pushed, and driven into a corner, is to start up some illustration. Although the matter may be as clear as crystal, and stand in no more need of elucidation than the sun in heaven, yet an illustration may take up five or six minutes, and help out amazingly ; and, besides, there is then no appearance of departing from the subject. But this method is very dangerous, and should be used with the utmost care and circumspection. A minister once preaching from the text, Jonah iv. 5, 6 and 7, (" And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd. But God prepared a worm when, the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered), " used some fourteen or fifteen illustrations, including the unhappy war now raging in this country, all of things which rose and fell like the gourd of the prophet. These occupied the whole of the sermon, and the effect, if we may suppose the existence of an effect, was to impress the hearers with an idea that it was the usual course of the Almighty to act in a whimsical, cruel, and unreasonable manner.

Another common expedient is to take a text and add to it a multitude of observations, having nothing in common but a single word. This is made to hold them together and connect them with the text ; and the sermon rolls by like a train of cars, enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust, astonishing

and bewildering the beholder with its sharp-sounding discord. The effect, of course, is in proportion to the roughness of the way, and the rapidity with which the ideas succeed each other. We heard a sermon of this kind less than a week ago, from the text, "Thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth." There was nothing in common between the different parts of the sermon and the text, but the single word *youth*; and no moral at all could be derived from the preaching, — except, perhaps, a person paying unusual attention might pick out the following as most dwelt on: "that youth is the most suitable time for repentance, and that it is dangerous to delay." This is most excellent as far as it goes; but why should it take thirty-seven minutes to tell it to us? and why should it be overwhelmed in a multitude of words, buried in the earth like Capt. Kidd's treasures, never to benefit mankind?

Ah, my friends! in the answer to this question is to be found an excuse for millions of dull sermons. An editor of a newspaper may condense into a paragraph of a dozen lines matter which will strike home to the hearts of thousands; but a minister of the gospel has no such privilege. He must occupy the time which custom has prescribed, whether he has anything to say or not. What wonder, then, that the material, which must be spread over so much surface, should roll out sometimes very thin! We are of the opinion, and we think that if you will carefully consider the matter, and listen to all the sermons preached with the intention, at least, of benefiting you, you will likewise believe that a minister ought to have full liberty to speak as much or as little as he pleases; and when he has nothing to say, let him not speak at all. Then would religion become attractive, new life be infused into the discussion of holy matters, and churches no longer be dormitories of the living as of the dead.

THE SOLDIER OF THE UNION.

THE soldier of the Union
Lies a dying at Bull Run;
All his comrades have deserted,
And left him there alone — save one;
That one dearer than a brother,
Upon whose bosom now he lies,
Raises up his drooping body,
Directs his vision to the skies;
Tells him of a blessed Saviour,
Who has died mankind to save;
Tells him of a glorious triumph
Over death and over grave:
But his thoughts are now directed
To his pleasant home of yore,
Far off in bright New England —
New England's happy shore.

He sees, as in a vision,
Up among the hilltops green,
A cottage resting on the banks
Of a pure and bubbling stream.
Happy voices are carolling
Songs which he has often heard,
As he hies him home from labor,
Driving on the lowing herd.
Within he sees the forms of loved ones, —
Blessings to a father's sight, —
And the fire is burning brightly,
Shedding forth its warmth and light;
And the supper now is ready:
Waiting for his children four,
In his home in bright New England —
New England's happy shore.

And he feel it in his bosom,
Rankling with the ghastly wound,
That he never more shall meet them,
Nor see again his happy home.
Ah! the feelings of a father
In a moment such as this!
With what desire his heart is burning
To imprint a parting kiss, —
To entwine each in his arms,
And bid them all a long farewell;
And tell them of the glorious cause
In which their father fought and fell!
But the vision quickly vanished;
And he ne'er will wander more
Amid the hilltops of New England —
New England's happy shore.

The soldier of the Union
Is lying dead at Bull Run, —
The spirit hath departed
To the God from whence it came;
But the friend who stood beside him
In the dreary hour of death,
Supporting his weary form
Till no signs of life were left,
Has gone to join his legion,
To fight for Freedom's cause once more.
But his spirit is desponding,
And his heart is very sore,
For the comrade whom he cherished,
In the blissful days of yore,
At his home in fair New England —
New England's happy shore.

P. C.

NEW ENGLAND AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

It is frequently interposed, as a blemish in the consistency of New England character, that, although the early settlers on these shores came to them driven away from England by persecutions, they immediately employed the same means to put out of being what they considered the heretical views of the Quakers and Baptists. This, it seems to us, is not valid, for this reason: In England, our fathers were persecuted by the legitimate government. Did they resent it? — did they undertake to overthrow the government and impose their beliefs upon those who did not adhere to them? History has written it far otherwise. They assented to the truth that an existing government, although in a particular instance in the wrong, should be obeyed, in order that the framework of society should not be overturned, and anarchy ensue. Our forefathers quietly left their homes, all that was naturally most dear to them, to the control of existing authority, and withdrew to build up in the wilderness a power framed after their own notions. In *their* character the religious element predominated; and they moulded their institutions in accordance with this fact. Our progenitors never had a zeal for prosylitizing; they have imposed their laws, blue or otherwise, only on those who would receive them, or upon their own children over whom they had a rightful authority. As they did not strive to subvert the English customs, so in turn they would not allow their own, founded to prove their inherent superiority, to be overturned. They selected the bleakest and most uninviting country which they could find, and there they hoped to rear a system after their own hearts. They agreed to let the genius of British society be what it might; they also would take every precaution that their own system lost none of its vital-

ity and force of character through their negligence in guarding it from extraneous and foreign influences. Thus there was imparted to New England an independent and self-reliant character, that in the days of colonial oppression so boldly struck hands with the more English colony of Virginia in the attempt to keep inviolate the charters and liberties of the people.

There is much cheap criticism on New England severity of manners and morals, the intensely practical character of its people, their rigid scrutiny of men and measures; but when we call to mind how much false philosophy has been introduced into our mode of government under the cry of a liberal construction of the constitution,—how much moral supineness and looseness, under the cant of liberality, has been ingrafted into religion,—we cannot but regret that the ancient genius of our section has been so softened in these days, when Christian graces are cultivated by conventions, and political and moral degeneracy are engendered by those wearing the tunics of reformers; and when an impractical kind of quack philosophy is the cloak under which the errors of French infidelity and Spanish intolerance are sown broadcast in our intellectual constitution. Far from being the offshoots of fanaticism and ignorance, the early strictness and purity of precept among the inhabitants of these six Eastern Atlantic States were the natural growth of sound philosophy and proper self-control.

They were the old Roman “religio” without the ancient’s insane desire for conquest; and as the rigidness of drill and discipline among the Roman soldiers were the causes of their success in conquering the world, so these same elements, developed in a nobler sphere by the Puritans, have filled our valleys with intelligence, and have sprinkled our hilltops with school-houses; have reared a Webster the defender of

the Constitution, a Choate the jurist of his century, a Jonathan Edwards the American theologian.

New England philosophy has raised up men who have worked greater wonders on the ocean than Neptune with his trident; it has electrified the world with the wondrous wire of the telegraph;—but enumeration would fill a volume. Mont Blanc amid the heats of summer is as covered with snow as in the depths of winter. So with the genuine Puritan character: it is so elevated that the enervating heats of passion cannot affect it, nor the severest extreme of rectitude make it more firm. It is glorious, pure, unchanging. Like the snows of Blanc under the noontide sun of midsummer, its radiations of genius fill the continent, its learning illumines the land, its mechanics propel the enginery of the universe. Let us, then, seek to exemplify its principles, and reanimate in our lives and habits its ancient philosophy. Amen. J. A. D. H.

THE FORCE OF MORAL PRINCIPLE.

MORAL principle and moral culture are essential qualities to true success. Without them no man can be truly said to be prosperous. They are the great, vital principles that, sooner or later, must mould the destinies of mankind. Men may, for a short time, seem to prosper without them; but they compose the foundation and support of true manliness, and as such they must, in a great measure, have a bearing and an influence upon their future course. If they be guided by them, even if adversity assail them they will finally be victorious, though for the time being they may seem to be unfavored. But if they have no fixed principle by which to regulate their every-day life, they will at last utterly fail to

accomplish the desired end, if that end be a noble one. Every man should be exclusively governed by high and ennobling principles; and then we should have a higher moral tone pervading all states and classes, — extending its influence to, diffusing over, and enlightening all mankind. It is only by the strictest moral principle and culture, that we can ever arrive at a certain degree; but can it be enjoyed unless obtained and upheld by moral principle? Most assuredly not. A man who is governed only by his own base desires and inclinations, never can arrive to any position that a worthy man would covet, or even hold. All men, of all ages, that have been distinguished, either for their talents or their virtues, were men who, from their earliest infancy, were trained by moral principle, and exercised by moral culture. Morality is the mainspring of the universe. With it, and by it, the world is governed; without it, it would be involved in total degradation.

s.

 NIGHT.

THE sun is sinking low
 Into his couch behind the hills:
 A boding silence rests
 Upon the sleeping earth, and fills
 All Nature's realms. The moon,
 Gliding noiselessly through the skies,
 Lightens the crested waves,
 And her silvery light gently lies
 On mountain, lake, and vale.
 One by one, each blazing star
 Appears in heaven's arch,
 Like some beacon flaming from afar.

Slowly the last faint rays
Of the setting and dying sun
Have faded, 'neath the blaze
Of the stars and the rising moon.
The clouds are trailing low,
Gracefully swelling at her feet ;
And, curtain-like, o'erhead
In mingled gold and crimson meet,
And ocean murmurs faint
Where the glittering sturgeons leap,
And settles into rest,
Slowly rocking itself to sleep.
The leafless branches sway
In misty circles weird and wild.
And Night within her cloak
Enshrouds the earth, as if her child :
Enwraps within her folds,
Bespangled with glittering stars,
Blazing with wavy light,
From the blood-red shield of Mars.
Reigning, in right supreme,
'Till the first approach of the morn ;
While the bright moon — night's queen —
Sits on her silvered throne 'till dawn.

OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

To be obedient to law, is oftentimes irksome to the human heart. We long to act from impulse ; we are eager to pursue a new pleasure. Delightful visions of happiness are opened to our eyes, and we wish to make these realities. We *will* not be thwarted in our desires, or induced to lay

aside our plans of enjoyment. No — we will make our own laws.

Perhaps our purpose is not an impulsive one. We have a persevering spirit, and intend to make our name famous in the literary world; or we would have an influence in the affairs of the nation, and be great statesmen. A great statesman is the admiration of the world, and great wealth is desirable; for have we not seen and felt for years the drudgery of poverty, or the belittling influence of contracted means? — and have we not been irritated by the narrow views of sordid friends and relatives, and almost maddened at the prospect of never overcoming the obstacles which prevent our rising and going forward in those paths that look so inviting? Yes — we *will* conquer.

But to conquer, we must work, — we must strive; and no working, no striving, will long avail, unless the working and striving are in harmony with the laws that everywhere surrounds us. There are natural laws that must be obeyed. To work healthily with the body, or with the mind, the bodily faculties must be in good condition — in working order. Sleep, food, and exercise must be *regular*. Recreation there must be, too, for the faculties to spring to action with keen delight. The Maker of the body made laws for the body; and he does not permit these laws to be broken without a bodily punishment. No mind can work long in a feeble body. Even if there is great energy in the mind, a sickly frame will tyrannize over it. The mind, too, has its own laws. The feelings act and react on the judgment and reason; and if the feelings are improperly indulged, the judgment and reason are biassed, and are not to be depended upon. A man must love and reverence the truth, must honor and practise goodness, must abhor and shun the mean, the cowardly, and shuffling, to have his mind in its highest

state. A love of truth causes a man to seek for truth and abide by it. His soul becomes a mirror to reflect the true and manly, by loving thoughts of truth and manliness, — by actions that embody his thoughts, and stamp them with his likeness. It is one of God's laws that like assimilates to like. If we love and practise virtue, the soul is elevated by it; and we work intellectually with more ardor and energy when all our powers are in full harmony with themselves, and in accordance with the laws by which the Creator guides the working of his Spirit.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

GREAT should be the interest which the American student feels in the literary institutions of his country, — in their origin, progress, and character; and great should be his hopes for their advancement in the future, as he sees the facilities for obtaining knowledge increasing every year. The colleges in America are probably conducted on as good a system as any in the world. We may not have as learned men in our faculties as some foreign nations have; but we have no such hindrances to impede the growth of our literary institutions as they are troubled with. The colleges of the Old World are either the same now that they were fifty — yes, a hundred and fifty years ago, or they are not as good. But can the same thing be said of like institutions in our country? No. The United States has not been firmly established a hundred years, and but few of our colleges were established before that time. Most of them have sprung up since; and although the oldest of these are the best, still many of the younger ones are growing, and bid fair some

day to rival those founded at an earlier period. Originally our academies and colleges were few in number ; and though our country then was not as large as it is now, yet the means of conveyance were not by any means so extensive as they are at present ; and thus only the richer class could afford to send their sons to college, on account of the expense of travelling, and the advantages of a collegiate education was denied to the poorer classes. They were also trammelled by those customs which impede the advancement of learning in the universities and preparatory schools of Great Britain. For instance, the custom of faging had a very bad effect on the youth in school. The older scholars tyrannized over those younger and not so far advanced ; and this principle, which they learned here in their boyhood, they often followed when they were more advanced in years. There were many other customs also, which I cannot mention at length, but which, although they did little real harm, nevertheless retarded the onward march of learning. But as these institutions increased, both in number and size, they laid aside these old customs, which were seen to be prejudicial to their progress, and were therefore condemned as worse than useless. But with the growth of our colleges and academies, the country grew both in wealth and in desire for independence, and in turn the character of these institutions of learning became more consistent with the character of the nation. There was no preference shown to birth, but the poor man's son enjoyed the same privileges as the son of the rich man ; and the old saying of Euclid was illustrated, that "there was no royal road to learning." There was no aristocracy but that of those who were superior to the rest in mind. By the increasing wealth of the country, those deficiencies of patronage which like institutions enjoyed abroad, where a few persons supply a certain college with funds, and have

that one alone under their supervision, were supplied. Here, by means of scholarships and endowments, every one who wishes can help along any college or colleges that he pleases ; and thus, where all have an interest in the institutions of learning, they are sure never to want whatever is needful.

Every academy and college has its debating society also, where the student can learn to argue, and which fits him for addressing audiences in the future. And it may not be out of place to speak of the cultivation of the physical nature in our colleges. Where a few years ago this was almost entirely neglected, in the earnestness to cultivate the mind, now you will no longer see so many students worn out by hard study, and by taking too little exercise ; but you will see hardy men, who are capable of contending against disease, and who will live many years to benefit the world. And all things look hopeful for the improvement of these institutions in the future. With probably the best system, and with nothing to hinder us, we may expect at last, if we do our duty in regard to it, and help it on as much as we are able, to see the cause of education advance in this country, — like a lofty pyramid whose foundations are laid broad and deep, carefully, and with toil, that it may withstand all the storms of adversity, which gradually rises stone by stone and year by year, till at last it pierces the heavens ; and there, from the top of the huge pile, the scholar may survey the earth, and take in at one glance the whole heavens — sure that the everlasting foundations beneath him can never be uprooted, but will exist till time shall be no more. SIGMA.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

The present term has passed swiftly and pleasantly to its close, and it seems but a very few weeks from the first meeting of Philo, in No. 1, to the Exhibition. Another class has left this institution, under whose guidance the Society has become great and powerful, and now '64 has taken up the work, and carried it along with a firm determination of sticking by her to the last.

The town has kept on "in the noiseless tenor of its way," with an unaccelerated motion—the Academy serving as a pendulum to keep it moving; otherwise it would stop short. Yet one fire has disturbed its peaceful inhabitants, which reduced to ashes the old house on the Ballard Vale road,—supposed to be the work of an incendiary, since it was uninhabited. Noble efforts were made by the members of the Shawsheen Company to put out the conflagration, but, alas! in vain.

Another important fact is, that the Fem. Sems have so greatly increased in number as to require the united efforts of the Principals to keep them in order.

The war still continues to be the staple of news for the world; and may the 300,000 which our patriotic and honest President has so recently called for, be the finishing blow in crushing the rebellion. But let us be prepared for whatever is awaiting us, and continue to support the Government by putting down copperheads; and, knowing that our cause is just, trust in the King of battles for success.

We, in the name of the Society, respectfully ask you to continue your patronage of the Mirror, hoping that it will not fall short of your expectations.

THE writer of the following having determined to devote his life to algebra, has given the following solution of —

AN ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

I have taken my pencil in hand,
 To solve the strange problem of life, —
 Of childhood, of youth, and old age ;
 Of its hours of trouble and strife.

I write down the quantities given, —
 The blood, the flesh, and the bone,
 Plus a little vexation of spirit,
 And x equals all the unknown.

I find, after working for years,
 The problem has been misstated :
 Too much I have valued the known,
 And the unknown underrated.

The plus of the rich — the minus, the poor,
 Too oft my mind perplexes ;
 But it seems perfectly clear
 When I find the sum of the x 's.

So it is I hurry on,
 Content to know the sequel —
 Believing that the River of Death
 Shall make all these things equal.

If we use aright the quantities known,
 X 's value is infinity ;
 Therefore, in summing up the whole,
 It brings us to divinity.

MATTHEW MATICS.

WHEN we heard concerning the following, our blood ran cold with horror. Must we, then, live a year near such creatures, who could

thus conceal such villainous dispositions beneath countenances which seemed so pure and devoid of all evil!

ACCOUNT OF A ROBBERY ON THE HILL OF ZION.

On the Hill of Learning, in the land of Shawsheen, there dwelt a woman whose name was Hannah. On the same hill there dwelt also the tribe of the Phillippians. Now Hannah had a chariot, very large, and exceedingly costly. And it came to pass that, in the morning, Hannah said unto her servant, "Go thou and bring my chariot, that I may take a journey through the land." And he went as she commanded him; but, lo! he found not the chariot. So he returned unto her and said, "Surely the Phillippians have come by night and carried away my mistress' chariot." So Hannah was very wroth. And she said unto her servant, "Art sure that the men of Phillips have done this thing?" And he answered and said, "Did they not steal a cart from thy neighbor Farley, a just and upright man? And would not these men of Belial steal my mistress' chariot also?"

But the Phillippians, though they were so wicked, did not this evil thing.

Now there dwelt on one side of the Hill of Learning, in the land of Shawsheen, the tribe of the Fem Sems. And it came to pass that the Fem Sems said among themselves, "Let us go and spoil Hannah of her chariot; and let us go in the night, then shall no man see us; and it shall be laid to the charge of the Phillippians."

And so it came to pass that on the fourth day of the month Novem, in the twenty and fifth year of the reign of Samuel, they went in the night-time unto the house of Hannah, and they took her chariot, which had four wheels, and likewise a great top upon it, in shape like unto the shell of a tortoise, and in size like unto a hoop-skirt, and they drew it after them to their own place and hid it. And they said among themselves, "Now shall we ride through the land like the daughters of princes, and all men shall look upon us with wonder;" for the Fem Sems were proud and vain.

And they had a queen who ruled over them; and she made a law that any Fem Sem that should use a white handkerchief, or so

much as look upon a Phillippian, should be banished from the land. But for all this law which their queen made, they would wave their handkerchiefs out of their windows, and look at the Phillippians out of the corners of their eyes, and smile upon them, so that they rejoiced greatly to meet them. But it came to pass after the space of six days, that the servants of Hannah found her chariot where it had been hid; and so all the wickedness and shame of the Fem Sems became known throughout all the land.

Then the anger of the Phillippians was kindled, and they said among themselves, "What shall we do unto these Fem Sems, seeing that they have done this great wrong and laid it to our charge?" And they said, "We will make war upon them, and utterly drive them from the land." Nevertheless, after a time they repented of their anger and of their threats which they had made; for the Fem Sems, though they were so wicked, and waved their handkerchiefs, and looked out of the corners of their eyes, were very bewitching, and they practised cunning arts which enticed the Phillippians. So, they said, "Let us take every man unto himself a Fem Sem, and let us be one race and one blood, and dwell in peace."

THE author of the following was probably, while composing it, carried back on the airy wings of imagination to the days of Spanish romance and chivalry.

THE EVENING SERENADE.

Blow, gently blow,
 O'er moor and swarded lea;
 Blow around the castle walls,
 Blow, blow through the airy halls,
 Wind of the western sea;
 For now my lady sleeps,
 And the pale blue floweret weeps
 In silence with me.

Flow, sweetly flow,
 Brooklets, on to the sea;

Stealing round the crumbling towers,
Keeping through the shady bowers,
To thy home on the lea.
For now my lady sleeps,
And the star of evening keeps
His vigils with me.

Shine, brightly shine,
Moon of the summer night ;
Through the half-shut lattice door,
Through the casement, on the floor,
With soft and mellow light ;
For now my lady sleeps,
And the clouds in the azure deeps
Are flooded with light.

Shine, sweetly shine,
Lonely, yet lovely star ;
Pierce the fleecy clouds of night
With thy rich and golden light,
In splendor fall afar :
For now my lady sleeps,
And beacon-light in heaven's steeps,
Burns the god of war.

Break, gently break,
O sea ! on thy rocky shore ;
Hush thy wild, funereal dirge ;
Calm thy troubled, foaming surge ;
Cease thy maddening roar :
For now my lady sleeps,
And yet the restless billow leaps
As it did of yore.

Toll, gently toll,
In silvery accents sweet :

Another day is dying,
 Another day is lying
 Low at the reaper's feet.
 And yet my lady sleeps,
 While the gray light creeps
 Through the narrow street.

ASH.

Why are the Second Middlers liable to be wrecked?—Because they are in danger of having hard knocks (Knox) on a lee (Lee) shore

What noise is daily heard in No. 5?—A jingle. (A. J. Ingle).

Why are the Second Middlers safe from interruption during recitation?—Because they have a powerful lock (Locke) with them.

Why ought the First Juniors to be well supplied with game?—Because they have a Huntress to shoot a Partridge.

THIS production came, no doubt, from the pen of one who, rendered desperate by the disappointment of his most sanguine hopes and expectations of raising a hairy crop on his upper lip, attempts to delineate, in touching yet glowing words, the indescribable and magnitudinous sufferings and trials that result from

FUTILE ENDEAVORS TO RAISE A MUSTACHE.

Dear friends, in mournful case,
 My trials I will show :
 I've no whiskers on my face,
 And cannot make them grow.
 Although I shave with care,
 And use the best of soap,
 I cannot see the growing hair,
 Without a microscope.

Chorus. — Too-le roo-le roo,
 Too-le roo-le rudle ;
 Too-le roo-le roo,
 A-sing-tam pumenable poodle.

Capiliary compounds I've tried,
 And Driscoll's balm of oil ;
 But blisters will not draw them out,
 And lost is all my toil.
 Some fellers' lips appear
 Beneath a heavy thatch-us ;
 But all my scraping will not rear
 The very least mustatche-us.

Mournful Chorus. — Too-le, etc.

No feathers on cheek or chin,
 No silky fuzz on lip,
 To stroke with meditative grin,
 Or careful finger-tip.
 With all the ills below,
 What can my troubles match-us :
 How can I make my whiskers grow,
 Or raise a fine moustatche-us ?

Desperate Chorus. — Too-le, etc.

Why ought the Seniors to dress well ?—Because their teacher's a Taylor.

Why should the First Juniors be strong in the daytime ?—Because they have day-vis (Davis).

Why ought the Senior Class to hold together for a long time ?—By means (Means) of its mason (Mason) and the bolt (Boalt) which the smith (Smyth) made.

What rare and beautiful bird has lately been discovered among the Juniors ?—Partridge.

What evidence have we that the rebels are victorious ?—Lee has got to Andover.

Who is the most fond of fun of any fellow in school ?—Lovejoy.

What evidence have we that No. 9 is in a southern climate ?—Because " Rice " flourishes there.

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EAST TENNESSEE.

THE last fall our country passed through some of the most stirring as well as the most important times which have transpired since the commencement of the war. During the year the army of the North has been continually, though it may have been slowly, pressing forward upon the rebel soil, and forcing them back into smaller quarters inch by inch. Many important places have been taken possession of by our forces along the banks of the Mississippi, and that river has been opened to navigation, thus separating that portion of the South lying on the west side of it from the main part.

But let us look especially at what took place in East Tennessee during the last fall. That portion of the State had for some time been occupied by the rebels; they had been desolating the homes of those who were loyal to the Government, who love to be under the protection of the stars and stripes rather than the stars and bars, the emblem

of treason and bloodshed. The federal force has now taken possession of it, and the rebels have been entirely routed from there, and, as we hope, never more to return while the rebellion lasts. It is evident that the condition of affairs in East Tennessee was favorable to the Union cause from the language of the President in recommending all loyal people to render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for the great advancement of the National cause. The circumstances under which the rebel force was driven from its position were such as render it probable that the Union troops cannot hereafter be dislodged from this important post. The possession of this territory has been considered the turning-point of the war. It was General Burnside who in the command of his corps gallantly met and defeated the foe, and he has here as always heretofore shown himself a man. By means of his expedition during the first year of the war he forced a landing upon the coast of North Carolina, and that position has been maintained ever since. Now he has resigned his command, and has left the hero of Vicksburg firmly establishing himself in East Tennessee, so that probably during the present spring the army can advance into the heart of the cotton States of Georgia and Alabama. The most brilliant battle which has taken place in East Tennessee was that on the 29th of November, 1863, during the siege of Knoxville, which probably finds a parallel only in the siege of New Orleans on January 8th, 1815. On the night of the 28th, which was a cool and clear one, the two opposing forces were skirmishing throughout the whole length of the line, while the moon was shining brightly, showing to each party the vast ranks of the enemy. As the first line of dawn appeared, a portion of the rebel army made a precipitate attack upon Fort Saunders. The flower of the rebel

army was selected for this purpose, and, confident of success, they rushed into the face of death to conquer or to die. The ground over which they came was covered with low underbrush. Telegraph wires had been stretched in front of the Fort from stump to stump, but they were so concealed by the shrubbery that the enemy were not aware of them until they had fallen over them in confused heaps with the dead and dying. But onward they pressed, and were mown down by hundreds. The charge was terrific; but the rear of their column became confused and panic-stricken, and, giving way, retreated down the hill. Some of the more desperate advanced; springing into the ditch and climbing up the glacis, they planted the banner of treason by the side of the stars and stripes. But the rebels were entirely routed or taken prisoners, and thus ended the terrible assault upon Fort Saunders. On the next day the battlefield presented a sad appearance. It was covered with the dead and dying, and the ditch, which was nearly full of water, was also filled with those who had advanced only to meet their death. After the battle, General Burnside humanely offered a truce to General Longstreet to afford time for the removal of the enemy's wounded and the burial of their dead. — Thus we see one of the sanguinary battles which have taken place in this portion of the country; but we feel that there will be no more, for our forces are strongly entrenched there. The present appearances are that the eastern part of the State will before a great while be once more in the Union, enjoying the privileges which that alone can grant.

Tennessee is perhaps more diversified in the character of its surface than any other of the central States. This is to be particularly noticed in the eastern portion. It is traversed by large ridges extending across the State, and also

smaller ones running parallel with them, presenting much picturesque and beautiful scenery. The character of the country is such as to render the system of slavery unprofitable, and the people have such a love for liberty that they would not be willing to allow this accursed system upon their territory. It is to be observed that people who inhabit wild and mountainous regions—over which they wander, and, as it were, are not confined by any boundaries—are bold and liberty-loving; and it seems as if the places themselves had the power of inspiring them with this spirit. Switzerland, which is very mountainous, although it is small, yet is the only republic in the whole of Europe. Other examples might be cited, such as the Green Mountain boys and others, but it is unnecessary, for we know that this is the character of such places.

W. W. E.



OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

IN the onward march of civilization and Christianity, almost the only ground left untrodden is the relation of nation with nation. They now resemble a society of men, of the highest cultivation and refinement, whose passions rule them,—who, pretending to be civilized and Christian, act toward one another like beasts of prey, whose only God is ambition, and whose only law is might.

Does any one consider this picture too strongly colored? Alas! the original is crimson with blood. The story of Italy, Poland, Hungary has fallen but lightly on our ears. Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon fought and conquered on account of ambition alone. Causes have been

assigned for all their wars, but on examination they will be found to have been generally the lamb's muddying the stream where the wolf was drinking. A system that allows such wrongs as these, and even calls them right, is behind the age, and barbarous. Under this law power, always so liable to fall into the hands of unprincipled, ambitious men, must ever be feared by the weak.

Louis Napoleon is decidedly the most ambitious of the sovereigns of Europe. It would be strange if the nephew of the man who almost conquered the world were not desirous of imitating his efforts and emulating his fame. — strange indeed if the fatalist who has seen himself raised by a succession of strange chances from obscurity to absolute power over the most martial nation on the globe, should not be desirous of trying fortune still further. France lacks only two things to make her the most powerful nation in the world, — an efficient navy and a system of colonies: grand arteries through which pours a full stream of commerce, the life-blood of a nation's prosperity. For ages the whole power of France had been directed to the attainment of these advantages. Wars were conducted at great expense against the British for the possession of Canada and the colonies, and navies were built by the most strenuous effort; but in vain. The colonies, one by one, were conquered, and storms and English ships divided together the French armadas.

The present Emperor has renewed and redoubled these efforts. Cherbourg, one of the great naval stations of France, has been changed from an open bay, swept by storms from the north, to a harbor protected from the waves by an enormous breakwater, and from hostile fleets by a girdle of forts. The water is filled with iron-clads bristling with rifled cannon, and the banks lined with navy yards and foundries.

The Emperor has been no less active in founding colonies. Algiers has been conquered, and its best harbor is now guarded by a fortress as impregnable as the far-famed Gibraltar. The Sandwich Islands have been seized, and as quietly as possible put under French rule, in spite of all the remonstrances of their recognized sovereign. Various other islands in the Pacific, and part of China, have also been colonized. The conquest of Mexico is part of the same plan, but of far greater magnitude, and far greater importance to us. Supremacy in the Western Hemisphere is his aim, for which so many battles were fought and such exertions made. The scheme of making this continent a congregation of colonies has utterly failed. Canada, Cuba, and Guiana are the only considerable remnants of it. But the prize is so valuable that Louis Napoleon is trying the course again, and the conquest of Mexico is his first step.

In our present all-absorbing war, we are too apt to forget that we have to do with any except ourselves. We think that when the rebellion is crushed it will be time enough to talk about foreign relations. We should keep in mind that it is the sick or wounded buffalo that the wolf attacks, and that now, when we are bleeding from many wounds, we should be especially on our guard against foreign foes. "But," says another, "we can defend ourselves. There is no fear. We can bring into the field more than double the number of soldiers that can be transported here." Perhaps we can; but it would be far more reasonable to boast when the rebellion is crushed, and there is no more danger of seeing Lee in Philadelphia. "But there are no unusual movements of troops, no alliances, that we can see, among the great powers." Which is the more dangerous, the wolves who come and howl around the cattle-pen, or the panther that silently makes his way in, seizes the ox by the

throat, and sucks his blood? "But the other powers would not permit such a conquest of a whole country." Yet Poland was butchered, divided, and devoured without remonstrance. Hungary was conquered by Austria and Mexico by the French. Their petitions for aid have been always disregarded. Well may Mexico now address us in the words of Adherbal's letter to the Senate. "Plura de Jugurtha scribere dehortatur mea fortuna; etiam antea expertus sum, parum fidei miseris esse; nisi tamen intellego illum supra, quam ego sum petere." "My fortune dissuades me from writing more of Jugurtha; even before I have found that too little confidence is placed in the tales of the wretched, yet I know that he aims at a higher object than I am." Unless we beware we may yet know too well that the Emperor of France aims higher than Mexico, and learn by sad experience when we ask aid that the wretched are little trusted.

Such, then, are our relations with France. Our condition is dangerous; we have on our frontier an enemy whose plans are shrewd and secret, whose execution is prompt and overwhelming. Yet we hope, we believe, that this country will come out of the furnace singed but not harmed; while at the same time these thoughts should prompt us to make still greater exertions and sacrifices to defend our Government from foes within and foes without.

PRESS ON.

FIRMLY tread the path of glory,
 Ever onward press your way;
 Through the gloomy shades of night,
 Hew a passage into day

Never falter, never waver ;
 Boldly climb the rugged steep
 'Tis the brave alone that conquer
 Cowards fail, who feebly creep.

Far above us towers the summit,
 Dimly we its heights discern ;
 Though ye tire, yet do not linger :
 Fearless step, be just and firm.

What though oft your feet slip backward,
 Still press on and reach the goal ;
 Honor, fame, and glory shower
 Blessings on the steadfast soul.

Truth's triumphant ; with that gifted
 Brave the gloom of sorrow's night,
 'Neath the storm-clouds, black and murky,
 Diamond stars are shining bright !

R.



DOCTOR HOLLAND AND MUSIC.

It cannot be denied that the series of works which have followed in quick succession from the pen of Doctor Holland have obtained for their author some popularity, and the consequences of this good nature on the part of the public are only too apparent in the youngest of the Titcomb family, whose pertness and perversity are absolutely unendurable. In the preface to this book the reader is informed that the aim of the author was "to present and criticise certain types of character and life, and to furnish motives and means for their improvement and reform." To carry out effectually

such a grand design for the correction of the human race, a taking title was to Timothy Titcomb a matter of the first importance, and immediately he set his wits at work to invent an inscription for the binders which should be most wonderful for originality and force. "Letters to the Joneses" is the result, which an admiring public has not failed to appreciate. An ordinary mind might have remained content with this, but Timothy Titcomb could not repose before he had devised startling captions for the four and twenty letters which he intended to write to as many classes and professions. Not until these swaddling clothes were all provided and duly placed in readiness for instant use could the tender babes with safety be brought into the light. Not until they had been carefully wrapped and appropriately labeled would this great Barnum submit them to the gaze of the old women and the multitude.

To examine these infants one by one would be an inspection as unprofitable as unpleasant. We neglect Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Arnold, Jehu, and others rejoicing in names equally ambitious, to bestow all our attention upon the unfortunate Felix Mendelssohn, the representative of the musical profession.

In all seriousness we see nothing to admire in the imagination which shows itself so fertile in the production of characters like this music master, and it is quite probable that Doctor Holland will live to repent his profanation of the adored names of such men as the composer of the Wedding March and the great head master of Rugby School.

The views of this writer on music are such as might be looked for after so sad a sacrifice of delicacy and sensibility in the filling out of a titlepage and headlines. He has descended in every respect to the level of the class for whom he writes, and in this letter on music he shows no more care,

conscientiousness, or knowledge than might be expected of the most reckless itemizer that ever chronicled scandal in the Springfield Republican. It may be interesting, however, to inquire what excuses he may have for making his singing-master a spendthrift and seducer. Cleared of the overflowing cant and other irrelevant matter, the essay consists of a few sentences like the following :

“ There is something very demoralizing in all pursuits that depend for their success upon the popular applause.”

“ I have not read history correctly if it be not true that the artists of all ages have been men of many vices.”

“ Singing as a pursuit must come under the general law which makes devotion to one idea a dwarfing process.”

“ There is no denying the fact that, in the eye of a practical business man, musical accomplishments in men are regarded as a damage to character and a hinderance to success.”

“ I pray that no friend or child of mine may become professionally a singing man or singing woman.”

Granting that all this is true, shall there be no more painters and composers? If churches are no more to be filled with the deep tones of the organ, and theatres no longer to ring with the stirring notes of the prima donna, then is there some pertinence to such words as those we have quoted. If music is a bad thing, let us have no more of it; if it is not, let us not blame it for the sins of its professors. But if the world must have music, it is folly to dissuade good men from adopting it as a profession, for by so doing we surrender a stronghold to the devil. This course has been adopted once in the case of the theatre, which at that time lost all its influence towards virtue, but exerted a redoubled power for evil.

But Doctor Holland's assertions are unworthy of serious

treatment. Those of them which are not false are foolish. Does the doctor consider the writing of these "Letters" to the Joneses demoralizing? Yet it is a pursuit which depends for its success upon the popular applause quite as much as the singing of Brignoli. It would be difficult to show, we think, that the artists have had more than their share of vices. The contrary is probably the truth. Devotion to one idea, in the sense in which the words are used in Doctor Holland's statement, is anything but a dwarfing process.

In the style of this book we are not disappointed. It is what might naturally be looked for as the appropriate dress for such narrow ideas and ill-founded pretensions. A succession of easy circles and graceful ellipses no one would expect; but Doctor Holland has set together a multitude of jagged polygons in much the same style as our ancestors used to put up those marvellous stone walls with which they surrounded their clearings. A period is seldom made without some harsh iteration of a word which has already done sufficient service in the sentence. Who will blame poets and musicians for not being charmed by such sentences as this?

"'Felix Mendelssohn could sing,' they said, 'and carry his own part before he was three years old.' And Felix Mendelssohn was brought out on all possible occasions to display his really respectable gifts as a singer, and was brought out so often, and was so much praised and flattered, that before he was old enough to know much about anything, he had conceived the idea that singing was the *largest thing* to be done in the world, and that *Felix Mendelssohn Jones* had a very large way of doing it."

There are frequently expressions in this book which are not merely unrefined, but unpardonably gross. Devotion to

music, in the opinion of Mr. Timothy Titcomb, has a tendency to make a man "intellectually an ass, and morally a goat." But it can give no pleasure to point out the disagreeable characteristics of this new reformer. The reader who can pass them over without notice, or without censure, will continue to admire the writings of Doctor Holland in spite of reason or critics. It is to be regretted that other men, far better qualified, who have written books for the guidance of young people, are surpassed by him in popularity. People will do well in this matter to take the ground which the believers in hydropathy hold against the practitioners of the old school; that is, to decline to be cured at the risk of receiving worse disorders.

MASKED BATTERIES.

DURING the war which is now going on in our country, we have all of us heard more or less of masked batteries. Whenever we hear them spoken of, or read of them in the paper, we naturally judge them as something terrible from the destruction and slaughter which always follows the unmasking of one of them upon a body of men marching as it were to their graves, unconscious of the danger which lies before them.

But is the masked battery, so dreaded by the soldier, found on the field of battle only? It is not. There are others, far more ruinous and deadly, to be met with in all our large towns and cities. Manhood is not the only victim of these destroyers, but youth, and even old age cannot always escape them. I scarcely need say that they are the Saloon and the Theatre.

How many a youth, just starting in life, endowed with all the gifts of nature which tend to make him a man, has been killed as to everything that is manly and noble, or has been so shattered that a whole lifetime cannot effect a cure, by the drinking of spirits.

Instead of the embankments of earth for the purpose of concealing guns, is the screen painted with all the brilliant colors to conceal all the infamy within. Instead of artillerymen dealing out ammunition, are the bar-tenders dealing out the poisonous liquors, and instead of powder, is the alcohol, far more destructive.

As a young man looks upon one of these screens placed at the entrance, he seems to see written upon it in letters of gold, an invitation something like this: "Come in, young man, if you would be happy: here you will meet with friends; here you can banish all your trials and cares in the foaming cup; no harm can befall you, come in." But if he were to make a closer examination, and should remove the veil from his eyes, he would see the inscription as it is, not written with letters of gold. And in place of the cordial and welcome invitation there would be substituted words like these: "Come in, young man, if you would be ruined: here you will lose all your talent, knowledge, nobleness, fortune, and everything you have, and to compensate you for your losses, we will fill your mind with evil intentions, and make you a brute, a villain, and finally a murderer." If he was to stop and read the invitation as it is, how suddenly he would turn from it; but he takes it as it reads at first, enters, drinks the first glass, and is ruined. Lost not only to this world, but to the world hereafter.

And now a word in regard to the Theatre. Of all things the Theatre is the most fascinating and enticing. To a young man who for the first time enters a theatre, there is

something so attractive in the brilliantly-lighted room, and soul-stirring music, and the gaudy dresses of the performers, and the scenery so natural, that he is constrained to go again, and so on until his appetite becomes so strong that, to appease it, he must spend all his evenings there. But it does not stop here. He becomes extravagant, and to satisfy his wants goes so far as to commit robbery. He becomes acquainted with the performers, and meets with bad company, who pretend to be his friends, but who are at heart his bitterest enemies. Then comes the downfall and final ruin. From a promising young man, he becomes a wretch, and by so doing perhaps has grieved a father's heart, or brought a widowed mother to an early grave.

But these are only every day occurrences which are constantly taking place. We are all liable at any time, unless guided by a stronger power than our own, to become the victims of them. It is hard to say which is the worse, the Theatre or the Saloon, for one invariably leads to the other, and both lead to ruin. Therefore shun them as you would a battery of artillery pointed directly toward you, and you will never know the sorrows and miseries connected with them.



“LADIES, BEWARE!”

VOLTAIRE says “ Ideas are like beards ; women and young men have none.” To scrape together, at this the eleventh hour, a few lines for Philo, is no easy task, when one has the above statement flourished in his face, but more especially, when his thoughts are to be reflected by so strong and powerful a Mirror, upon so critical an audience.

The worthy Frenchman may have been right when he wrote the above, and I feel it keenly now that I make an effort to find ideas; yet I am aware that beards never become luxuriant and beautiful save by the frequent use of the razor, nor yet will ideas become more brilliant or more numerous without proper exertion. This short sentence says much in a few words, and intimates more than volumes can hold. While it says women have none and intimates that they never did, never will, and never can have either beards or ideas, it concedes to young men the fact that there is a prospect for advance and improvement.

Young men *will have* beards, if they don't have ideas; and it is certain that the ideas of a youthful aspirant are not to be slighted or considered lightly. For as "coming events cast their shadows before," the anxious youth watches the first faint glimmer of a dawning moustache or sickly side-whiskers, and consoles himself with the fact that "heavy bodies move slowly." So here we expect that our puerile efforts will be looked upon by critical eyes, and that they will be criticized severely (as they deserve) with a view to pluck out the stray, wild hairs that may have marred the beauty of our literary beard, and yet are consoled to know that our insignificant ideas will gather weight as they roll slowly along. If we had as great interest in mental culture as is the intent regard with which we watch the slowly-advancing beard, — if we would forward mind instead of moustache, — if brains were trimmed and combed like beard, then would young men have ideas.

If Voltaire was right, why not Dr. Maginn, who says "We like to hear a few words of sense from a woman, as we do from a parrot, because they are so unexpected! Even when woman occasionally surprises us by the production of a brilliant thought, we denominate her a parrot.

What, then, can we infantile authors expect from the hands of a fault-finding world, who fail to see even the fuzz of our literary abilities. There is no time when a plant needs to be handled so carefully as when budding. The least touch may damage it materially. Ideas, the most delicate, beautiful, and deserving plants, just as they are about to blossom are often carried away by that bitterest frost, the critic, like beards singed by contact with flame. The youthful idea, like the youthful beard, needs nourishment and cultivation more than discouragement and neglect.

Let us strive, then, to cultivate, not beards alone, but brains, knowing that woman will never be respected in the world of thought until she has an intellectual beard; that a young man to succeed in literature, as in all pursuits, must lavish time and expense on *mind*, instead of moustache.

NIGHT.

Low sinks the red sun,
The light is retreating;
The night cometh on,
The day is fast fleeting.

And the longer night's near;
Dim shadows give warning;
The night without star,
A night without morning.

The year's growing old,
Winter winds are sighing,
The hearthstone is cold,
The embers are dying.

And old age comes on,
 Life's short span is shrinking ;
 The soul, faint and wan,
 Is failing and sinking.

Friends they grow few ;
 As the shadows grow dimmer,
 Fading from view
 In the twilight's faint glimmer.

No harvest below,
 No riches for reaping ;
 A heart wed with woe,
 And wasted with weeping.
 Ah ! would it were sleeping !

OUR CRITICS.

ONE of the parts regularly "performed" at each meeting of our Society is that of the critic. To him is expressly set apart the work of awarding praise and blame to all who have participated in the proceedings of the previous meeting. — an honorable office, calling both for industry and ability in him on whom it is conferred. The critic ought to expose ignorance, punish effrontery, and show no mercy to indolence. He should be foremost to recognize merit in new members, and never cease to point out the faults of the old. Above all should he strive to maintain the dignity which ought to distinguish his office ; and if he may not be able to inspire awe, he should endeavor to command respect.

It is not our purpose to point out all the faults which

have been committed by the long line of critics who have *performed* on the boards of our noble stage. (We say *performed*, because the word seems to be a favorite one with our Secretaries.) We shall notice only a few of the most glaring, and the most easy to be corrected.

In the first place, no critic seems to suppose it of any consequence to inform himself about the matter to be debated. In view of the fact that about half our questions are historical ones, and considering how abominably history is perverted, and what a number of altogether fabulous statements are made every time such a question is debated, we are filled with wonder when we reflect upon the silence of those especially appointed to correct these evils. Either they are indolent, ignorant, or indifferent, — perhaps usually all three. When any one reads a criticism in a book or newspaper, he insists upon a thorough knowledge of his subject on the part of the writer as a matter of the first importance. He feels that there is nothing so contemptible and unpardonable as ignorance sitting in judgment upon a matter of science or art. What would be thought of a criticism on a lecture of Wendell Phillips which should be confined to a few patronizing remarks on the gestures of the orator, with the possible addition of one or two sentences to the effect that the lecturer spoke with his usual vehemence, that “his arguments were good,” and that he showed “a thorough knowledge of the subject?” It is, alas, hardly necessary to remark that more than half of the criticism on our debates is made up of such profound observations.

It is another fault of our critics that they make their productions too brief. They pass from one subject to another with the suddenness of grasshoppers, never resting in one place long enough for you to fix your thoughts on

what they are saying, but before you are aware of the direction they intend to take, with wonderful agility they have gone over the whole field, and the echo of their final sentence mingles with the applause in the midst of which they retire. We do not mean that the critic should feel bound to notice every speaker at length, but we do think a careful, thoughtful estimate of a single person's remarks would be found far more interesting than the general notice which is usually made of every one who has occupied the floor. There is no deficiency of matter for this purpose. It would require, for instance, but little previous study to detect many of the more glaring misstatements of history, and nearly all those astounding facts which, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, leap in complete armor from the imaginations of debaters. When the critic perceives a fault of this kind, he should never fail to notice it, and either blame the originator severely for his ignorance, or praise him for his ingenuity. The habit of making long harangues, having not the least connection with the matter in hand, should receive severer chastisement than a tender condemnation in a few gentle and well-worn phrases. In short, any person of average ability need never be at a loss for matter to fill out a criticism, nor, what is a great advantage, need any one fear making it too long; for a good, keen, fearless criticism can not be dull, and such, however rare they may have become, have never ceased to be appreciated by our Society.

We never could understand why most of our critics should consider it a part of their business to inform us that "the Secretary called the roll and read the minutes of the preceding meeting," and prefix other such matter to their criticisms. To keep a record of the transactions of the Society is clearly the duty of the Secretary, and not of the

critic. Let the critic plunge boldly into the deep, and make it boil like a pot; not go shivering down to the water's edge in the beaten track of the Secretary, only to make a little timid splashing like a girl.

Not to add length to the other faults of this article, we will mention but one more of the complaints we have to make against the critics. We do not know how many will agree with us in it, but, for our part, we cannot see why the person criticized should always be addressed in the second person. The criticism should be to the Society, not to the individual. It should consist, in our opinion, of critical remarks on what has been said, and not in reproof, instruction, or commendation delivered by the critic in the style of a professor of elocution addressing his pupils. We may add that although the latter is the mode adopted by Dr. Taylor in criticising the "individuals" whose faults we have been considering, it is not the style adopted by that great man in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

ITALY.

ITALY, bright, sunny Italy, land of the poet's dream and song, land of the togated nation, whose past greatness shines down to us through the vista of centuries with increased lustre! While Rome stood, Italy was the centre of the world. When Rome fell, Italy became the battlefield of nations. Upon the downfall of the Roman Empire the whole earth seemed to unite for the destruction of Italy. For years the rude barbarians with contending armies strove for the mastery. Conflagration and ruin followed in their track; the clash of resounding arms was borne upon every

breath of air ; the wild yell of the Saracens mingled with the hoarse shout of their more uncultivated neighbors ; while the cries of the widows and orphans ascended to heaven in their distress.

Thus the vial of wrath which had been accumulating was poured out upon this devoted land. The Roman conquerors with iron heel and ruthless hand had invaded the rights of surrounding nations, and now the tide has turned with redoubled energy upon the heads of their descendants. Gradually from the ruins a series of republics sprung up, each zealous for the supremacy. No peace is allowed ; but the contest wages hotly between them. Milan swallows up little Lodi, Frederic of Germany swallows up Milan, and so, for centuries, bleeding, downtrodden Italy is overrun by opposing armies ; the harvests are trampled under foot, famine follows, and no pen can depict the sufferings of the peasants, as, oppressed by either party, they are dragged down to the very dust. What matters it to the poor husbandman whether he is plundered by a foreign or a domestic despot ? The result in either case is the same. Happy is he if he obtains enough to sustain even life itself. No oppression is too severe. Life has no charms for him. Death leaves no hope for posterity. But look ! — a bright light breaks in upon the scene. Napoleon Bonaparte with his victorious legions expels the tyrants from the land. The Eternal City is rescued from its thralldom. Liberty is proclaimed to the people. Bright hopes and blissful expectations arise for the future. But how sad are the reverses of fortune ! The monarchs of Europe, fearing for their thrones, form a fearful conspiracy against the French Republic. One million two hundred thousand bayonets advance upon the exhausted hero. He falls, and the Bourbon dynasty is again established over France. The victorious troops, rolling over the towering Alps, sweep all

opposition before them, and again Italian liberty goes out in one wail of despair.

How sad has been the fate of this beautiful land, majestic from the romantic interest of its glorious past! With what delight the tourist wanders amid the columns and crumbling arches of the once proud mistress of the world! Where the Cæsars dwelt, there now dwell the tuneless birds of night, and the creeping ivy usurps the laurel's place. The wreck of the Gladiator's bloody Circus stands a noble ruin. These impress upon his mind the fearful ravages of the great destroyer Time. In every step the voice of Death greets him, and his heart is lifted up in silent adoration for the great of old, the dead sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns.

But this country, abounding in such memorials of antiquity, is buried in the gloom of rankest despotism. Again the veil is rent. Again the hand of a Napoleon lends its aid to the cry of freedom. Austria, driven to the last extremity, grants to Italy the boon she asks. In the North arises the kingdom of Sardinia. Victor Emanuel with eleven millions of freemen sways the sceptre. Many blame the French Emperor that he did not drive the Austrians wholly from the country. But as he rode along the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino, and saw thousands struck down in every form of mutilation, and knew that the enemy were posted in an almost impregnable fortress, impossible to be taken without an immense cost of blood, he there listened to the voice of humanity, as he had before listened to that of freedom. Then an advantageous peace was obtained. Such was her position in 1860. A substantial nucleus was thus formed for the concentration of regenerated Italy. When again the voice of liberty was heard along its southern boundaries and Sicilian shores, Garibaldi was found to lead

forth her arms to victory. The corrupt government of Naples fell, and Freedom planted her banner in the very heart of despotism. Whether indeed the Italian people are worthy of a free government, let the future determine. P. C.

THE PRESENT AGE.

WHAT mighty changes have been wrought throughout the world within the last century! How many important events have occurred! What wonderful testimonials of the grandeur and glory of the Infinite God! As we look back upon those who lived at the comparatively short period of an hundred years ago, we almost wonder how they carried on the daily transactions of life. As we think of their imperfect means for transporting their productions and for communicating with each other, of all the insurmountable difficulties of their mode of living, and then, passing over the intervening years, look upon the mighty revolutions, the vast improvements, and the wonderful inventions of the present age, we stand fixed in wonder and admiration.

Turn your attention for a moment to the various modes of travelling at the present day, and compare them with those of a century ago. Had you told a man of that time that you could transport him at the rate of fifteen miles an hour over the heaving billows, that had cost his fathers so many weary months to cross, he would probably have taken you for a madman. But that age has passed. No longer are rivers, lakes, and seas considered as barriers difficult to be passed; no longer are thousands of miles of inland travel any drawback, nor is the ocean; but nations and countries separated by almost boundless wastes of stormy waters, are

placed side by side by our noble steamers which ply along their briny course from shore to shore, and the corners of a vast continent are tied together by the iron track of the mighty steam-horse.

Less than a century ago, the lumbering, slow-moving stage-coach was the only means of transmitting intelligence. No matter how great the importance, or how imperative the necessity of despatch, days, weeks, and even months were consumed rumbling along in the heavy coaches, or slowly creeping through almost endless canals, travelling day and night, and yet, seemingly, no nearer the journey's end than before starting. Now messages flash along the wires with the speed of lightning; commanders of armies send intelligence of their movements and operations to headquarters within an hour after their occurrence; thence it flies to Washington, and spreads to all the larger cities, towns, and villages in the Union with incredible rapidity, and reaches in its wild yet steady course, the furthestmost shores of the Pacific, almost before the courier would have left the scene of action, an hundred years ago. Far away in the deep dark forest, the shriek of the locomotive is heard, and the shores of our inland lakes resound with the splashing of the steamboat's paddles. The din of great cities floats over the rivers, where but a few years ago all was deep, solemn stillness, and no sound was heard save the gentle sighing of the wind among the trees fringing the shores, or the dash of the Indian's paddle as he urged his light canoe over the unruffled waters.

But not content with the narrow bounds of a single world, we have, by the aid of the far-reaching telescope, marked out the orbits of the comets, arranged and named the countless myriads of stars that glitter over us, and computed their distances and magnitudes. Again, we have descended to

the bottom of the mighty ocean, and wrested from its hidden depths treasures that have been collecting there for ages. By the searching glance of the microscope we have named and classed the inhabitants of a drop of water.

And what of the present condition of our beloved country? Surely and steadily she has been advancing, onward and upward in the scale of nations, to the proud position which she now occupies, — the home and protector of the oppressed of every clime, the dread and envy of all tyrants. But now she is torn and distracted by the dire fiend Civil War. The waters of her mighty rivers run red with the blood of the noblest of her sons, and their dust is mingled with her soil. The eyes of the civilized world are upon her. The exulting kingdoms cry, "Where now is the great Republic? Where now is the young giant of the West?" Ah! ye haughty nations! remember that "the end is not yet." Ye know not the mighty, the resistless power of twenty millions of freemen, united in heart and hand, and in a good cause. Remember, "the end is not yet." America, rising from her sea of troubles, will be like silver that is purified by the fire. Purged of the traitors who aimed at her destruction, cleansed from the blots that accursed slavery has cast upon her name, she will be a bright and shining light to the nations of the world. God grant that the day may soon come when the angel of peace shall spread his wings over our land, and peace and plenty again return!

EDITORS' TABLE.

READER, another Mirror is before you. If you are not instructed by the perusal of it, you ought at least to be amused. But if you are neither instructed nor amused, we abandon you in disgust, and seriously advise you to read no further. In this Mirror you will find no images of yourself, but only tormenting reflections of the sun, which will not warm, but most likely annoy you.

Ladies,— for we know that your sparkling eyes will be turned upon our pages, — forgive our want of attention to you. That you have admirers among the sons of old Phillips, the following verses will make manifest. There is a deep meaning hidden in them, which will amply repay the diligent student, provided she is so fortunate as to find it. Observe! “There’s not a spider in the sky,” — that is, on the window-glass between the poet and the heavens, — “There’s not a glowworm in the sea,” — that is, in the poet’s water-pitcher, — “There’s not a crab that soars on high;” here the meaning is somewhat obscure, but perhaps the poet might have been thinking of a *louse!*

TO MISS ANGELINA, ONE OF THE FEM. SEMS.

DELIVERED FROM THE TOP OF $2\frac{1}{2}$ OF THE ENGLISH COMMONS.

There’s not a spider in the sky,
 There’s not a glowworm in the sea,
 There’s not a crab that soars on high,
 But bids me think, sweet love, of thee.

When watery Phebus ploughs the main,
 When fiery Luna gilds the sea,

As flies crawl up the window pane,
So does my love crawl up for thee.

There's not a child sets up a squall,
There's not a dog bit by a flea,
There's not a midnight caterwaul
But bids me dream, dear love, of thee.

O, lovely angel! turn those eyes
With lustrous beams upon my soul;
Make my spirit rise like pumpkin-pies,
And jump like a monkey on a pole.

Oh, look upon me, silvery moon,
And ease my over flowing heart,
And — and — and —

here, as we are informed by one of his friends, the poet gave out, on account of the caesura of the ennehemimeris, which caused a smash-up.

How could unfortunate youths in love be expected to make any head against such a torrent of mathematics as regularly inundates us during the last half of every term? But the bold-hearted young men do not give in, as the following account of one of their recitations by our short-hand reporter will testify. We commend it to the attention of parents and guardians, Fem. Sems. and Nuns:

ROOM NO. 17, CLASS IN GEOMETRY.

Teacher, our celebrated *big* man.

Teacher. "M., recite the twelfth proposition." M., begins but shows unmistakable evidences that he failed to look at *that* proposition before entering the recitation. After some hesitation on the part of M., teacher says, "P., you may take that proposition." P. begins, and with the assistance of a book held immediately before him by a kind neighbor, succeeds, after losing his place several

times, in finishing the demonstration to the satisfaction of the teacher. "S., take the forty-seventh." S. begins with proposition first. Teacher immediately corrects him: "You are reciting the first. I told you the forty-seventh." S. begins again, with the twenty-seventh, and after considerable hesitation succeeds in proving, to his own satisfaction, that if one straight line falls on another straight line, they will both be straight lines.

Teacher quietly suggests, after he is through, that if he is not prepared on any part of the lesson, he had better get excused before the recitation begins. "R., you may take that proposition." R. rises with lordly majesty and begins, but soon stops. Teacher, vexed at so many failures, sets him down directly, and summons W. trembling to his feet. W. suggests that the letters are not readable, and starts for the board to make a few alterations, so they will correspond to the letters of the book. M. at this juncture ventures to ask if there is any difference between the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth propositions.

Teacher, somewhat puzzled at the question, tells him to examine the point, and if he finds no difference he will explain it at some other time. W. by this time has returned, and with book properly adjusted is prepared to recite, begins with great fluency, but we think if our venerable Uncle had been present, "Don't take up our time by '*and the*'"; or, "Proceed," "Sufficient," or some other familiar word would have sounded lightly on our ears; friend W. proceeds nearly half through and, by the way, a careful observer would have noticed the similarity of the expressions he used with those of the book. But, as all things have an end, so this farce also had an end; for, unluckily for him, the teacher happened to be looking directly at him as he reached the bottom of the page. To turn the leaf would surely expose him; to proceed without turning the leaf was as impossible as to turn the waters of the Niagara back from the verge of the yawning precipice; but something must be done. At this crisis a friend, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, turns the leaf without being observed; but he turns two instead of one, and the consequence was, little connection between the first and last part of the demonstration.

"We will stop here," says the teacher. "Take the next three propositions in advance. M., S., R., and W. may come to my room at eight o'clock this evening, and recite the propositions they failed on. It is some ten minutes of prayer-time, so you must be careful not to disturb the class reciting opposite." Thus ended the exercise.

One of our number has, while in a state of trance, wasted valuable ink and paper in spinning out the annexed. We regret to say that it has been deemed necessary, the advice of physicians having been taken, to restrain him from any further attendance upon the "Biblical" exercises.

"SAMUEL'S LATEST."

Book III., according to Samuel the Praeceptor: Written unto whomsoever may be interested therein.

Now it came to pass, that in this time, which was the same as that in which the North did war against the South, and the whole land, even this fair land, was in great commotion, that nevertheless the young men of the land assembled, as was their wont, at a seat of learning called "Zion's Hill." And they continued there much time, perfecting themselves in the knowledge of Latin and Greek, and the like trash.

Now it came to pass that they had been there exceeding long, and this tribe of young men — which is called "Phillipians," from their ancestors, John and William — did get themselves very tired, for they had been studying long, yea, even sixty-nine days. Now it is the custom in that land, not to let the youth injure themselves by hard study, but to let them rest once in a long time. But not so was it here. For Samuel the Praeceptor was a mighty man, and bold, and thought that too much leisure was bad for the health. So he gave them not a holiday. Now it was in this time that there was the birthday of a great man, renowned and good. And the heart of the Phillipians was maddened, because Samuel gave them not the day. "For," said they, "it would be fitting that he should give us the day, for we have studied long, and are wearied."

Therefore, towards eventide, the Phillipians waxed wroth, and took counsel together, saying, "Who is this man, that he should rule over us? For are we not free to go where we wish, and do what we please? Yea, verily. Then let us show this man that his power is vain, and that he cannot rule over us."

And at last it was decided, that, as soon as it was dark they should build a fire. "For is it not cold?" they said, "and must we not have fires? Yea, verily; even should it require the fences which are near, yet even then must the Phillipians have fires."

So, when it was dark, once more did the Phillipians assemble together, and this time did each bring whatsoever he had. Some brought beds, and some straw, and some matting, and some tore down fences, and some ripped up pumps, and all aided. "For must we not have fires?" they said. Then did they cast these all together, yea, even in a heap, in the middle of the road. And it was lighted, and it blazed up. But then the hearts of the Phillipians began to be troubled. "For what is this we have done?" they said. "Have we not incurred the wrath of Samuel the Praeceptor? Therefore, let us hie away to our rooms, and seek safety in locked doors." Thus did they go away. Yea, even almost all of the Phillipians thus went away. But a few remained. And now the fire blazed brighter and brighter, for it was much, and dry, and now there were but few there. But many were in their windows, even looking out upon the fire. And a shouting proceeded forth from the windows. And the first house, and the second house, and the third house, and the fourth house, and the fifth house, and the sixth house all joined in the shouting, and it was very great; yea, even greater than that at the burning of Wilmington; for that was much the less vehement. And it was heard all around. Even down to the habitation of Samuel the Praeceptor. And he, when he heard the noise, said, "Lo! and behold! there is a noise and confusion among the Phillipians, because of its being Washington's birthday. Verily, I must needs go up unto them!" So saying, he girded up his loins, and buckled on his armor, and took his staff in his hand. Now this staff was not similar to such as are generally seen, but it

was great, and strong, like unto the unbent oak, and it was heavy to carry. And he went up against the Phillipians, murmuring against them, in his heart. Now the Phillipians were making joyful over their fire, when suddenly Samuel appeared, coming down quickly upon them. And his eyes flashed like sparks of flame; and his voice sounded like the roar of thunder; and his coming was like the rushing of many waters; and he was every way terrible to look upon.

Now there were two Phillipians who were ignorant of their danger, and they conveyed a barrel, for the purpose of increasing the fire. And, after putting the barrel upon the fire, they did run for fear of "NAP," a mighty man who dwelt in that region. Now the one of the two did run. And he ran directly toward the cave, wherein Samuel the Praeceptor had concealed himself. And when he was near, Samuel rushed out upon him, and caught him, and chastised him, "fore and aft," so that he was hardly able to stand up, for his pain. And he cried aloud. And Samuel feared, lest hearing this, the other one should escape. So he left this one, bruised and bleeding, and did run with all his might, and caught the other, also, and he chastised him, and beat him grievously. Thereupon did he make him "scatter those embers," and break up the fire which the Phillipians had built in honor of Washington's birthday.

Then did he send the two Phillipians unto their tents, with many threats. And after a short time did he go unto his own house. And the Phillipians began to get their breath, and to whisper to one another, and to muse upon what had transpired. But after that there was no more noise, or disturbance of any kind. But the Phillipians are still wroth in their hearts, and vowing vengeance.

The writer of the following has evidently seen some things a little out of the way, even in this paragon of academies and most spotless of villages. Read and ponder :

A FEW THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a young man in an academy stay away from about one quarter of his recitations ; it shows that he has a great regard for the wishes of his teacher.

I like to see young men laugh and whisper at meeting on the Sabbath ; it is a good proof that they reverence the advice and example of those who are wiser than themselves.

I like to see young people give themselves entirely up to despondency on account of a little trouble ; it gives one proof that they will soon be fitted to encourage those around them.

I like to see a student of the academy who is in the habit of going to the postoffice during study hours ; it is certain that he always respects the laws of the institution.

I like to see a person who is always complaining of every person whom he chances to meet ; it shows that he respects the character of his friends and enemies.

I like to see a person who does his duty just when it is for his own convenience ; it is an indication that he is a self-sacrificing individual.

I like to hear a student say that he don't care for examinations or reviews ; it is a good proof that he always heeds the admonitions of our Principal.

What is the difference between a young lady and an old hat ? — Merely that of time : one has *feeling*, the other has *felt*.

Why is a swallow like a chimney that is not straight ? — Because it has a crooked flue (flew).

Why do the ministers always address the people as brethren ? — Because the brethren are expected to embrace the sisters.

If a tough beefsteak could speak, the name of what English poet would it mention ? — Chaw-sir (Chaucer).

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CHARLES S. HUNT, }
LOUIS CONDUCT, } EDITORS.
JAMES M. KENISTON, }

THE TRUE IDEA OF LIBERTY.

PERHAPS it may seem out of place in our free country and under the advantages of free institutions to discuss a subject like this; and yet we are apt to form opinions incorrect and crude, even upon a theme so well known. We may often mistake the object of freedom, and act upon principles which would tend to its subversion.

That liberty is the most desirable condition in this world we may learn from history, where we find that all nations and tribes have fought to establish it, or at least their idea of it, ever since the creation. Men know and feel that the Almighty intended their condition here to be that of freemen; and hence the opposition which has always existed against those who would usurp the liberties of the people and tyrannize over them.

We believe that our system of self-government, or democratic form of rule (imperfect as it may be), approaches nearer the true idea of a free one than any other; that it

is more worthy of support than others, because we enjoy more privileges and advantages than other nations.

But freedom under a righteous government can consist only in liberty to do what is right and just. This liberty, for which aspirations are implanted in our very natures by the Almighty, *cannot* consist in license to do wrong.

True it is that we are brought into the world "free moral agents," but at the same time we are subjected to laws, both *mental* and *physical*, whose punishments are severe and inexorable.

There is nothing at variance in the two ideas of *liberty* and *law*, provided that law be a righteous one.

We hear a great deal in these latter evil days about "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press," and it would seem as if some expected these to be absolutely without bound or limit, and subject to no law. But truly they are remarkable exceptions to the general order of affairs, if they alone are to have unbounded license. Our Government must be more merciful than an all-merciful Creator, if it permits sentiments to be printed and expressed which would be ruinous to itself. The fact is, the Government can no more live under such license than it can preserve its authority by granting the supremacy of State government.

Freedom of speech, as well as all other liberties, can only consist in freedom to speak what is right and just. In the *divine* government a man has no right to entertain a wrong opinion; why in a human government should he be allowed to express it with impunity?

The Apostle Paul, after enumerating the virtues and graces which adorn the character of a "perfect man," adds that "against such there is no law." There may be law for his defence and protection, but there is none against him. Here, then, we have the true idea of a freeman, — one

who, living under a just form of government, finds all its requirements in accordance with his own inclinations, and therefore can follow his wishes regardless of law. You might as well say that an inmate of a State prison is a freeman, because living in a free country, as to say that you are free, if all your desires are restrained by power of the law.

The progress of civilization, and the acquisition of learning, tend more than anything else to advance the cause of liberty. We of this age are free from many superstitions and slavish fears which have influenced former generations, and probably coming generations will enjoy more liberties in this respect than we. Our system of government is worthy of all support, not simply because it grants us a few privileges more than others, not simply because it protects the lives and property of all, but because it is founded upon principles of right and justice, and because in upholding it we are supporting the cause of truth and humanity. Like all governments intrusted to human hands and governed by the legislation of mortals, it has made some terrible mistakes in permitting institutions to exist within reach of its powers whose principles would overthrow its own foundations, and for which it is even now paying dearly with the lives of its citizens; but more than all others it has been guided by right motives and principles; and it is for us to uphold it right or wrong, when right to enforce that right, and when wrong to correct it. It is for us also to make ourselves freemen in respect to our habits, by avoiding all those evils which war against the peace of body and soul; in respect to thought, by improving the advantages we have for training our minds; and freemen in all our wishes and desires, by making them conform to the principles of right. True it is that liberty here can at best be only comparative; with our short-sightedness and ignorance of the future, it is impossible for us to avoid mistakes; but,

by living up to this standard of freedom as nearly as possible, we shall be fitting for the improvement of a fuller and more glorious liberty in the land of the hereafter.



TASTE IN READING.

TASTE in reading may be defined as that quality of the mind which enables us, with the aid of the mental powers, to judge of, and select, whatever is beautiful, useful, and true in the many works of literature, and what will give us, in the simplest form, the most information. This is emphatically the age of books. Hundreds of volumes of books issue every year from the press; and there is a world of volumes before us from which we are to make our choice. All of these books, however, do not fall under what we call the standard literature of the age. It is the universality of a book alone, that is, as addressed to our common human nature, which places it in a nation's literature.

In the first place, there is the multitude of books in our own English language; in the second place, the literature of Northern and Southern Europe has its claims upon us. Besides the modern, there is all that store venerable with the age of thousands of years, which has come down to us from Greece and Rome and Palestine. So that, when one glances at the great and superadded accumulation which is continually poured upon him, he is appalled, and shrinks back, almost in despair, from the herculean task before him. Poetry, science, history, biography, and fiction rise up before us in all their proportions, to assert their claims. Very frequently books are issued from the press conflicting with those preceding them; so that one is bewildered, and knows

not which way to turn. And besides this, there is a great difficulty in making a wise and happy selection, not only from the number, but also from the perilous presence of whatever is vicious in the guise of books.

Among the multitudes of books, we must seek guidance for our choice by first laying down in our minds certain general principles respecting the essential properties and uses of literature, and then, by enlarging upon these principles, to extend the range of our subjects. It is important, after having settled in the mind these general principles, to give them a wide and liberal application; or, in other words, to avoid narrow and exclusive lines in reading, and acquire a true catholicity of taste. It is a matter of the highest importance in the guidance of our habits of reading to make them large and comprehensive; it is essential to a just judgment of books, and also to a full enjoyment of them. Acquaintance with foreign literature may help to a better estimate of our own, and an intimate knowledge of poetry may help us to a more exact knowledge of prose. Further, an expanded habit of reading is most important, as giving familiarity with different eras of our own literature. It is a good practical rule to keep our reading well proportioned between the two great divisions, prose and poetry. Some confine themselves almost exclusively to poetry, but instances of this are very rare; others to prose. The best plan is to unite the two together in our course of reading, and by doing so we can understand both divisions better. We must not be hasty and desultory in our reading, nor skip about from one book to another. It is well to read some light reading to relieve the mind; but when we read some solid, useful work, we should read it carefully, and with much reflection, and thoroughly digest it, before we commence another. In the words of Lord Bacon, "Some books are to be read in part only; others to be read, but not curiously;

and some are to be read wholly with diligence and attention." The true object in reading is to gain knowledge and information, and if we read carelessly and for mere amusement, we shall pervert our true taste, and our minds will never be stored with that fund of knowledge, with which Nature, in her beneficent provisions for all our wants, intended that they should be filled.

LINES TO —

WHEN softly fall the shades of night,
 While evening zephyrs mournful sigh,
 And whisper to the wearied earth
 Their gentle lullaby,

'Tis then, in every murm'ring breeze,
 The music of thy voice I hear ;
 The low refrain brings back again
 Those accents ever dear.

When Luna sheds her pensive light,
 While gliding through the azure sky,
 And, far away, the slumbering hills
 In dreamy silence lie,!

I'm dreaming, fondly dreaming of
 The love-light of thy sunny eyes ;
 Thine image, borne on mem'ry's wing,
 Doth to my vision rise.

Ah ! never have I whispered yet
 How pure the love I bear for thee ;
 Oh ! may I hope that thou at times
 Dost sigh and think of me.

MUSCLE.

GERMANY is the land of music and enjoyment; France the country of frivolity and the "light fantastic toe;" Ireland the island of wakes and the shillalah; America the land where civilization, advancement, and moral qualifications predominate; England—the would-be ruler of the world—is the land of wealth and titles, of poverty and want, and where the almost exclusive instruction is in "scientific brutality," otherwise known as pugilism. Yes, it is in England where greater cultivation is given to muscle than to mind; where muscular qualities are superior to moral influence; where a prize-fight will call together a greater number of persons than a lecture, and elicit more comment and approbation than a dozen acts of charity.

Muscle, our organ of motion, is too frequently abused and spoken of disparagingly; and yet one feels warranted in this abuse and disparagement. We cannot but admire the splendid developments of the drayhorse; the muscular points of a racer; the entire animal creation, if well developed, is a subject of admiration; but especially do we remark and value a muscular arm, even though possessed by a pugilist. A fine arm will in very many cases balance the deformity of body or homeliness of countenance. The sculptor is never satisfied with the shape of the arm. The modeller labors in vain to perfect the arm. The engraver exhausts his best efforts to do justice to the arm. And the artist sighs to create a beautiful arm.

The schoolboy bows in admiration and submission at the feet of his more powerful schoolmate who can lift more, run faster, and wrestle better than himself. Even the fair ones regard muscle favorably, and no knight is more acceptable to them than he whose defensive and offensive weapon is a strong arm.

Although the great international prize-fight was like all of them, a terribly brutal and disgraceful affair, deserving the discountenance of every one, nevertheless there are few Americans but that hoped, with all their heart, that the representative of the prize-ring from this side of the Atlantic would prove the superior, not alone in point of tactics, but also in point of muscle.

At college, muscle has a position and rank second to nothing else. Muscle compels us to respect it and its possessor. Whatever points it fails to gain by proper persuasion, it obtains by its own power, driving its argument home.

The pugilistic dynasty came in with the House of Brunswick, and has held its ground ever since. England produced the orator Burke, and the Burke of muscular persuasions, — both powerful men, each in his respective sphere. While the former almost held the Government in his sway, the latter was the champion of the prize-ring, and prince of muscle. And it is difficult to ascertain which of them is more renowned, which is the better known. England professes to have advanced from barbarism to civilization, and to be one of the Christian powers of the world. America — I say it to her shame, — has added to the inglorious list of prize-fighters a few stars; but it is to be hoped her stars in the horizon of the prize-ring will soon set, never to rise again.

Still, we must not depreciate muscle because pugilists use theirs in a wrong direction. One can select Dio Lewis or Prof. Winship, and adopt either system of muscular cultivation; both have their peculiar advantages, both aim at the same great object, — proper muscular development. It is certain a proper exercise of the muscular organs is necessary, and muscle should be respected, as I am glad to see it is. When I say muscular exercise, I do not mean the act of personal violence, which, although on the increase, has the law close upon its heels.

It has been said that in England one of the first things taught a child is the value of his arms for defence and offence. He is born, almost, with a boxing-glove upon his hand, and learns too soon to throw away that milder form of violence, and use the closed fist in its stead.

It may be gratifying to know that you can defend yourself, but it is equally so to know that you have no occasion for that defence. It may be pleasant to knock a man down, but certainly not to be knocked down. It may be desirable to have the power to spoil your opponent's face, yet it is quite as desirable to possess the faculty of eluding him entirely. Although I would object to the art of violence or "muscular Christianity," I would equally oppose that cowardice known as "leg bail." Self-defence is always justifiable, but this deliberate way of training oneself for a brutal fisticuff, and then pounding until yourself or opponent "cries hold! enough," is something hard to appreciate and no doubt equally hard to undergo.

MEYERBEER.

In America there is not that universal appreciation of music and passion for it which characterizes the nations of continental Europe. In our largest cities the support given to the opera is so slender and unreliable that the companies can be maintained only by moving about from place to place, like a travelling show, giving short seasons in the great cities. Their patronage comes mainly from the fashionable class, whose love of music is at least equalled by their fondness for dress and display. The singers are almost universally foreigners, although of late Miss Kellogg and Miss Adelaide Phillips have obtained great success. Patti is

an American by birth, but her parents are Italians. The orchestras, always much smaller than would be tolerated in any European city, are composed largely of our foreign residents.

This insensibility, — in many cases it deserves the name of hostility, — to music cannot be expected to continue. There are causes already at work which are hastening its overthrow. The negro melodies, so universally familiar throughout the Union have a large influence in moving the popular heart to appreciate music. In New York, the concerts given every Saturday afternoon at Central Park, sometimes to twenty thousand people, mark our progress. Even the war will not be as blighting to music as to many things else. When the veterans have performed a hard day's work, charged, perhaps, again and again up some strongly fortified steep, wresting it at length from the enemy at the point of the bayonet, in the midst of the storm of death, when they are seated at evening under the shadow of the glorious stars and stripes, smoking their pipes and recounting their exploits, then, as their bands strike up, and the immortal notes of Hail Columbia float over the camp, think you that they envy those who have escaped the draft or those who tremble at the roar of the cannon? The death of one of those great masters, whose works have enraptured the lovers of music throughout the civilized world, ought not to pass unnoticed. No, not even by the young men who whistle his airs as they pass idly up and down the streets, thus paying the great composer all the tribute he could ask or they can give. Giacomo Meyerbeer, the composer of the "Prophet" and the "Huguenots," died in Paris, May 2d, 1864, at the ripe age of seventy-two. He was of the Jewish faith, his father being a wealthy banker of Berlin. Like Mozart, and indeed like the majority of all great musicians, he early manifested his genius for music, being

exhibited at the age of seven as a prodigy, playing the piano forte at fashionable concerts in the Prussian capital. He received severe and thorough training in music from the Abbe Vogler, in the quiet old town of Darmstadt. The Abbe was organist of the cathedral, and was as complete a master of what he taught as was his countryman, Kühner, of the melodious language of the Greeks. With him Meyerbeer remained several years, and they were the happy ones which young men always find when they are willing to sit down and study faithfully and contentedly, and trust to the future for what they do not find in the present. In the same old town, under the same good old Abbe, was Carl Maria Von Weber, whose grand works will live until the love of music has ceased to exist in the heart of man. There were also two other pupils, but they are of the many who are unknown to fame. They all loved each other, and loved their venerable teacher. The regular duties of each day were as follows. After the mass, at which Weber assisted, the Abbe being the priest, a task was apportioned to each of the pupils, a *Gloria in excelsis*, a *Credo*, or *Miserere*, and the compositions when completed were sent to the various church-choirs in the Duchy for performance. Those familiar with the Catholic service do not need to be told that it affords ample scope for every variety of musical composition. On Sundays they had practice on the organs of the cathedral.

Meyerbeer's first operas were failures. At one time he was so much discouraged as to return again to the instrument which had been his plaything in childhood, and be content to found his fame on his skill as a pianist. But he was still young, and soon left the piano, although, while hardly out of his teens he had achieved such success as to be the favorite performer of the Viennese. He wrote another opera, and again failed to charm the ear of the public, although

his music was better appreciated by his old teacher the Abbe, and his friend Von Weber. He was advised to go to Italy, and study the style of the composers of the modern opera. Rossini was then in the full splendor of his fame, and Meyerbeer heard his music and admired it. He wrote a number of Italian operas which were successful, but they are eclipsed by his subsequent productions.

The year 1831 found Meyerbeer married and a resident of Paris. There, on the twenty-first of September of that year, was given the first performance of "Robert le Diable," in the midst of such enthusiasm as it stirs one's heart to read of, such as distinguished the first night of the Don Giovanni of Mozart. Next came the "Huguenots." After the first rehearsal of this opera, the tenor found fault with his share of the music of the fourth act. Said Meyerbeer when he returned home, to the friend with whom he lodged, "If I only had a few stanzas to arrange as an *andante* and *duo*, all would be right. But I cannot ask Scribe to add more verses." His friend recollected a literary acquaintance, Emile Deschamps, who was engaged in playing cards in a neighboring café, went in pursuit of him, explained the situation of matters, and requested him to set his wits at work. In a few minutes the wished for verses were supplied. Then, at midnight, the composer seated himself at the piano, and before the day dawned the splendid duo between Raoul and Valentine, which closes the act, was added to the music of the world. Next evening, when the music was performed at the rehearsal, the whole company, orchestra and vocalists, carried the composer in triumph on the stage, overwhelming him with their applause and congratulations. But Meyerbeer did not usually work in this way. He bears no resemblance to Verdi, who is among composers what Alexander Dumas is among novelists. He labored eight years on his next opera, the Prophet, which though not so popular with the French

as some of his others, is by the English considered one of his noblest works. After that came the "Star of the North" and "Dinorah," the last of which was brought out in this country about two years ago. It was a comparative failure, principally on account of the wretchedness of the story to which it is written. At the time of his death Meyerbeer had just composed a long overture for "L'Africaine," which opera will soon be produced in Paris with the magnificence it deserves.

His funeral rites were performed with appropriate honors both in Paris and Berlin. Auber was one of his pall-bearers, and Gounod among the mourners. In the evening, at the grand opera, the Huguenots was performed, and at the close of the fourth act, while the orchestra played the Coronation march from the "Prophet," the bust of the composer was crowned with laurel, by the performers. Thus the fame of another genius is committed to the future. The memory of great poets and composers is peculiarly sacred, and it is safe to say that Meyerbeer will stand in the foremost rank, along with Mozart and Beethoven and others of that immortal band, whose triumphs are written "on the red leaved tablets of the heart."

EVENING THOUGHTS.

IN the silence of the evening,
When the day was waxing dimmer,
And the shadows on the mountains
Flickered with unsteady glimmer ;
As I gazed out in the evening,
Saw the misty clouds descending ;
And the ghost-like phantom legions
Through the winding valleys wending :

So from o'er the hazy mountains —
Barriers 'twixt the past and now —
Came the thoughts of other ages,
In their quiet overflow.

And in meaning silence, winding
Through the deep and lone recesses
Of the weary heart, and soothing
Care and pain with kind caresses.
Thus I sat, all vainly wishing
Ever thus I might be dreaming ;
And that o'er my failing spirit,
Light of past were ever gleaming.

Vainly wishing — for they vanish
Like a fleeting dream of pleasure ;
Sweeping on beyond the mountains,
To a deathly, chilly measure ;
Trooping on in wild disorder,
To the sound of fitful wailing,
And the pale light of their shadows,
Over marsh, and meadow — trailing.

Thus I looked out in the evening,
As the night was deepening ever,
Listening to the roar of ocean,
And the sullen roll of river :
Till the moon shone out in glory,
And with silvery wave and quiver,
Flowed with all its tender splendor
Over ruin, rock, and river.

Thus the golden hope of future —
As I sat there musing ever —
Rolled its tide of glory o'er me,
As the moonlight o'er the river.
And my heart leapt up and shouted,
Shouted in its depth of gladness,
As from off the weary spirit,

Fell the mantle of its sadness :
Waking them to higher aims
Than a railing at the ill ;
And bowing in its feeble strength,
To the power of God's will.

NATIONAL ENTHUSIASM.

IN the history of the world, there is not a more striking characteristic than national enthusiasm. It has its origin in that pride and love for one's country, commonly known as patriotism. Love of country is an instinctive feeling which throbs in the breast of every brave citizen, and it is this love and patriotic devotion, when kindled and beating warm, that constitutes *true* national enthusiasm. In other words national enthusiasm is the development of patriotism. And this characteristic is as universal as it is noble. There *was* not, there *is* not, and there will probably never be, a nation so lost to all feelings of patriotism, so sunken and debased, but that has felt or will sometime feel the power of true national enthusiasm, called forth by a love of liberty and justice to oppose unwarrantable aggression, and for the preservation of the glory and honor of the country. Greece felt it when invaded by the Persians, and when she in turn laid waste her enemy's territory under her successful leader Alexander the Great. Rome felt it during the panic of the Mithridatic, and numberless other wars. Spain felt it during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when driving the infidel Moors from their territory. France felt it under Napoleon Bonaparte, when overrunning the whole of Europe. England has felt it at various times during her diversified history ;

and, finally, America has felt its power when firmly maintaining her rights against British aggression in 1776, and 1812, and to-day, though torn and bleeding, though wounded and lacerated by an internal and relentless foe, still feels her heart throb and her bosom swell with loyal and patriotic emotions.

And what a power has it exerted ; it is an agency, which kings and emperors have frequently made use of in furthering their designs, and at which many have trembled, when its power has been directed against them. There seems to be nothing too arduous for it to accomplish, no obstacle too great for it to overcome, and no enterprize too hazardous to achieve. When Greece was first invaded by the Persians, public enthusiasm was raised to such a pitch, that there was scarcely a man who was not willing to sacrifice his life upon his country's altar ; actuated by this power, a little band of Spartans held the whole Persian army in check for two days at Thermopylae, and when it was impossible to hold it longer, still true to the laws of their native country, which forbade a soldier to flee in any case, they then and there determined to make a sacrifice, the nobleness of which has elicited the praise and admiration of all succeeding generations.

But yet there are various kinds and shades of national enthusiasm, differing according to the characters, or employments, or religions of the people. It may to a great degree be stimulated by the laws of the nation. In Sparta, according to the laws of Lycurgus, a man, when born, was considered the child not of his parents but of the state, and as such everything that tended to increase his love for it, or fitted him for its service, was granted to him. Thus the preservation of the honor of his native country was considered of more importance than the lives of thousands of its citizens, and national enthusiasm in Sparta was not merely

natural but acquired, and was inculcated by the laws of the nation, while in its rival state the development of patriotism was purely natural, springing from an inborn love of country. But there have been times and cases in which national enthusiasm, like every other good element, has been perverted to serve wicked and injurious ends. It was thus perverted by Napoleon Bonaparte, who made use of the patriotic emotions of the French people to advance his selfish interests; and, under the guise of promoting the best interests of France, endeavoring to put into execution his own ambitious schemes; and he was so far successful in intertwining himself into the affections of the French, that when the cry of *Vive l'Empereur* was raised it kindled the same patriotic emotions as *Vive la France*, and the two became assimilated in their minds. Thus, by the skilful management of an ambitious monarch, the patriotism and enthusiasm of a powerful nation was perverted, and the French became the tool of their beloved, but ambitious and usurping monarch.

But we have a most striking example of the contrast between national enthusiasm excited in behalf of a good cause, and its perversion, in our own country during the present war. The response that was made by the North to the first call of Abraham Lincoln for seventy-five thousand volunteers gave proof of the patriotism of the North, and its determination to defend its right, and the persevering zeal with which the South has continued to fight, amid the greatest trials and hardships, is a sad illustration of the perversion of national enthusiasm.

"PAUSE THERE."

IN the dreaded Number Nine
Where we breathe the classic air,
Oft we've heard our Uncle's voice,
His laconic phrase — "Pause there."

We heave a long drawn sigh ;
We free ourselves from care,
When Uncle slyly hints,
"That's sufficient — Pause there."

We know the worst is over,
We've recited very fair ;
There's no danger of a flunk
When Uncle says — "Pause there."

It's a "softened expression"
That all quite gladly bear ;
For who could take offense
At his simple words — "Pause there?"

Now there comes a lengthened pause,
The weary years will wear,
But never can obliterate,
Our Uncle's phrase — "Pause there."

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WM. C. GULLIVER, }
JOHN F. LOCKE, } EDITORS.
HENRY P. WARREN, }

TAM O'SHANTER.

FROM boyhood's earliest recollection, when, with the wild enthusiasm of youth, we heard the story of savage clans, feudal conflicts between those stern Highland chieftains, a strange fascination has seemed to spread itself around the moors, the lonely defiles, and the picturesque lakes of Scotland. Over her lakes have rung the shouts of contending clans; upon their glassy bosoms, so calm and peaceful, have been enacted many a dark scene of crime; while from the lofty crags above have been reflected the gay plaids and nodding plumes of armed men; and could they disclose their hidden secrets, they would tell many a gentler tale of love and devotion, as pure as the limpid waters upon which floated the lover's skiff.

Each waterfall has in bygone times been haunted by some airy visitant, who flitted now over the torrent, now from cliff, warning the careless wanderer lest he stray too near her sacred precincts. And even the bleak heaths and

moors are not without their tales of ghosts, gaunt fiends, and spirits who roamed unmolested; and many were the tales with which the Scotch farmer beguiled the long winter evenings, until not a bridge or a ruin but was known as the scene of some direful tale. The minstrel never stayed his harp for want of a theme: they were everywhere before him. Thus it was that Burns caught the inspiration of Tam O'Shanter.

This legend is tragic, yet amusing. Alloway-Kirk, the scene of the tale — an old ruin — was haunted. A merry farmer, returning too late from a midnight revel, as he approached the Kirk paused a moment to see the mad dance of the witches within. They, enraged, pursued, until, having crossed a running stream, he was safe. Seizing this wild legend, the poet now incites us to uproarious laughter; now suddenly changing the scene, he chills us with the seeming approach of fiends.

Burns first introduces Tam O'Shanter carousing with his bosom cronies. The flagon of ale circulates fast and free; each with a mighty quaff rapidly lowers the foaming liquid. Tam grows gracious; he jokes with the landlord's wife, and tells his most marvellous stories. So far, all goes well; till, bold with good cheer, Tam essays his homeward route. Mounted on his good mare Meg, he goes bravely on —

“ When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a blaze.”

Poor Tam's fright can be imagined, as, approaching,

“ Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.”

But here the ale with which Tam had fortified himself well nigh proved his ruin. Tam, rather muddy with liquor,

thinks only of seeing the veritable witches ; and if he can but see them, all the old crones near Alloway-Kirk will lose their position as storehouses for these old rustic legends ; for Tam O'Shanter has seen the witches engaging even in a midnight revel.

Burns, alluding to this source of inspiration with which Tammy had fortified, thus breaks forth :

“ Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn,
 Wi tippenny we fear nae evil ;
 Wi usquabae we'll face the devil ! ”

Tam urges on his beast for a nearer view :

“ And wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To give them music was his charge ;
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.”

Tam grows interested. Who ever will again see such a dance ? Murderers, villains, of every shade and hue, whose ghosts still flitted around their former haunts, collected in one motly assembly, dancing around their master the devil ; each by some strange fantasy holding in his hand a torch and filling the old ruin with their ghastly shrieks and satanic laughter.

“ As Tammy glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancer quick and quicker flew.”

With keen delight he watches their movements, as

“ They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit.”

But Tam's eye, as it glances over the assembled throng, is caught by one,

“ But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was a winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core
Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore.”

Here Tam's reason altogether leaves him :

“ And roars out, ‘ Weel done, Cutty-sark !’
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

The scene changes. Tam is no longer the half-drunken spectator at a carnival of witches ; no longer does he applaud each well-executed reel ; but he is Tam flying with half Pandemonium at his heels. But now his only safety lies in his good mare Meg.

“ As eager runs the market-crowd,
When ‘ Catch the thief !’ resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

We can imagine Tam's headlong flight, followed by a troop of witches. Tam has surely seen the *dance*, but will he live to tell the tale ? Knowing full well that they will not dare to cross a running stream, he spurs on Maggie for one more burst of speed ; and with furious haste she reaches the keystone of the bridge, and

“ Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail.”

Thus Tam escapes, — let us hope a wiser, at least a soberer man.

LEGACIES OF THE PAST.

WE are the inheritors of many legacies, costly and glorious legacies, over which it behooves us to keep a faithful watch and ward, — legacies which have been transmitted to us through many generations, purchased by untold sacrifices. Multitudes of men have suffered, and bled, and died, that we might enjoy the privileges which we possess to-day. The noble Luther and his compeers went through the most severe persecutions that we might have the Christian religion which now is such a precious boon to many a sufferer. Christ himself consented to leave his abode of bliss, to descend to this world of sin and sorrow, and to pass through the lights and shadows of a human life, that we might be saved from everlasting wretchedness.

Those glorious old heroes, the Puritans of New England, left their comfortable homes in the mother country, and came to a bleak, inhospitable shore, suffering innumerable hardships, revilings, and persecutions, that the principles of civil and religious liberty might be preserved to us unadulterated. They resisted the unjust encroachments of England by the sacrifice of the flower of their youth, and the costliest of their treasure, that the foundations of liberty might be laid broad and deep for us, their children.

The ungodly institution of slavery was introduced into the country, bringing woe to one race of men, and opulence to another. A few brave men, seeing its baneful effects, and feeling this crime to be directly opposed to every principle of humanity and religion, remonstrated against it. But the people rejected their opinions with scorn, and branded the men themselves with every opprobrious epithet. At last the patriots of the land, rousing from their lethargy, began to realize that the aristocracy of the South was drag-

ging the country down to certain ruin. The South rebelled. The loyal North, feeling that the dearly-bought legacies of civil and religious liberty, handed down to them through ages of persecution and suffering, must not be sacrificed without a struggle, determined to defend them, and to-day, as a consequence of this determination, after four years of bloody war, we see one of the largest and foulest rebellions in the annals of history in its last gasp. The land has been desolated, oh how sadly! by the devastating hand of war. The hills and plains of our country have been drenched with blood. Not a town, scarcely a family circle, which has not laid its sacrifice at the shrine of liberty.

So we stand, at the present day, inheritors of legacies, holy, hallowed legacies. Shall we preserve them, or give them up?

To-day there is a party of men in the country who are working with all their might to induce the people to betray their precious trusts. A party of men who would have us, after paying what we have for continuing the conflict thus far, yield to a band of half-starved rebels; a party who bow down to that accursed Moloch of slavery as to a deity, and would fain have us do likewise; a party who seem to have lost every spark of patriotism and manliness which they ever possessed. Shall we yield to the machinations of these men? is the question which is before the country to-day. By persevering in our war policy for a short time longer this rebellion will be laid low, and traitors will meet with their reward. Then we may picture to ourselves that chief of traitors, Jefferson Davis, led to the punishment he so richly deserves. What a feeling of bitter hate and stern indignation must rise in the breast of every citizen as he beholds that bold, bad man; and may it be said of him as it was of a like traitor, that

“ When the face of Davis was seen among his foes,
A yell that rent the firmament from all the people rose ;
On the house-tops was no woman but spat toward him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses and shook his little fist.”

When this man shall be executed for high treason, when all such tnieves as John B. Floyd shall swing from the highest gallows that can stand, when the stars and stripes shall float over Richmond, when Charleston shall be razed to the ground, when slavery shall be thoroughly abolished, when England shall be punished for her villainy, and when the views of such patriotic, noble men as Abraham Lincoln shall be appreciated and accepted by the people, then, and not till then, shall we have done our duty with respect to these legacies.

But if, on the other hand, we yield to these men, if we submit to a “ peace on any terms ” policy, and offer an honorable peace to this handful of miserable rebels, what will be the result ? We shall acknowledge to the world that the South is right, and we are wrong, that, after four years of terrible war, we had not the patriotism necessary to bring it to a close. We shall show them that wrong can triumph over right, and that our long-cherished and boasted republic is a failure. Then, in after years, when the country is divided and the people no longer happy, as we think what would have been the glorious result if we had persevered for a few short months and overthrown this hellish rebellion, instead of listening to the sickening, whining complaints of a set of miserable cowards, who thought more of their precious gold and their worthless hides than they did of God and liberty, — as we think, with bitter remorse, of our treacherous betrayal of the sacred trusts bequeathed us by our fathers, we shall find to our sorrow that

“ Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, ‘ it might have been.’ ”

IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION is like a painting, or it is the pencil which produces the painting upon which our minds are feasted. By it we can fabricate anything that suits our fancy, and contemplate it, or reproduce in our mind past events, and add coloring to the picture. It is the chief fabric in the structure of those lofty and grand structures, "air castles." It is something pleasing to sit and picture to ourselves what may or may not happen, or what is romantic and strange. Our renowned works of fiction are produced in minds that have full powers of the imagination. With this pencil, as we have termed it, we delight in marking out our progress up to the pinnacle of fame, till we stand upon the topmost round of the ladder and look around and imagine the eyes of all viewing us with envy or admiration. There is nothing which we can make so subservient to our wihs seas imagination. We can, as it were, substitute for the real, which does not satisfy, the unreal, which more than meets our desires. If we have a taste for war, its excitements, perils, and glory, how easy is it to elevate ourselves by our daring, and good conduct, up finally to the highest command. We shall see ourselves the most heroic in the siege, the most enduring on the march, and most impetuous in the charge. And our ambition rising still higher, fondly may imagine ourselves a second Washington or Napoleon, or, perhaps, combining both in one. If, on the other hand, fame is what we see in the distance, whether we make any advances or not toward it, our imagination outstrips our actions, and in a moment's time the dearest object to us is obtained. But after musing in such a way we awake from our dreams of grandeur to discover, using a familiar expression, "it has all been in our eye." But our pictures and

imaginations do not always take such lofty flights. We can be elevated to the stars in a moment, it is true, but often when depressed by outward circumstances we look to the dark side, and magnify every unfavorable circumstance. We can conceive of everything by imagination but one, — eternity : how there is to be an endless existence we cannot comprehend ; the more we contemplate it, we are lost in a labyrinth of thought, and, in the words of the poet, “ Imagination’s utmost stretch in wonder dies away.”

THE SONS OF MAINE.

WHEN rang with clarion notes the sound,
 “ Leave your marts ! ” “ Shoulder arms ! ”

The sons of Maine, from far and near,
 Answered the cry with rallying cheer.

Boldly they girded their armor on,
 To die for the right, if the cause be but won.

Sadly they part from their mountain homes,
 Where freedom first planted shall find her last son.

The sturdy lumbermen send back *their* shout,
 “ We count not the cost, if the cause be but right.”

They buried the axe in the pine tree’s heart :
 With sorrowing eyes they sadly part

From the wooded plain, the cascade’s roar
 So often braved by their pliant oar.

From their humble huts by their rugged coast,
 Where the sea-surf breaks, and again is lost.

Where they launch their skiffs on the foamy sea,
Come the fishermen true, as their life is free.

Proudly they march, each a thousand strong ;
Sadly we cheer them, but the sad prolong

Is over at last, and onward they've gone
To a victor's laurels or a martyr crown.

Their battles are over, their service is done,
Of them who left us full a thousand strong

Scarce a hundred are left who marched home to-day,
Mid the booming of cannon, and the crowd's bright array.

Ask the brave soldiers where they've laid their slain,
Go seek, they will tell you before Liberty's shrine,

Where treason and right and the glory of God
Have met, not with words, but with cannon and sword ;

There, breasting blind fury, all gory with stains,
Lie bleeding, not conquered, the sons of Maine.

Mournfully chant the swaying pines a requiem for the dead,
As, safe from woodman's axe, they rear their tufted heads ;

For they who felled the hoary pine and braved the torrent's roar,
Resting beneath a Southern sky, shall hear their sound no more ;

While they of nobler rank and fame, of hope and bright renown,
Lie on the blood-red mausoleum where their victor's crown they found,

Toll, bell, your funeral knell with a sadder, heavier dirge ;
Mournfully chant, ye cold north winds, with fitful gust and surge,

As gone, not lost, a countless host, for earth's best good they've striven,
We'll hope and pray the martyred band have found a home in heaven.

RALPH KUHNER.

MANY traditions of this notorious individual have come down to us from antiquity.

To gratify public curiosity recently awakened we publish the most credible reports.

Some assert that he lived four hundred years before Christ, in Greece. During the upward march of the ten thousand he was attached to Xenophon as camp servant, and managed to pick up a crooked and vague idea of the Grecian tongue; for it must be remembered he was not a native, but a fugitive African negro, who fled to the land of philosophers and statesmen for protection. On the march he became quite noted for his knavery. He was so adept in stealing that Xenophon, making the best use of him, contrived to live upon the plunder he secured.

So remarkably cunning and crafty was he, that he was known by the name of Keener, or, in Greek, Kuhner. After the return of the army, Xenophon, taken suddenly ill, the work of correcting the proof-sheets of the *Anabasis* devolved upon Ralph, who was overwhelmed at the thought of such a prodigious task, but, cheering up his spirits by the flowing bowl, commenced the work.

At times so influenced was he with liquor that of course he made many blunders, and this accounts for the unfinished state of certain paragraphs of the *Anabasis*; nevertheless, Ralph accomplished the work, and, much elated, resolved to immortalize his name by a grammar setting forth *his* idea of the Greek language.

Not feeling competent in his right mind to do it, he drew inspiration, as before, from the sparkling cup.

After five years time, he published a disjointed and confused account of the structure of the Greek, which so excited

the country that poor Ralph was ridden on a rail, ignominiously banished, and the work of this audacious slave buried in oblivion.

Time passed on and his memory perished. But some will ask, How does an existing work, pretending to be Kuhner, now exist? Every scholar knows that twenty years ago, during a terrific eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, a copy of this was thrown up from Hades, whither the Greeks consigned it, together with the unfortunate author.

On the first leaf was written, in lead pencil, a statement from Ralph that his work was nothing but drunken idioms and glowing effusions of his excited brain; but this was torn off by an American tourist and scholar, and carefully did he treasure up the book, translate it into English, and assert that the author lived in Germany. But the truth has recently leaked out, by the death-bed confession of one who had a part in this monstrous forgery.

But although the best informed believe the above tradition, many entertain another, — that Kuhner wrote the Iliad and Odyssey, usually ascribed to Homer; they go so far as to call Homer another name for Kuhner, the latter being the most ancient. K dropped for euphony, and metathesis changes u and h, making huner; m is inserted after n, which causes the omission of n, and u changed to the variable vowel o, making Homer. After writing the Iliad, he thought to amuse his little children by a simple work, which became celebrated just as our Jack the Giant Killer and Songs for Little Ones; it was found in every nursery throughout the land. It was handed down until, its original language becoming lost, it was esteemed a remarkable production; but is it not provoking that, after hard study and many an aching eye, we cannot master Grecian lullabys and what every infant in the days of yore had at tongue's end? *O lamentabile dictu!*

St. 1865.

WHY DID ALEXANDER CONQUER GREECE ?

THE rise, progress, and ultimate downfall of such powerful republics as those of ancient Greece and Rome are the themes upon which historians have dilated with eloquence and learning. Gibbon, in majestic strain, has proclaimed the glory and the shame of her that was "mistress of the world." Grote and Mitford have told us in elegant narrative the simplicity and excellence in art, bravery, and stern virtue of those who claimed to be "the children of Zeus." From the time when the savage horde under the terrible Attila besieged Rome we may trace her downfall. How soon did the boasted strength of the Roman Empire dwindle away before the Vandals of him beneath whose horses' hoof the grass never grew, and who, perhaps not inappropriately, called himself "the scourge of God." If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground unless noticed by God, how can a great nation, glorious in spite of her wickedness, fall, unless God, in his infallible judgment, deems it to be necessary for the good of mankind? There is no ground to base a supposition why a nation should be immortal more than man. Therefore we must suppose that when any nation has fulfilled the object for which it was created, its end is nigh. No matter, then, what was its former glory, either the extent of its dominions, its influence on mankind, or the purity of its morals: like mortal man it sinks to decay, leaving behind only its memory, laden with the good or evil it had accomplished. Thus it was with Greece. She had attained the heights of fame in painting, sculpture, rhetoric; and her schools of philosophy were known and honored before the Macedonian period. The noble and virtuous laws of Lycurgus and Solon had been displaced in a great degree by the corrupt manners of the eastern nations.

Philip and Alexander, although they admired Grecian refinement, still clung to the vices of their own nation, and from their example the Grecians, although under the yoke, were not slow to learn the same vices. The Greeks under the rule of Alexander could no more be compared with those living in the time of Lycurgus than the Frenchmen of to-day can compare with the hardy warriors under Charlemagne. We see, then, with "Greece her glorious days are o'er." The lessons which she had given to help the education of mankind were finished. Her work was done. She must be conquered, and consequently decay. As she was renowned in life, God permitted her death to be worthy of her fame. Unlike Rome, the emblem of barbarous strength, she was not overrun by savages; but, in behalf of her higher civilization and greater worth, she was conquered by the conqueror of the world, the renowned Alexander.

OPEN FIREPLACES.

To one whose life has been passed in a city, amid brick houses and paved streets, the country, with its fields, its venerable homesteads, and especially its open fireplaces and stoves, presents scenes of real enjoyment. There are many places conducive and suggestive of thought, but none where the imagination, pluming its wings, can fly with a higher and steadier flight, or, in imagination seizing the artistic pencil, portray the bright anticipations of the future more vividly than in the presence of a blazing log fire. A fireplace is an emblem of frankness, of open-heartedness; for its lights and shadows are all open to inspection, and by its

cheerful blaze there is always, like a city omnibus, "room for one more."

It is said that man admires most the things which he does not possess, or which he has not been accustomed to enjoy. This may account for our predilection. Who can tell of the hopes that these blazing logs have suggested! Who can depict how, in after life, some have failed of completion, while the real contrasted as strongly and strangely with the ideal as the blazing hearth at evening does with the cold, desolate, ashy appearance of the fireplace when the fire is extinct! How many pious precepts have been taught by mothers, while "the hope of the house" stood gazing thoughtfully into the fire! It is related of Doddridge that his mother taught him the lessons of the Old and New Testaments from the illustrated tiles which surrounded the fireplace; this too before he knew how to read. Can we estimate the influence which the place had over the information there learned? It needs no subtle analysis to trace from this that deep religious fervor which characterized him, who, in after life, sang the songs of the Redeemer.

We all have an ideal fireplace: let me tell you mine. First, the ashes must be all cleared away; the andirons, with their brazen knobs, must rival the beauties of the cupboard in their brightness and splendor. Then put on for a backlog that sugar tree log that is so heavy, then another on top of that, some kindlings in front, and another log on that, being careful to leave a draft. Now bring in some fire from the kitchen, touch off the combustible material with the pride of a gunner, and while it is being done draw your chair up closer, and let us talk further of fireplaces, for we have shown you our ideal. The fireplace is a landmark. It is a standard of veneration. Beecher tersely contrasts it with the modern convenience of a range, with its registers,

sending its unhealthy warmth through the house, thus: "There was a time when the family gathered around the cheerful log fire, but now we find our enjoyment in scrambling around *a black hole in the floor.*" The fireplace is like the human heart: when the fire of humanity and brotherly feeling is placed among the inert sensibilities of our hearts, it casts its genial reflection on all around it, and imparts its heat to all within its influence; but when, from neglect or otherwise, this flame is suffered to die out, its coldness, barrenness, its desolation, emptiness, not only affects itself, but sends out its gloomy feelings over all. Did you ever notice, those of you who have lived in the country, what a cheerful glare it flung over the forms of lad and lass as they tripped merrily through the joyous games, or talked in whispers of things which we, Philippians, are supposed to know nothing about? Then how it will draw! You may pile on the wood till it reaches nearly to the top of the fireplace, or out to the edge of the hearth, but the strong current of air will draw smoke and flame up the chimney as swift as the chips pass over Niagara. There is an art in building a fire, even if there *is* such a maxim extant as "It takes a fool to build a fire." And there is a joy akin to what the painter feels in looking at his successful work, or the author in hearing flattering notices of his first book, when, after repeated trials, we see a small flame begin to struggle forth from the dense mass,— a greater satisfaction when it bursts forth with that roaring sound so pleasing to the ear.

Yes, there is comfort, enjoyment, cheerfulness, and all the better qualities of our nature brought out as we sit around the cheerful fire. Where did stories, mirth, wit, flow faster than in that tavern with its fireplace, where Johnson, Goldsmith, and others used to meet in friendly chat? Dickens makes some of his most effective scenes in that institu-

tion, "the English Inn." Don't you remember, in Barnaby Rudge the open fireplace which, sending its glare through the window, attracted the weary traveller? Then Cinderilla, who pleased the fancy of our youthful days, sat by the chimney fire, sensible girl! And we yet remember how the blackened walls parted, and out came the fairy. You know the rest. Who can think of Christmas time in Merrie England without the yule log and the large open fireplace, indicative of comfort and jolity. Yes, although we have known its comforts only for one winter, yet we love the open fireplace, for its cheerful beams have not left our soul. We shall always remember it, and in the future we hope to enjoy its genial warmth again.

R. T. G.

VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTERS.

How many trials must a person of this persuasion undergo, and yet with how many honors he is rewarded? He is the oracle of the village, consulted on all important occasions. He must not only know how to instil wisdom into youthful minds, but must know the state of the weather, the prospects of the crops, and be possessed of the miscellaneous knowledge, necessary in a village, which boasts a variety store and a postoffice combined. He must speak in every village meeting, and be the life and soul of every village gathering. Every husking, quilting, apple-paring, must be graced by his presence, and enlivened by his intelligent conversation, and, in short, he must be everything that a man ought to be, and know everything that a man ought to know. A person of vast importance is the schoolmaster, and one greatly hated by a certain class of people, fearful lest their

sons or their neighbors should know more than themselves. Many a poor boy has struggled through his education, braving the frowns of his father and the disparagements of his friends to settle down at last a village schoolmaster. Many a man stops half-way in his course of learning, and becomes a village schoolmaster, that he may acquire the means to obtain the other half. Many a Yankee boy, teaching in Southern villages, felt the effects of this rebellion before his friends here had thought of such a thing. Any one having read that popular work, "Cudjo's Cave," will remember the sufferings which that brave Yankee schoolmaster passed through rather than budge one inch to the enemies of his country. We honor them for it, and we owe them a debt of gratitude, which we can never repay. All the wisdom which the South possesses to-day, all her statesmanship, all her prowess, all the military skill of her generals, she owes to the *Yankee* schoolmaster; all the knowledge which is bursting our prodigious brains to-day, is the result of the training of Yankee schoolmasters; all the cursing and groaning which has occurred over grim old Greek and Latin authors, during the past few weeks, is caused by Yankee schoolmasters. What an apt description of a village schoolmaster, and how applicable to our own loved Preceptor, is that given by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village":

"There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew."

An exact description of the Principal of Phillips Academy, and lord of Andover, except that he would, doubtless, feel grievously insulted were you to tell him that he "taught a

little school." Certainly "a man severe he is, and stern to view." Certainly "I know him well," and every fizzler too who has ever had the honor of attending any of the social levees which he occasionally holds in the third story of a certain brick mansion near by.

The description goes on to say :

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

Some, by painful experience, have "learned to trace the day's disasters" in our Uncle's face. As he enters the room of a morning, how narrowly is his face scanned, how closely his actions watched, with what anxiety do we wait to see whether gold or steel spectacles surmount his royal nose. By the time that "one more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate," has rushed to his — seat, we can tell, surely, whether the events of the day are to be for better or for worse, — whether we are to suffer an ignominious defeat, or achieve a glorious victory. "Full well we laugh, with counterfeited glee, at all his jokes, for many a joke has he," perfectly committed, and admirably brought in, at stated periods. But woe unto us, if any joke is not sufficiently appreciated! Alas to think of the direful series of flunks following such a misappreciation of talent. "Full well the busy whisper circling round conveys the dismal tidings when he frowns." What an ague fit at once pervades the class, cheeks blanch, teeth chatter, and knees tremble, "*mirabile visu.*"

The remainder of the description is perfect :

“ Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.”

(It is this love which prohibits the wearing of class caps and patriotic badges.)

“ The village all declared how much he knew,
’Twas certain he could write and cipher too [especially cipher] ;
Lands he could measure, *terms* and tides presage,
And e’en the story ran, that he could (rage ?) ;
In arguing, too, the *parsons* owned his skill,
For e’en though vanquished, he could argue still.

(By permitting no “ flippancy ” on the part of his antagonist).

“ While words of learned length and thund’ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around [in No. 9],
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one *large* head could carry all he knew.”

EDITORS' TABLE.

WARNING.

DAILY transpiring events show more and more conclusively the frailty of human nature; especially that portion of the *genus homo* daily confined within the spacious walls of Phillips Academy. Never were such ungodly proceedings known, as have taken place within the last four terms. Every day some new victim is found among the higher classes, who is leading youthful minds from the paths of virtue. Every day is some one informed of the pernicious effects of his example and precepts upon the susceptible minds of budding Phillipians. Every day does a solemn warning go forth to some villanous "individual" who is inciting the school to absent themselves from prayers and recitations. Perchance he may have been absent from his room once or twice during study-hours. Immediately a mandate is issued, proclaiming that that individual habitually absents himself from his appropriate place of study, for the purpose of undermining the discipline, and perverting the objects of the institution. Perhaps the charms of the young ladies of the village allure him from the path of duty so widely that he even makes a call occasionally. He is summarily accused of "night wanderings," and all manner of immorality. Perhaps, by the most extreme stretch of the Preceptor's leniency, he is permitted to attend a lecture, or a concert, under the sole condition that he will thoroughly commit a double lesson for the next morning. He is surrounded by "townies," and by a few of the smaller gentry of the institution, who keep up noise enough during the evening to prevent all their neighbors from enjoying the entertainment. The next morning a withering harangue is delivered from the rostrum, denouncing in no measured terms the breach of trust he has been guilty of in making such an outrageous uproar. Indeed, the powers that be are fast coming to the conclusion that the rowdy-

ish conduct of the school, as a whole, will preclude the possibility of their attendance upon anything of the kind.

Vice has crept among us to such an alarming extent, that the members of the school even went so far as *to leave their rooms during study-hours* to witness an illumination gotten up by the Fem. Sems, on the night after the Presidential election, and even after being dispersed by the "Aged" had the hardihood to form in a procession, march up, and call upon that worthy gentleman for a speech. Think of it, ye friends and relatives, whose lot it is to peruse these pages! Think of what must necessarily be the fate of such hardened rascals! These are sure indications that your sons are destined to the State's prison, if not to the gallows. Keep a faithful watch over them, and beseech that "father of gods, and king of men" who holds the destinies of a little world locked up in his mighty bosom, to remove from the school those who are at the foundation of all this wickedness. Weep, ye mothers, when you think of the depravity of your sons! Mourn, ye fathers, when you behold your degenerate offspring! Wail, ye aunts and uncles all, who have the good of your nephews at heart! All lend a helping hand, and aid us to stem this torrent of iniquity! We have tried in vain to entice your sons from this sink of corruption, and unless something is done, and that very shortly, all is lost.

A DREAM.

We editors, amid our labors, are often visited by wonderful dreams. We distinctly remember one that made a vivid impression upon us. 'Twas after a day that we had pored over Latin; in our still slumbers ancient Rome appeared to us. We thought all those heroes, gods, demigods, etc., enjoyed in their day the same inventions that we do. We seemed to see a railroad train starting for the Alps; we enter, and upon one seat see Cicero, in his toga, enjoying a cigar, and holding the latest copy of the Rome Herald. Upon another seat is Virgil, who, with a dime novel (2d book of Aeneid) in hand, is talking politic swith Cato. The shrill whistle of the engine is heard, and we are borne toward the Alps. The conductor, Julius Cæsar, enters and takes the tickets. Thus are we whirled over rivers and beneath

bridges till the train passes through a tunnel under Mt. Blanc into Gaul. Our dream carries us back to Rome, which we find in a fever of excitement; for Mark Antony has sent a telegraphic despatch of gaining a great victory, and a hundred cannon are pouring out a salute. The newsboys drive a brisk trade. Little Augustus Cæsar in his rags is shouting, "Rome Herald! here's the Herald!! exciting news!!!" Looking around, we behold a massive granite structure the Juno Water Works; this liquid is conveyed to Rome from the Black Sea through an immense aqueduct. The Fifth Avenue Hotel next looms up in sight. It is of purest marble, and heated by steam, kept by the Horatii Brothers. In the Central Park Catiline has a peanut-stand; Miltiades keeps an oyster-saloon and grog-shop. Livy, Horace, and Ovid also keep a liquor nuisance. The Jupiter Glass Works are truly wonderful, supplying the whole region with this article. The vast walls of these works are riveted by the thunder-bolts of Jupiter: hence their name. Vulcan carries on a wholesale blacksmith trade on Mt. Aetna; the light of his forge can be seen for miles, and he is employed in making horseshoes to Jupiter's chargers. Cassius has made himself wealthy in the cigar trade, which is an important item in Roman industry. On the Tiber, a few miles above the city, are many gristmills and sawmills owned by Tiberius Gracchus, Esq. Pompey is the chief of police, and a terror to all evil-doers. The Romans are also a literary people. Sallust, Nepos, and Virgil are noted novel writers. Their works are read by the lower classes with great eagerness, but are decidedly immoral in their tendency. Virgil is noted for his dime publications; he has written twelve dime novels about a savage chieftain, Aeneas, who fled from Troy to Italy, the picture of his bloody encounters with pirates and sea-horses, his leap, by means of Neptune's trident, from Carthage to Latium, his amours with Queen Dido, are all false, and calculated to injure the mind of the reader. The works of Sylvanus Sallust are more moral; he is a regular contributor to the Roman Ledger. Nepos also publishes the Mediterranean Monthly, a noted literary magazine.

The Italian Telegraph Company connect with all points north, south, east, and west. But here we awake to find it all a dream. Hoping the recital of which has been of interest, we await further revelations of this subject, in our slumbers.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are the Seniors worse than Middlers? Because Middlers have a Green but the Seniors have a Greener.

Why is McClellan like Job's war horse? Because he smelt the battle from afar.

Why is Troy like Abbott Village? Because it has its Hector.

Why is it for Mrs. Flagg's interest to have the term continue? Because she pays nothing for Wood, but Wood pays something for storage.

Why do the Seniors always appear smutty? Because they are continually passing and repassing a coal-gate (Colgate).

Why is the Second Junior Class in a bad condition? Because it has a Hurd without a Shepherd.

Who is the hardest boy in school? Stone.

Why ought the Seniors to be pretty well bunged up? Because they have a powerful Cooper.

What Middler reminds us that God was tired of his first creation? Because he made a new man (Newman).

Why will a certain Senior soon become smaller? Because, although tall, he is always lowering (Loring).

What line separates the Senior Class from the rest of the school? Mason and Dixon's line.

Why does a man expect death when he has a bad cold? Because he gets a coughing (coffin).

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WALTER R. BEACH, }

A PAGE OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

IN a nation's career many events take place which, though in a degree unimportant in themselves, are handed down to succeeding generations, and from their consequences, or from some attending circumstances, are cherished in the memories of the people among the greater and (in one sense) more famous occurrences of its history.

In like manner, some command or saying of some distinguished person, uttered perhaps without forethought, either on account of the occasion on which it was spoken, or the effect it produced, will, for many years or ages after its utterance, move the feelings of him who may read it on the page of history.

The capture of Ticonderoga by the famous Col. Ethan Allen, and his summons for surrender, grand and patriotic, is yet fresh in the minds of the citizens of the Republic, and will so continue to be until the darkness of oblivion shall forever enshroud both country and history.

On a strait which connects Lakes George and Champlain, stood the British stronghold Ticonderoga. This being an important post, the possession of it was desired by the Americans. Various projects were suggested for its capture. The undertaking demanded a leader who should unite the qualities of fearlessness and caution. Such a man was Ethan Allen, of whom history says, "He was a man of strong mind, vigorous frame, upright in all his ways, fearless in the discharge of his duty, and a zealous patriot." Here, then, were the qualities sought, and Allen was appointed leader of the expedition.

The repose of night had settled down over the frowning walls of the fortress; the banner of England hung idle on the flagstaff, or, fanned by the light May breezes, lazily, unfolded itself and waved in the night air. All within, confident of safety, had sunk to sleep, except the sentries, who slowly walked their weary beat. The first faint streaks of dawning day were just becoming visible, and the sentinel, weary with his long watching, knew that soon he would be relieved and suffered to go to rest. No thought of danger or fear of surprise disturbed the garrison. Yet even then the patriot band was advancing to the capture. Silently, stealthily, but quickly, they came, until they arrived beneath the very shadow of the walls of the fortress, and entered its gate. The terrified sentinel, after an ineffectual attempt to fire his musket, fled within the fort. Quickly following him, the patriots came to the inner works of the fort, where, forming in their ranks, they gave a shout which aroused the sleeping garrison, who, seizing their arms, hastened to the parade ground, where they were made prisoners by the Americans.

Col. Allen, proceeding to the quarters of the commandant, ordered him to appear, which he finally did, demanding of

Allen what he did there. The reply, accompanied by a significant gesture toward the American troops, was, "I demand an immediate surrender." "By whose authority?" "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress."

This reply, uniting as it did the idea of might and right, of a cause which "the great Jehovah" approved, and which "the Continental Congress" was able to support and carry out, is in our opinion one of the grandest on the pages of American history. It told that commander, as plainly as any language could, of the determination of the patriots to acquire the possession of his fortress, and, perceiving discretion under those circumstances to be the better part of valor, he surrendered.

Fort Ticonderoga is fast crumbling to dust. Ethan Allen has long since "gone the way of all the earth." But his words still live, and will live for generations to come, in the grateful memories of the nation he did so much to save.

THE TWO GRAVES.

WEIRDLY the hemlock waves,
 Wildly the night wind raves
 O'er the two lonely graves
 Down in yon wood:
 Fiercely the storm fiends shriek;
 Curses they seem to speak;
 Vengeance they seem to seek, —
 Vengeance for blood.

Six summers now have gone,
 Six winters passed along,
 Since the dark deed was done,
 Down in yon glade:

Still does the fearful tale
 Cause the warm cheek to pale,
 And the stout heart to quail,
 By its dark shade.

Wild was the winter's night ;
 No star, with radiance bright,
 Shone, the dark woods to light

With its clear ray :

Deep lay the snow around,
 Hiding the frozen ground,
 Each vale and little mound
 Hid 'neath it lay.

O'ertaken by the night,
 Lost in the snow so white,
 Toiled toward a friendly light

One old and gray :

Hid was the road from view
 Which passed the forest through,
 So that the traveller knew
 Naught of his way.

Toiling, he groped his way
 Through the deep snow, which lay
 Round him, and fell like spray

Light all around ;

Then fell the deadly blow,
 Dealt by an unseen foe ;
 Down sank the victim low —
 Sank to the ground.

Next morn we found him there —

Gory his silver hair, •

And on his forehead bare

Saw the death wound.

There then we made his grave,
 Where the dark hemlocks wave,
 And the fierce night winds rave
 Over the mound.

* * * * *

Three summers passed along,
 Three winters near had gone,
 When one night there came one,
 Wasted and wan :
 Death's hand was on him laid,
 Death's stern command was said ;
 Soon his command obeyed
 That stricken man.

But, ere his spirit proud
 To death had yet been bowed,
 Called he, with accents loud,
 One to his side :
 Sprung from his couch he stood —
 “ I did the deed of blood
 Done in yon lonely wood ! ” —
 Said this, and died.

There, too, *his* grave we made
 Under the hemlock's shade ;
 There by his victim laid
 The man of blood.
 Weirdly the hemlock waves,
 Wildly the night wind raves,
 O'er the two lonely graves
 Down in yon wood.



LETTERS FROM A PHILLIPIAN.

WE submit the following letter from a student of P. A.
 to his beloved “ Ma.”

ANDOVER, DEC. —, 1864.

“ DEAR MA :

“ We, your beloved son (I make use of an Andover
 idiom) are nicely settled here for the Winter term, and we

have as many or more friends than last term. The Seniors in particular are kind to us; they have been friendly enough to mention us to some of the fine young ladies at the Fem. Sem; and the result is, that we have received one or two nice long letters from them, cheering us much in our researches after knowledge.

“ The kind Seniors call, and at our request even condescend to read the notes from the Fem. Sems, and give us much good advice about answering them. Under their fostering care you need never fear but that your son will make a great, good, and wise man. You know we always told you we should be handsome sometime, though you never believed it. What do you think now? Half the Fem. Sems are running after us. We have agreed to call upon one of them in a few days, and several others when convenient — for them.

“ We wish there was some way to break off our engagement with A——, for the girls here are twice as pretty as she, and of much better style. What shall we do about it? We shall never notice girls at home again — not *we*. Some of my friends have called, so I will close: will write more next time.

“ We are affectionately your son,
 _____.”

ANDOVER, JAN. —, '65.

“ DEAR MA :

“ How we long to be clasped once more to your maternal bosom! Truly we are in the midst of great tribulations. How art the mighty fallen! Oh that we had never left thee, thou truest counsellor of ours! Sad has been our change since last we wrote you. *Then* all was bright and fair before us. *Now* black clouds of disappointment have arisen on the horizon of our late new-found bliss.

“ We wrote you in our last that we were about to call upon a young lady. Well, we made a slight mistake, and got into the wrong house and were going out to rectify it, when we found ourselves sitting ‘on our head antipodes’ in the gutter, and several negroes flocking round. We immediately placed ourselves upon our back, fixed the knees of one or two of them firmly upon our chest, then put our nose between their teeth, and held them fast for a few moments; but they soon got away, and we were left alone. We were not in a suitable condition after this occurrence to make our intended call, and the affair having leaked out, has somewhat damaged our cause among the Fem. Sems. Still they smile upon us when we meet, and we flatter ourselves we are still one of the most popular fellows there. But we feel that it has hurt us; and we beseech you, if you have said anything to A—— in regard to breaking off our match, tell her ’tis a mistake, or anything to make it right, for we feel that it is our only hope. O Ma! we cannot express our feelings in words. Imagine what a mortification it must be to one who has been considered one of the handsomest young men here to suffer such indignities. All the boys sympathize with us, and have done all in their power to alleviate our sufferings. It was supposed to have been a party of contrabands on their way to Canada who perpetrated the deed.

“ Dejected and downhearted, we are your afflicted, mortified, but still the same popular son,

————.”

“DATUR HORA QUIETI.”

ON TURNER'S BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

THIS is the hour of quiet :
 All nature sleeps in silent passiveness,
 And no sound is heard save the sad note of the whippoorwill,
 Or the musical dashings of the silver water
 On the rocky, pebbly shore of the lake.
 The moon, through misty clouds appearing,
 Shines serenely on the bosom of the lake,
 And shadows o'er the slanting hillside softly glide,
 Till lost within the fringed forest, they disappear.
 Within my little boat I muse in pleasure on the scene,
 And sit transfixed with admiration.
 Our pale regina, bursting aerial bands asunder,
 Throws gloriously down her pale refulgence,
 And as its mellow rays pierce through
 The stained glass and pillared structure
 Of the ancient castle, they cast their soft reflections
 On the placid bosom of the waters.
 This is the hour of quiet ;
 And my heart within itself sits cloistered.
 Go, holy messengers, and do my bidding ;
 Fly on lightsome wings to God,
 And there, before the mercy-seat, adoring,
 There lay my offering down, — a sinful heart, —
 And ask of him the gift I most would wish
 Before I go to live with him forever —
 That as both lake and castle, hour and hill,
 Are to sacred quiet given up,
 So may my life be free from care and trouble :
 And as the moon with silver sadness tips
 The edges of the clouds and borders of the lake,
 So may the pleasures of this mortal frame
 Be edged with that bright lining
 From the glory shed around the throne of God.

A DREAM.

“Once, upon a midnight dreary,

While I pondered, weak and weary,”

over my Latin Prose for the next day, overcome by weariness of brain and body, I resigned myself to the arms of Morpheus and my rocking-chair, and for a time buried my fears of the morrow's “flunks” in forgetfulness. But, either from the uncomfortableness of my position, or from the activity of my over-wearied brain, I was visited by a dream such as “never mortal dreamed before.”

I thought a strange figure appeared to my view; a man of venerable aspect stood before me, and with energetic gestures seemed to desire to attract my attention. My surprise at his appearance did not prevent me from surveying my strange visitant from head to foot. He was clothed in the ancient Roman toga, from which I immediately recognized his nation.

But as he did not seem willing to be the first to break the silence, I ventured to inquire who he was, and what his errand might be. But I perceived that he did not understand “the Queen's English;” so, resorting to my small knowledge of his native tongue, and Latinizing my former interrogatory, I again inquired, “Quis es?” This inquiry was more successful, and the answer was: “Ego Balbus sum!” The cause of his visit was, he said, to demand satisfaction for the insults which had been heaped upon him, and had been endured by him, till “forbearance had ceased to be a virtue.” He said that his name had become a byword to every schoolboy throughout this land, and that often in the dead of night, from his abode in Hades, he had heard *my* voice making use of it in connections which, to say the least, were derogatory to his character; and these

insults had rankled in his bosom, until, on this very night, hearing me exclaim, in his native tongue, "Balbus has uttered many falsehoods," his wrath became uncontrollable, and he had come "hot from hell," to vindicate his rights and clear his character of the base slander of falsehood which I had thrown upon it.

I immediately perceived that the venerable Roman was laboring under a great misunderstanding, and that his jealousy of the name he had left on earth had led him into an error. But remembering that "Young Rome" had probably no "Prose Composition" like that which now vexes the brains of "Young America," and willing to free myself and other unfortunate students from all blame in regard to the matter, I explained the system to my venerable guest, who, entirely satisfied with my apology, became exceedingly jovial, and a pleasant chat we had.

He had much to tell about ancient Rome, but had little faith in modern inventions, which, he said, were mere copies of what the Romans had. Even "Plantation Bitters," and "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," he said, were base imitations. The latter had often lulled his infantine senses to rest, while the former had been the comfort of his maturer years. He knew Cicero well, — heard all his great orations, of most of which he has short-hand copies at his summer residence on the further bank of the Styx. In the early part of his life he had been the proprietor of a "photograph shanty," and had yet in his possession pictures of many of the most celebrated men of his time.

He once had mingled in politics, and suffered himself to be run for the consulship, and thought he would have been elected but for one thing. Some of the opposite party had, in an unguarded moment, plied him with Plantation Bitters, till — as he expressed it — he was well set up, and in that state

they induced him to attempt a speech to the people in the forum. From that time, thoroughly disgusted with party intrigues, he abandoned all hope of a political career, and retired to private life.

But here it occurred to him that he was making too long a visit, and having invited me to call and see him when I came to Hades, he vanished.

ACTED POETRY.

THE purest poetry consists in the thoughts of God, the highest perceptions of the relations of matter and mind; in his works and providences it is expressed, and if we read them aright, they are understood, and nourish the life of our higher being. Poetry is written or unwritten, acted or unacted; and we think there is more of the later than the former. The period of creation is the unfolding of stanza after stanza of a gorgeous poem, in which are condensed worlds of thought in a few lines. Jewish history, with its continued wonders and stirring events, is of a sublime and awful character.

But that which made the Saviour, from the coming forth of the star until the closing of the radiant clouds around it, is the most perfect of all written or acted by the Deity. As we penetrate the deep meaning of the alphabetical symbols, and its words, furnished with the mystic key of truth, we open door after door, and behold the wonders and beauties there concealed, — passages recited by the soul itself with such impassioned lays as never could be fathomed until the handwriting of angels is learned, and their vocabulary

mastered. I refer to passages in the great poem of the Pleasures of Hope.

The history of the Jews is full of acted poetry, that should find response in the deep, deep heart. In their country, the dwelling-place of music and beauty, every tree, flower, and mineral is invested with eloquence by associations drawn from the sacred house where the very leaves quivered with the pulse of poetry. We can best feel the poetry of the Jews by reading of their festivals, ever varied in their aspect from simplicity to that of magnificence. Behold them destined for Jerusalem. Now the music sounds the note of departure, the chant rises over the hills loud and clear, and now all is still as they halt around the moss-brimmed fountain in the valley. But we cannot trace them through it all until they enter the gates, nor the great poem of the Passover, and the last and great day of the feast.

Acted poetry is more eloquent than words; action is language, and we are in the midst of it, and the power of the Infinite only can fathom the limits of acted poetry.

THOUGHTS ON THE FALLING OF A LEAF.

THERE is nothing in nature from which we may not derive some useful lesson. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork." The seasons as they roll around teach the same great truth, and as we contemplate them we are filled with wonder and admiration at the power and wisdom of God. How strange it is that men possessed of *reason*, to say nothing of *revelation*, can deny the very existence of God. Who can look upon

the glorious sun which has rolled in its course these thousands of years, casting light and warmth upon the face of the earth; at the stars by night, vast as their size and numbers are, which move through the heavens without the slightest noise or confusion; at the ocean, with its great pulse of ebb and flow; at the fields and trees, and not see in them all the hand of a Supreme Being?

A few months ago Nature threw off her dull garb of winter, and appeared in her lovely dress of spring. The fields were green; the trees and shrubs put forth their tender buds; the atmosphere was fragrant, and the birds filled the air with exulting praise. At the earliest dawn the robin's cheerful song is heard, with the clear, rich notes of the lark, the soft tone of the bluebird, the twitter of the swallow, the cooing of the dove; now the mournful cry of the whippoorwill, and now the hoarse croak of the turtle is heard. In the midst of such scenes and sounds we were led to exclaim, "How beautiful is the sight, when God our heavenly King, bids the frosts retire, and wakes the lovely spring!" But now, how changed the scene! The fields are no longer green, the trees are stripped of their beauty, and the birds have flown to warmer climes. Why, we may ask, this change? Why did God ordain that summer should succeed the spring, and winter the summer? One thing, at least, we think it teaches, namely, that we too are undergoing the same or a similar change. As we gazed with delight upon the beauties of spring, and saw them swelling into the glories of summer, we did not see why we might not enjoy the beauty, the fragrance, and the song that greeted us for many years. But a few short weeks and they were gone. Just so we look upon man in the spring of his life, and admire the quick, elastic step, the sparkling eye, the rosy cheek, and the strong muscle, so full of life and vigor that he seems as if he

might live on, but alas! he too fades like a leaf, and dies; and then — what? ah, this is the question. Where shall this spark of immortality go, which we call soul? Could we believe in the doctrine of transmigration, or in total annihilation, there might be some relief in these doctrines; but they have long since been exploded. The soul must live on through all eternity; but where, and how? Had God left us to our own reason, there might have been room for doubt; but with the word of revelation in our hand, there is no longer room for question, and he has left it with us to determine where and what shall be our future state. With faith in Christ, and holy trust in God, though we do fade and fall as a leaf, we may be cheered with the hope of a glorious resurrection. We look out upon nature now, and it seems as if all life and vitality had departed. But it is only in appearance; there is a change of state, but life has not become extinct: soon the warm sun will return, and call forth the flowers and foliage with renewed beauty. So man sickens, withers, and dies, but only to arise again; and if he be a child of God, with a more glorious body than before. The Christian dies, and leaves loved ones to mourn his departure; but he goes to join those no less beloved who have gone before him. Let us, then, glorify God in our lives, that we may honor him in our death, and spend a blessed eternity with the redeemed of Christ in heaven.



A VISION.

ONE night there came to me a dream,
Which bore me far beyond the sea,
Unto a castle, which did seem
To be the scene of revelry.

Its high and massive walls did show
A front as strong as strong could be,
Bidding defiance to the foe,
Who dared to be its enemy.

Its moat was deep — its drawbridge up —
Its banners flaunted haughtily ;
Within, around the blushing cup
There was a merry company.

Called I then to the warder, loud,
And bade him lower the bridge to me,
That I might join that festive crowd,
And with them share their revelry.

Then answered he to my request —
And proudly too he answered me —
“ Who art thou givest this behest,
And givest it so fearlessly ?

“ What wouldst thou with the crowd within ? ”
He asked of me so jealously ;
“ I but desire to come within
The gate thou guard'st so zealously.”

Then opened he the massy doors,
And lowered the drawbridge down to me ;
I passed beneath the lofty towers,
Unto the hall of revelry.

Within was all one blaze of light,
That shone upon the tapestry,
Bidding defiance to the night,
Which outside reigned invincibly.

Upon the walls hung burnished steel,
The armor tried of chivalry :
The sword that deadly blow might deal,
Now graced the hall of revelry.

The tables 'neath their burden groaned,
Of viands of great rarity ;
The wine-cup freely circled round
That group of proud regality.

To courtly dames in rich array,
And beauteous maids as one might see,
Those belted knights did homage pay,
With grace of true nobility.

“ In truth,” cried I, “ this is a scene
As never mortal more will see ! ”
Then woke, to find it all a dream,
Instead of a reality.

B.

EDITORS' TABLE.

REFLECTIONS ON A COAL.

WE have all, perhaps, in looking into a cheerful fireplace, noticed the many flickerings and fluctuations of a burning coal. When first we saw it, it was red, and cast forth a genial heat, and it looked as if it would always remain so; but as we looked we thought we could discern a strange, gloomy look on the coal: it did not look so bright as before: and as we continued to gaze on the fast-fading coal, just losing its lustre, and fast ceasing to send forth warmth, we were struck with the similarity it bore to our own life, and many dear and cherished objects. Man in his manhood is like a burning coal. Old men, young children, and all admire him. He looks so full of strength and life that it seems absurd to say that he, like the coal, will fade. But a man fades in two ways. One class of men, as they move slowly but surely onward in the stream of time, their soul, their bearing, and actions grow brighter and brighter, instead of decreasing and losing their lustre. So it is often said that the last moments of some men stand forth brighter than at any time of their life, and the last flicker of his soul emitted more warmth, shone forth more brightly, than all his previous life combined. The other class I refer to are those who allow the deadly seeds of ambition, avarice, debauchery, and licentiousness to become firmly fastened on their soul, and do not endeavor to thrust them off like the preceding class, but lie dormant, and they do not awake from their deadly lethargy until too late; and the last moments of these men are a thousand times worse than their first. How glorious, how noble it is to be like the former class!

In comparing the burning coal with objects, I can compare it with nothing worthier than "Philo." The soul of "Philo." has always been under the guidance of those who have been vigilant and watchful; and they have never allowed her soul to be corroded with the dust of neglect, but, by attending to her like men, have kept her fire blazing brighter and brighter each successive year. And since this society has advanced much in name, in talents, and in knowledge when under the guidance of those who walk under the banner bearing the device of "ὄδὸν, εὐρήσω ἢ ποιήσω,"—can not, will not those who rightly rejoice that they march under the glorious and noble banner bearing the device of "*Spectemur agendo*," work and strive, with the help of those in the society, to place "Philo." far beyond the goal obtained by our predecessors? Perseverance is all that is wanted, and we will succeed and we have it.

THE MIDDLELERS' SPREE.

Our little friend the Middler sends us an account of his first little spree, under the *auspices* of '65, and under the *influence* of killikinnick. His account is of value, showing to what an extent total depravity rages even among Uncle's pet lambkins.

MR. EDITOR: Some weeks since ('tis needless to say when) a youth presented himself to the gaze of Phillipians, who in stature, appearance, and in other unmistakable ways, showed himself the "ipse ego sum" of his class. We poor Middlers conceived the plan of bringing that proud head low (just over the window-sill), and of forcing him, in that position, to cast forth the offending Jonah. Armed with a few pounds of the solace, half a dozen cases of cigars, two meerschaums and a stem, in we went — ignoramuses as we are — clamoring for a little of his knowledge of a wandering Greek root or an ever-changing stem. We invite him to smoke with us, for the sake of giving clearness to our own mind, to enable us to comprehend the store of erudition about to leap from his overflowing brain, and to deaden his own over-excited nerves, lest, overwhelmed with knowledge, his brain would burst its thin shell.

In the meantime, our friends from the outside, to assist us in our most Christian task, opened the mouth of the little stem, and such a blast of the solace rushed through the keyhole as when classic Agæ was *set down* on a sharp rock by the raging whirlwind.

Eagerly we trace out the wandering stem, the ever-varying vowel; clearer and clearer grows our brain, rising, like a Theologian's appetite, with nary a red in pocket, and nary a drop in the little joker. He begins to answer wildly, — tells us that “dominantur” is from the Greek *δομη* and *νω*, to nod a house; hence a person who nods a house must have great strength: from this we get the idea of power. “Cuspide” is from *cus* and *fes*; hence a cuss that uses his feet, in contrast to one that cannot walk. “Intersit” has the force of prosperity, from the pre. signification *sitting between*; by a slight change, sitting between two girls: hence a fellow is in prosperity when between two girls. “Adspice” means *to look*; pre. signification, to *add spice*: hence if a person adds spice to his eyes he probably looks intently.

By this time we begin to think he needs a cigar to clear out the cobwebs from his brain. He refuses. Just then, by a strange fatality, out goes the lamp, — whether lost in the smoke of the solace, or dwarfed by the scintillations from our friend's brain, we could not tell.

Our friend then grew poetic. “Oh,” exclaimed he, “what a divine night for meditation! Methinks the ambrosial odors of the gods are even now wafted from another clime to feed my ecstatic senses.” (Quite pertinent, considering four lovely lads are breathing a cigar a minute into his dilating nostrils.) Thus he begins:

“Lovely Juno! prettiest of gods!

Pretty as a spanked baby when — he — begins — to — squall!”

— showing his brain still clung to recollections of Hectorean Juno. Thicker and thicker arise the vapors of the Indian weed; higher and higher arise his ecstatic feelings, until he vainly attempts to ascend to the ceiling by his vaulting ambition; but here a chair, there a table interrupts him in his aerial progress, until he is forced to assume man's humble position. The fragrant shadows close around him deeper and deeper, threatening to embalm him without the

trouble of Egyptian preparation. Soon that proud form bends ; the flashing eye loses its lustre ; the quivering nostril ceases its pulsation, and a low suppressed groan is heard from that wreck of earth's greatness, and he exclaims, "Boys, . . . I — gag !"

LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

I was lying one evening upon the lounge, in that state of sweet forgetfulness when all earthly cares seem to be forgotten, and one can imagine himself other than a mortal, when suddenly I found myself travelling along a highway. Rough and stony was the path, yet thousands were on the same road ; and as far ahead as I could cast my eye were visible persons travelling eagerly on : and looking back, the road was thronged with travellers. I was too much taken up by the landscape to look at the persons travelling with me, — for the spot where I seemed to alight was truly a beautiful one. Upon the right were lovely gardens, rich in flowers of every kind, — roses from the far East and sunny South ; trees, whose every motion sent out rays of sparkling sunlight from their bright green leaves ; birds, gayly decked with brilliant plumage, sang from every bough, enticing many a traveller, by their charming notes, to tarry. On one side was a plain, the tall prairie-grass waving to and fro in the gentle breeze that wafted the fragrance of many an unseen flower towards the highway, wonderfully refreshing the traveller. And then, too, there was the little sparkling brook, that with its clear cool waters ran by the wayside, singing so merrily as it danced along, — now kissing the tiny flower as it hastened down a steep, now for a moment tarrying in some shady pool to talk love to the blushing violet that hung upon its bank, and then hurrying on to swell the great sea.

But the way was not always thus pleasant ; for as the beautiful landscape was left behind, the road lay through a dark wood, so black and thick with its moisture and miasma that the pilgrim would have gladly avoided it if possible ; and the fierce wind, swaying the trees, drove the great rain-drops against the traveller, sadly discomfiting him. But the road for the greater part was through green fields and pleasant lands, and shortly I learned that it was called

“Life’s Highway;” and looking far ahead I could see a hill, upon the summit of which, just discernible through the haze, was a palace: even at that distance, the jewels and richness of it were visible. All were eagerly striving to gain it, some outstripping others in their haste and success. It was instructive to see how differently each took the journey. Here one was dragging himself slowly along, grumbling at everybody and everything; there was another who took things as they came, and pursued his journey in silence. But yonder was a party who were enjoying themselves — entering every garden they came to, and after enjoying its pleasures happily went on their way. So I journeyed on, now and then tarrying to drink in the beauty of some scene, and then again plodding on for the great temple of Mammon. And I seemed suddenly to have outstripped the rest, and to have arrived at the base of the hill on which was the palace; and casting my eyes upward, what a scene of richness and beauty was offered! There was the golden temple glittering in the sunlight, with its jeweled domes, rising one above the other, dazzling and enchanting the beholder. Eagerly I commenced the ascent, but had only gone a short distance when I stumbled, fell, and — awoke to the consciousness that it was but a dream, and that I had rolled from the lounge on which I was sleeping.

ONWARD.

STUDENTS! hear the earnest cry,
 Calling now and drawing nigh,
 Bidding us to live or die
 For the rights we love.

Hear! our country calls to-day!
 We are soon to guide the way
 Upward, through war’s starless night,
 To the true and right.

Never in life’s battle pause!
 Cheered on by the world’s applause;
 Toiling with your will and might,
 God will aid the right.

Upward! ye whose hearts are true,
Stars of glory wait for you,
Striving in a noble cause,
On to victory.

When life's stormy scenes are o'er,
Then we'll tread the heavenly shore,
Soaring ever more and more
On the wings of love.

THE REBELLION.

When we reflect upon the power and prosperity which existed but a few years since, in this country, when compared with its present situation, it cannot but produce feelings of sadness and gloom in the mind of every patriot; and the remarks of Caesar upon a certain occasion, when he deplored the many brave men that would fall upon both sides, and the wounds of his country, whoever should prove victorious, seems applicable to our condition. A state and condition of affairs which naturally and properly causes us to reflect upon the causes which have brought this untold amount of misery and suffering upon a country, the most prosperous and powerful in the world.

In all republican governments which have fallen there has been one great leading cause, and that has been the demoralization of the people, in connection with great wealth, which is the same everywhere, no matter how acquired. Its possessors cannot brook the idea of equality with the toiling millions, either in social life or in government. The spirit which it generates is always hostile to democratic republican government. No foreign foe threatened the Roman republic; no foreign enemy has threatened this country. No hostile fleet hovered upon their coast; no hostile foreign fleet has hovered upon ours. Their divisions and strifes did not commence among the yeomanry but among the rulers and legislative departments; our divisions and strife did not commence among yeomanry but among the legislative departments of the government. And all, I believe, will admit that

recrimination and abuse has had more influence to bring about the rebellion than any positive grievances. Pretexts have been made for the present rebellion; but a pretext is not a cause. The causes of the rebellion lie beyond the reach of legislation, and have their sources in the laws of nature and the depravity of the human heart. In 1824 John Quincy Adams, in his inaugural address, spoke of the causes which had threatened to destroy the union and prosperity of our country; one was a moral evil. It was a moral evil which had its source from the worm of the still, which Jefferson declared was the greatest perplexity and embarrassment of his administration. It was the same moral evil which has caused those scenes of strife and contention in Congress in former times, which were truly predicted by the European Governor as an indication of our downfall as a united republic.

From Congress those recriminations and abuses which, upon more mature reflection, would have been regretted, have been diffused among the people, many of whom thought their representatives were uttering the words of truth and soberness, while disparaging and misrepresenting the condition and sentiments of the different sections of our country, forgetting, or at least unheeding, the advice of our fathers who breasted the storms of the Revolution in achieving our Independence, and who were conspicuous in the formation of our government. To sustain those great advantages is one of the great causes which have brought upon us this terrible fratricidal contest.

The following is an example of making the most of an idea :

All nature sleeps beneath the noontide sun. Wherever the mental or physical eye turns, it sees forms of indescribable grace and beauty. The gentle breeze sends a tremor through the foliage of the trees, or ruffles the surface of the glassy lake. All is beautiful. But, lo! what ghastly object meets the shuddering vision?

Yonder, suspended by the neck, which was designed to bend in graceful curves, we see — a goose.

With horror we exclaim, "Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high!"

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a Northern and a Southern man?
— One blacks his own boots, and the other boots his own blacks.

What is the difference between a successful suitor and a miser?—
One gains love, and the other loves gain.

Why is the treasurer of Philo. like Judas Iscariot? — Because he carries the bag?

Why ought not the Theologues to skate with Academy boys? —
Because they have a *Park* of their own.

What member of the school affords the best example of health?
— The one who is *Hale*.

Of what gender is the penny-post? — *Fee-male* gender.

Why may we consider the Second Junior Class very ancient? —
Because one of its members has been *Gray* for years.

In what respect is “the institution” improved since the fire? —
Phillips Academy is now a brick.

In what respect does the Second Middle Class resemble the sea?
— Because it has a *Bay* and a *Beach*.

Why cannot those who are not members of Philo. obtain admission to its meetings? — Because they are prevented by a *Locke* that cannot be picked.

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BYRON C. WILLIAMS, }

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OFTEN, at the death of some dear one, we are so blinded by grief and sorrow that we cannot at first see the hand of Providence in our bereavement; but after the first shock has passed away, and we quietly and calmly think of it, all seems clear to us, and we lean on Him who careth for all, knowing that in his all-wise rule there can be nothing wrong. So it is with our nation, suddenly deprived of its head: this family of states, suddenly bereaved of its father, is bowed down in grief and sadness. Men who never before wept, are to-day in tears. Soldiers and sailors who have braved death on many a hard-fought field, are to-day unnerved in the agony of grief; but underneath that agony there lies a calm determination that the death of Lincoln shall be avenged, and America be saved. There is throughout the country a trust in God which cannot be shaken; a belief that he will protect us, whatever may happen; and in this bereavement we plainly see his hand.

Would that that great and noble man could have been spared ; but since it could not be thus, — since the salvation of the country demanded his life, — let us thank God that our nation is preserved, and that such a man as Abraham Lincoln has been spared to us so long, and that he has had the power and wisdom to carry us safely through the foulest rebellion that ever existed.

His was a life of peculiar interest. Though born of poor parents, he educated himself, and gradually rose from the low position in which his circumstances placed him to the highest honor that an American can possess.

The task that was given him in the Spring of '61 was the greatest ever given a President. He performed it well, steering our Ship of State safely through four years black with war. Ever looking upon the bright side of affairs, ever encouraging the despondent, he shone a bright star in the dark firmament ; and at last, just as the war was closed, he died by the hand of the foul assassin, a martyr for the preservation of his country and its institutions, which was the task given him. On him rested the responsibility of saving our national honor, of saving everything that was dear to us ; to him we owe more than we can ever pay. Washington obtained for us our national independence ; Lincoln preserved our country, and gave freedom to the slave. Washington was the author, Lincoln the preserver of American Liberty. And forever their names will stand side by side the brightest stars in our history, — beacon-lights of liberty, by which future generations shall steer.

In his character he was lenient ; and when the South murdered him, they killed their best friend. Had he been spared, their leaders might have expected mercy, even though they are the blackest villains that ever lived ; but his assassination has taken away their last hope of leniency, and they deserve none.

Now let America show her appreciation of his merits and deeds, by trying to pay as much as possible of that debt of gratitude we owe him. Let us cherish more dearly those institutions he has given his life for: serve our country with a deeper devotion, and by God's blessing she shall stand, whatever may assail her. Whatever storms of war or treason may beat against her sides, they shall never move her from her broad and strong foundation of liberty and freedom, strengthened by the life-blood of three hundred thousand patriots, and by the life of our lamented chief, Abraham Lincoln.

RUINS.

THAT is a beautiful sentiment of the human heart, which does not hesitate to bestow its affection on the venerable in art, as well as upon the venerable in age. When we see the old man bowed with age, whose tottering steps denote his sinking frame, whose silver hairs and furrowed brow tell of the conflicts that he has survived in the course of life's rugged journey, the heart instinctively pays its homage, and the hand unconsciously rises to the hat. We perhaps see before us one who in his youthful years acknowledged no compeer in swaying the minds of men by his eloquence, of challenging the admiration of the world by his writings, or astounding it by his scientific investigations or the extent and profundity of his learning. Possibly another has never astonished the world by any wonderful discovery, nor held men entranced by his oratory, nor, in fact, shown any ability in advance of ordinary men; still the record of a pure life, unsullied by ambition, whose energies

have never been strung by envy and pride, who has been satisfied with loving and fearing his God, and content along the "cool sequestered vale of life" to hold "the even tenor of his way," may be, and undoubtedly is, of as much value in the estimation of true hearts as the other whose career was as brilliant as the meteor's flash or the fiery trail of the comet. Ruins may partake of the same character as the representative men we have cited. The student and the ripe scholar fresh from their historical and classical associations trace with joy the marks of the former splendor and magnificence of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, or wander among the vast ruins of the Coliseum dreaming that again those countless seats are filled with a Roman rabble, shouting their bravos as the intrepid Christian confronts the raging lion, or battles manfully but in vain for life. A few short struggles, and the monarch of the forest is the master, the half-consumed or lifeless bodies of the Christian martyrs are lying on the sands; the games are finished; the populace is slowly retiring; he turns away with a shudder from the spectacle, and behold it is only a dream; for he is standing amid its broken arches, crumbled seats, and cells filled with the accumulations of centuries. He stands in Greece, on the sacred shores of Hellas, and mourns that these solitary columns are all that is left of the boasted Parthenon, — that age has laid his heavy hand upon these gorgeous temples, and various offsprings of the plastic art. As he gazes on the desolation, he can sorrowfully repeat —

"Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough, —
So perish monuments of mortal birth;
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth."

We know that neither Rome nor Greece are what they

once were. We feel compassion for the degenerate son of Greece, and contempt for the squalid son of modern Rome ; but the ruined buildings, the battle-fields where their rights were maintained, the beautiful specimens of sculpture which are even now our models, fill us with reverence for that former race. We feel in these mute witnesses the evidence of their ancient splendor. We see the holy priest passing around these altars, and the shapeless masses of stones again leap into their proper places. The same magnificent proportions are resumed. Around the temple the joyous procession moves as in those elder days, when to be a Grecian or a Roman was to be a man. The same feelings which lead us to revere him whom the frosts of winter had overtaken, despite his abilities, compel us to reverence these.

But there is another class of ruins which demands our homage, not by their ostentations, nor that in former days their halls were filled with captives, and their altars smoked with incense "to the unknown God" ; but because like him who had lived a quiet, unobtrusive, God-fearing life. It was not the pomp of the world they strove for, but the good of mankind. Among these, preëminent for its worth and its wide-spread influence, was the late Phillips Academy, whose stone walls, that have been steadily encountering the storms of many years, have now yielded to dissolution. We mourned when we saw the flames shining through the windows, out of which we had so often gazed. When the cupola was encircled by the fire-demon, and at last with a crash yielded to his embrace, and the bell that had so often summoned us to its levees, early and late, unwashed, with hair unkempt, and our lessons unlearned, fell through with a dull sound, and the busts of the various heroes and writers of antiquity, the model of the Coliseum, fell to the floor of venerable No. 9, and the noble shield of Achilles which

“The artist crowned

With his last hand and poured the ocean round,

In living silver seemed the waves to roll

And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole,—”

when this fell, and at last nothing was left of the Academy except its blackened wall, we did mourn; but yet there was a consolation in viewing its ruins, a melancholy one, but 'tis true: our sorrow was checked somewhat while we beheld its walls. But now they are gone, and nothing is left as a reminder of it but a heap of stones which marks the former site. Yet we respect these stones. We reverence the place on account of the great good it has accomplished; because of the young men that have here first strutted their brief moments on that stage, and shuddered at the distant prospect of No. 9, or waited with bated breath the names of those who were “requested to remain;” or listened with astonishment at the catalogue of their crimes, and wondered if the gallows was not their doom. The old boys have long since gone into the world, and are now gallantly stemming its rough current, entirely unmindful of the reproofs of former days in that old hall, remembering only the lessons of endurance, promptness, diligence, which were there inculcated, and that in life there are sterner trials and harder buffetings than came from the “sufficient,” “barbarous English,” and “pause there” of our never-too-much-to-be-revered “Uncle.” And yet as we look upon its ruins, the pleasing assurance comes that directly opposite its present site will rise another academy, fairer in appearance, more commodious, more graceful in structure, and productive of as much good we trust, and presided over by the same great teacher, who ruled so severely yet successfully over the stone jail.

A PARAPHRASE. 1

A STAR appeared, and slowly up the east
It rose in silent beauty. 'T was the star
Of Bethlehem; the harbinger of peace.

Sweet Music woke, and struck her happiest chord,
While the angel chorus, like a far-off echo,
Scarce reached the enraptured ear — a Saviour born!

List now! The gospel day is coming on;
The tremulous light advances and recedes,
As if the battle were of doubtful issue,
'Tween light and darkness. Sad suspense awhile
Hung in the heavens, and trembling seized the chord.

The agonizing prayer was felt — not heard;
Then darkness fled, as yet unwillingly,
And rays of light in quick succession rose,
“ And sang the triumphs of redeeming love.”

List again :

The war of persecution, fierce from hell,
Shook the whole earth, and drove the church
Into the wilderness; and truth and love,
In sackcloth clad, long years of mourning held.

But see, a brighter day! The pioneers
Of heavenly truth again are going forth:
Calvin and Luther, and the holy men
In later times. Hark! hear ye not the sound
Of the gospel trump, whose silver chorus break
On distant shores; and feel ye not the breath
Of the four winds, breathing upon the slain?

The messengers, with gospel-lighted torch,
Are going forth to dark and distant lands;

The day is coming fast ; the world awakes,
And puts the garments on. " How beautiful
Upon the mountains " are the feet of them
That preached the gospel, and how sweet the song
Of the redeemed ! Now, now it swells, and breaks
O'er all the earth, " and rocks and mountains catch
The flying joy."

RICHARD COBDEN.

FROM the midst of our own great grief let us turn our eyes across the Atlantic to our mother country : we will there see that she too is in deep mourning for one who has fallen. Richard Cobden, one of the greatest, if not the greatest man in England, the opposer of the corn-laws, the staunch supporter of our cause in Great Britain, is dead ! Though a true Englishman, yet true to us and our cause, he died defending us to the last. He loved us as few Englishmen did or could ; and it is owing in a great measure to *his* efforts that America is at peace with his country.

The American people in general have but little respect for John Bull, from the manner he has treated us during our late struggle ; but we have judged the whole people too hastily. Because Palmerston, Russell, Derby, and many others — yes, we can say very many — have been either indifferent to our cause or have openly and strongly opposed us, we have taken these as examples of the whole nation. But there have been and are now men in England who have loved us all along, and love us still. Richard Cobden was one of these. Twice he had been in our country, and had learned to understand us as few Englishmen did. Earnestly, in our darkest days, did he with his few colleagues

strive for us, nobly did he support our cause, until death took him away; and although he never lived to see the end of the rebellion, he did live long enough to see, as he thought, a lasting peace between the two nations, and our republic rising from the chains that had so long bound her, purified from a furnace of fire, a freer, a nobler, and a wiser nation.

In his death England loses a man she may well mourn, — one whose memory she will ever revere; and although his body does not rest in Westminster Abbey, his name is engraven by the side of Russell, Sydney, Pitt, and all true champions of liberty. He obtained for the commons privileges they had never before enjoyed, and for which they will ever be grateful, and ever hold his name a watchword for their rights.

In his private character he was one to whom all could look as at a model — pious, benevolent, modest; in short, it seemed as if all the nobler qualities of manhood were blended in this one man. Twice he had refused a baronetcy, thinking he had done no more than his duty, and hardly that, although few men have ever deserved honor more than he. Happy in the happiest of homes, careful for the welfare of his tenants, he was beloved by all. And now, though dead, “he yet speaketh” in words and deeds that will never die, but ever remain lasting monuments of the great and good Cobden.

WONDERFUL BASE-BALL PLAYING.

Owing to the excitement which has prevailed this term with reference to ball-playing it was determined to have a match-game between the two crack clubs in Phillips Acad-

emy ; namely, the Gone-up Goslings and the Dead-beats. For the benefit of the uninitiated we would state that the two crack clubs know nothing of the New York Game which they are about to play. Letters were sent to the members of the Eureka and Active clubs of Brooklyn, the Philadelphia and Lowell clubs to be present and witness the grand tournament on Phillips ball-ground.

The Goslings, being a species of fowl, are noted for *foul* balls. They are the celebrated offspring of Mother Goose, who went up on a broomstick : hence their title — *Gone-up* Goslings. The Dead-beats derive their name from the number of times they have been beaten.

The game is about to commence. A. L——, Esq., is captain of the Goslings, and has his first strike. All good ball players make allowance for their weight ; but L. omitted to do this. Fatal mistake ! He weighs but three hundred and fifty ; and when he runs the ground trembles. The ball is thrown to him, but the chief of the *Fowls* makes a foul ball. However, he has a few things to learn concerning the game. He runs for the first base, and while a few yards off, the stern umpire shouts, “ *Fowl, come back !* ” L. tries to stop, but owing to his heavy momentum he cannot, until he is brought up at the fence about two rods from the first base and five rods from where he started. At length he returns to try again, and by good fortune hits the ball, and sends it a few feet. Learning wisdom from experience, he tries to stop as soon as started, and succeeds in catching at the base with his hands, while his ponderous frame swings around and — stops !

The ball was thrown at the first base, but not caught. L., gathering up himself and collecting all his energies, rushed for the second, to which the ball was thrown but not caught. He runs for the third ; the ball was thrown thither

and not caught, L. comes home amid the shouts of the boys and fluttering of handkerchiefs from the Fem Sems, who have assembled in crowds, — having made his run, whole time, *ten minutes, forty seconds.*

We are now astonished to behold Mr. G. take bat and make a fearful strike, almost hitting the ball, *by a few yards.* He succeeds next in striking, and with but two strides reaches the first base; and here, — thinking it was the Massachusetts Game, — supposing the ball thrown at him, he dodged it, and fell heavily, his head on the base, and his heels kicking up on the fence not more than two rods distant. Soon he arises, and summoning all his fortitude, puts his visage behind a tremendous pair of goggles, with which he can see things in his own light, he seizes a favorable opportunity to run, and while doing so, he looks up at the fair ones beholding the contest, and cogitates upon the appearance he presents. Alas for him! He saw them smiling — he knew not why — when lo! he found himself not at the second base, but at the stone wall on the opposite side of the field. Ever after that he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground and — the bases.

The 490 now steps forward to take *his strike* — *alias*, C., the infant of the middle class. He holds out his bat, and the pitcher, by running half way up, succeeds in hitting it: the ball rebounds to the pitcher, (Sperry) who shows the utmost dexterity in avoiding it, and as it lays a yard off from him, calls the left field-man to come up and pitch it to him, while he sends the short stop to the first base, to stop the ball when it is missed.

C. reaches the first base, and is stopped by means of a rope which his friends stretched out for him. His foot strikes the base, and drives it more than two feet into the ground, while the other leg was protruding at an angle in

the air, — presenting a most striking appearance. In this position he called for *judgment*. The umpire decided, *not out*, as he had one leg still in the ground. In five minutes he took it out and ran. He passed over the second base, but could not stop till he arrived at the stone wall, much exhausted.

The rest of the playing was equally good. It is not necessary to say that owing to the *foul play* on the ground, the game was stopped at sunset. We append a synopsis of the game for the Base Fraternity.

Whole number — tallies, Goslings	0	Dead-beats	1
“ “ outs, “	50	“	30

Hence the Goslings won.

IN A “FIELD OF ICE.”

It was a beautiful morning in May, and we were scudding along the waters of the Atlantic, on our way to the old country, when I was aroused from my slumbers by a bustle on deck. Great preparations were evidently going on. I lay thinking whether we were approaching another ship, or were nearing some terrible rocks, or in anticipations of a storm were reefing the sails, and tightening every rope so that when the blast burst upon us it would find us prepared, when my father putting his head into the state-room said, “we are in a field of ice; come on deck and see it.” “A field of ice,” I murmured, preposterous! Like the hard-shell baptist preacher, I had heard of “a great many kinds of fields” but a *field* of ice was beyond my ken. I needed no second invitation, but in a few moments was dressed and on deck. I had admired the green tinge upon the wa-

ters of the Gulf of Mexico, and wondered how it could ever consent to mingle with the slimy stream of the Mississippi. I had in my boyish ignorance wondered what vessel had been lost as I saw the seaweed floating along in immense masses, and commiserated the merchants that had lost so much *cinnamon*. I had mumbled "now I lay me down to sleep," etc., when I first felt the vessel careene on her side by the force of the wind, and thought that I should never see mother and friends again; but I had got bravely over that. But the scene that burst upon my view now, as I stood upon the deck, was sublime. As far as we could see to the east, north, and south was one mass of moving ice. While far off in the northeast was an immense iceberg rearing its tall head to heaven, while its minarets and towers, flashing in the morning sun, reminded me more of some of the cities in the Arabian Nights than a real thing of earth. We were now in the clear waters of the ocean, and had not yet reached the field. I saw that the captain looked anxious and that some of the old salts shook their heads, evidently not altogether satisfied with its appearance. Had I known then how often a vessel is caught in these floes of floating ice and crushed by the pressure of the immense mass, I might have been alarmed, had I even read that such an icy mountain as now towered before us, after performing its journey from the Arctic regions down to the warmer waters, often toppled over "carrying destruction abroad," and causing the waves to rise mountains high by the force of the concussion, I might have repressed the joy which filled my soul at the resplendent sight, and again with fervor repeated the evening prayer. In half an hour we had entered the "field" and were forcing our way through the jagged broken mass. Passengers gazed upon the expanse, and admired its irregularity, its romantic appearance;

the hardy tars looked, and it brought up the vision of some narrow escape from its deathlike embrace, or of shipwreck and days spent upon its surface.

All day we were slowly sailing through the struggling ice and nearing the iceberg. The monotony was only relieved by the gambols of the seals, which could be seen at a distance sitting on the floating cakes, as if profoundly engaged in investigating the case of some criminals, and then suddenly the judge would plunge into the sea, followed by the whole troop. At midday even, the air was cold, and heavy overcoats were not uncomfortable. I sought the company of the sailors and listened to their wonderful adventures, and heard their sage remarks concerning the probability of being "nipped" by the ice. When we passed the iceberg it was far upon our left, and in spite of the feeling of the proximity of danger which came over us, we could not help noticing its beauties. I remember how I traced a beautiful city amid the snow-white mass. I saw vallies, mountains, plains, with cattle feeding thereon. I saw men in the cities, trading and bustling around amid their traffic. There were calm waters looming up, and ships were sailing. I pictured grand cathedrals in the sides of the towering berg, traced the bell-towers, the naves, the transept, and the various spires which adorn the structure. Prisons, stern-looking, and grim with massive bolts, and sentries pacing around, confronted me. I saw a peaceful home with a mother praying for her husband and boy, my eyes filled with tears. I turned, and lo, the field of ice was cleared; we were once more sailing in the clear Atlantic; the sun was setting, the wind rising, and the huge iceberg was becoming smaller in the horizon. We had cleared the "field." I was alone on the after deck dreaming. May life's dangers be passed with no more consciousness, and as safely.

CLOUDLAND.

FAR above this world of ours,
 Rising o'er its peaks and towers,
 In the arched and azure dome
 Where the zephyrs lightly roam,
 Whence the storm-fiends issue forth,
 Shrieking, from the icy north,
 Stretching out of human ken,
 Where the heavens meet earth again,
 Where the mountains grandly rise,—
 There the fairy cloudland lies.

Cloudland — with its vapory hills,
 With its ever-flowing rills,
 With its cool and limpid fountains,
 With its towering snowy mountains,
 With its caverns dark as night,
 Lit by lightnings fitful light,
 With its glittering, crystal peaks
 Which the sunlight ever seeks —
 Lies above us in the air,
 Wondrous, too, and passing fair.

O'er us, in the azure arch,
 Pass the clouds, in ceaseless march:
 Islands in a sea of blue,
 Sailing from and into view;
 Barks which gentle breezes urge
 Lightly o'er the swelling surge;
 Wandering birds, which cannot rest,
 Save within the wonted nest;
 Ever passing, sailing, flying;
 Ever tireless pinions plying.

Oft to them we turn our eye ;
Oft their depths to fathom try ;
Longing for them to reveal
What their snowy folds conceal ;
Oft in dreamy silence gaze
Through the intervening haze ;
Watch their soft and graceful motion
As they roam the upper ocean ;
From our view they softly glide,
Noiseless, through the airy tide.

Ever-varying forms of grace,
Ever changing each its place,
Ever showing different tints
As the sun upon them glints,
Sunset hues of gorgeous glow
Mingle with the purest snow ;
Castles rising high in air,
Towers and banners waving fair,
Slow and grand their huge forms raise —
Sink and leave our wondering gaze.

Perfect types are they of life,
Emblems of this mortal strife :
Like our projects, proud they rise,
Greet and please our wondering eyes ;
With their dazzling hues they charm us ;
Of our fears they quite disarm us,
Then, as quick as lightning flash,
Startle us with deafening crash ;
Changed in form and aspect lie
Like the cloudland in the sky.

"UNCLE'S WORDS."

OUR interest in the class of '66 has led us to cull a few expressions of the presiding genius of this institution, which he has been accustomed to let fall during the pilgrimage of '65, in hopes of preparing them in a slight manner, as they are about entering upon their last year, for what they may expect to hear when in recitation and perhaps at other times "also."

First let us "paint the picture": the preceptor is waiting for the class to get quiet before he proceeds; when there is sufficient order, an individual is called up, and in a voice resembling deep thunder, he hears: "Commence; read the Greek"; which means to read as fast as possible, careful to make all the mistakes you can; when you have made enough, you will hear, "translate," in tones of deepest reproach at such carelessness, which is not only expressed in the tone, but by the following phrase, which generally accompanies the word, "shows great carelessness in pronunciation." You then translate, but are suddenly brought to a stop by "pause there," or "sufficient," followed by, "you can't study out your lesson here," or if you show your disposition to answer, "will you *translate* the passage?" One who does not know his lesson too perfectly, but who vainly tries to remember what Mr. Harper says on the subject, is silenced by "this is no place for extemporizing." Another who is evading a question will be brought up by, "you are just going round a circle," or, "we are now just where we started from," or perhaps the following, "that is putting the difficulty one link back in the chain," and *then* comes, with great emphasis, "but **WILL** you answer the question?" which generally implies a negative answer. He is very particular about particles, and should you omit one or two you

would soon be greeted with, "now you omit the $\delta\eta$," or, "what is the force of the $\kappa\alpha\iota$," and then, "a very loose translation," or, "explanations that have been made twenty times pass away as the flying wind." When one is suspected of referring too often to his notes, these will apply; "straws tell which way the wind blows": "you cannot lean on broken reeds without falling." Sometimes a poor fellow can't get exactly the right answer, and when he is about to say something, he is discouraged by, "you have some shadow of a shade flitting about in your mind." A favorite one in Virgil is, "how would you paint that picture?" which is generally answered by, "I don't know, sir," at which he is suddenly taken aback, and says, "this is no place for such a statement." One who does not study very hard, but relies somewhat on his "friends," may find himself summoned to headquarters for a lecture; his judge will there tell him, "I don't want you to lean on your friends; they are your *worst enemies*"; and perhaps, if he is a pretty gay boy, he will hear, "you have too much to do with the ladies, and not enough with your books, and now it must cease." "You are one of the worst scholars there is in the institution." "You come into prayers with such an air of bravado," etc., etc., winding up with a touching narrative like the following: "An individual, four or five years after he had been here, waked up and said, 'I have been a fool.'"

Such, gentlemen, is what you may expect; and we advise that, during the coming vacation, you nerve yourselves to the trial.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have now reached the close of the summer term in the Academy, marking the lapse of another academic year. Amid the bustle incident to graduation, the writing of orations, the exchanging of photographs, the long reviews in our studies, all tell us that the class of '65 are approaching the end of their course here. It is the same story repeated again. Class after class succeeds, going over the same ground, and deriving the same benefit from their lessons that we have. In the life of a student there are many hard places where it requires manly courage often to meet its trials, and although much of the romance that we read in Tom Brown at Rugby, and similar books, may not prove true in our experience, yet there are real pleasures in all schools, and some especially in Phillips. The foot-ball has been kicked with strength and an animation that would argue plenty of grit and muscle in our boys; our gallant double-runners have rivalled the cars in speed as we went "downward o'er the shining snow." We enjoyed those moonlight evenings, and the thoughts of the morrow's hard lesson was lost amid the smiles of the Fem Sems. But the edict was passed forbidding us the pleasure of coasting. We submitted as gracefully as the law-abiding "Phillipians" always do to those decrees which they cannot alter. The summer term has been fleeting as a summer's day, as full of enjoyment and sport as we could wish. Between ball-matches between Middlers and Juniors, and Seniors and Juniors, there will be sufficient sport. Not the least among the pleasures of our Academy has been the Society. Its debates warmly contested, the different "Mirrors," the addresses, and criticisms have improved our minds, and now as a representative of the Society we present our "Mirror" to the school and its many friends; and we hope that its pages, hastily collated, may afford them some instruction and amusement, and if not, may

show at least what we are doing. The new academy rises gradually under the hands of the skilful workmen *fervet opus*.

We notice that the building is watched daily by Middlers, Juniors, and Englishmen who point out the rooms that they expect to occupy. We wish them joy, third Juniors and all, of the prospect before them; but for ourselves our interest was augmented by seeing what is to be the Society hall. This will supply a want long felt both by the members of the Society of Inquiry and Philo. We know that every Philomathean, with ourselves, appreciates the regards of the Trustees for the Society by this act. Since the burning of the Stone Academy, the want of a bell to call us together has been felt; in addition, the prohibition of others than members from attending its meetings has told sadly upon Philo. The putting aside our choice for officers, by "the powers that be," and the supervision of elections, etc., however necessary, although we have failed to see the depravity of Philo's members, has done more to discourage them than anything else.

"The wise founders" of the institution in enumerating the studies of the academy, expressly specify "the art of speaking." Yes, they were so ignorant, poor, simple-minded men, as to think the art of speaking ought to be classed with Greek, Latin, and Geometry. O tempora! O mores!

With the new academy we look for a new regime — more liberality to the societies — greater privileges, by which they may feel that their labors are of more account than Uncle has been accustomed to reckon them. Such generosity, such encouragement will cost him no loss of dignity, but will stimulate Philo's members to renewed exertions in everything. If this is not done, better then kill the Society at once by a rhetorical thunderbolt. It were better that Philo should die gloriously while gallantly contending for existence, than by disfavor and espionage linger out for years, accomplishing nothing more than to occupy a line in the catalogue. We are hopeful, however, that the feelings of many parents who would like their sons to embrace such opportunities as Philo gives for culture in writing and speaking, and also the real appreciation by Uncle himself of their worth, will keep the Society in a flourishing condition,

and give it greater facilities as it increases in age. When we hear from former members, one taking the De Forest medal at Yale, and another the first prize at Harvard for reading, we feel that she is indeed of some worth. And could we interrogate those men to-day, they would probably tell us that much of their success was due to the training they received in Philo. Then, bidding adieu to "the old brick," with its mutilated desks and prison boxes, we let the mantle of ὄδδὸν εὐρήσω ἢ ποιήσω fall upon the shoulders of *spectemur agendo*,—trusting from the character of the class of '66 and '67, that they will rally around the colors which have been our mottos — *Scire est regere*, ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία — and uphold them like men. '65.

MR. EDITOR: The following specimen gems of a literal translation of Virgil have just been found among the private papers of a defunct Middler. Said Middler had purchased this translation for his especial benefit during his senior year.

The following is from *Æneid*, line 585, 4th book:

Now Aurora having carefully tucked away her
 Snuff-colored night-cap in her capacious pocket,
 And leaving Titon, considerably fuddled from the
 Effects of a three-weeks' tight, with a bottle of
 Drake's Plantation Bitters as a solace companion,
 And sprinkling the earth with H. H. Hay & Co.'s prepared
 Saffron, has just yoked her hind pair of mules
 To a four-horse omnibus.

Here is another somewhat amended from *Æneid*, line 117, 4th book:

Æneas and most thoroughly smashed Dido prepare
 To go hunting as soon as Titon has given the
 Dripping moon a good night's slap, and has welcomed
 In snuff-colored Aurora with her long-eared
 Chargers. They go forth, surrounded by a couple
 Of Carthaginian bone-players, a bottle of Dr. Wm.
 Isenburg's Old Family Tonic, and Daniel Pratt,
 The great American traveller. But lo!
 Get out! Whew! Bah! A horrible prodigy, wonderful

To relate ! Æneas stands love-struck, his
Voice stands on end, his hair clings to the
Roof of his mouth.

Near by there is a hole in the ground,
The abode of cockroaches, centipedes and other
Pretty, harmless creatures ; hither repair our
Quandam friends, blazing with the fire
Of love like a dipped taller candle in the
Face of a July sun.

They pass round the schnapps, and after
Nominating Daniel Pratt for the Presidency,
The fair Dido thus addresses the fuddled
Æneas. Stern Trojan, descended from
The aspiring blood of Teucer, thrice snatched
From the jaws of an Ethiopian lion —
Don't yer think its kinder breezy out ?

Here the manuscript had been so thoroughly handled that
further reading was impossible.

Here is another from line 480, 4th book.

There is a place in the farthest spot of
Ethiopia where corpulent Atlas turns
Upon its axletree, the skies thoroughly
Lubricated by Cox's Patent Axle Grease, and studded
With the pure flashing stars.

Here long-haired Iopas resides, shaving
U. S. shinplasters on the bank of the river
Styx, and furnishing condemned army
Bread to the dragon, mingling it
Ever and anon with Seidlitz Powders and
Cherokee Bitters.

Here we must reluctantly leave this precious manuscript ; and
you will undoubtedly agree with us in saying that if this Mid-
dler had lived to have been a Senior, 'twere better he had never
been born.

Why will they all become dissipated ? — Because they spend
too much time at the "bar" and keep "Toddy" in the first
house.

THE inhabitants of Andover are noted for their tact in making considerable out of little things. Whatever is done a little out of the way, whatever noise or disturbance made, gate unhung, innocent freak perpetrated, even where no harm is done or intended, is worked on, augmented threefold, and immediately laid at the door of the Academy boys; and not only are they accused of such things, but of everything else: any fire, large or small; any robbery, no matter whether guilty or not, they are blamed. Why, we ask, are the charges always brought against them? Are the boys in the Academy any worse than the "townies"? Yes; in the *just* eyes of most of our Andover friends they are all villains.

No one can do anything, no matter of how little importance, without the "mature deliberation and consent of the Principal." In speaking of this we are reminded of a case which occurred at the burning of the Academy, last term. Before the flames had fully burst out there were hopes of saving some of the things inside. Some boys asked our wise "Avunculus" how they could get in, as the doors were locked. He, after a calm and quiet deliberation of about five minutes' duration, sagely said, "break a pane of glass." It is very certain that the old gentleman is not fitted for a fireman, as a fire probably never occurred in ancient times, at least, we have no account how the firemen acted, so it is most probable he never "read up" on that subject; so we would humbly advise him (with all deference to his dignity) to keep clear of fires in future, and not go round stumbling over hoses, in his hurry to get the machine in position. But we are straying. No one is ever trusted — boys outside of Andover are so deceitful — but one is followed up, questioned in every way possible, and then believed with reluctance. We hope this state of things will change, but now we see no signs of it; however, "while there's life there's hope."

ANDOVER has been startled by many events during the past year: the burning of the Academy, the Pillsbury case, the Senior's sleighride, the Middler's caps, and the arrival of Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller. Lately the inhabitants in the upper part of the town have heard demoniac yells, plaintive

cries, sportive laughs, issuing from the Mansion House. Nothing but the well-known character of the proprietor prevents suspicion of foul play.

"A reliable gentleman" tells us that in passing that house the other evening he heard these words:

"Brief let me be!" "'Twas given out that sleeping in mine orchard," "I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep Duncan, Macbeth, doth murder sleep?'" "and all the clouds that lower'd upon our house in the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd; now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths, our bruised arms hung for monuments." "Double! Double! toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble;" "why man he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus;" "out damned spot;" "unreal mockery hence." "There is no speculation in those eyes with which thou dost glare on me." Here our informant became alarmed. He retreated in dismay. Strange rumors are abroad. — Later! An Englishman says that, while passing through the ball-ground, a lady gracefully arrayed in a Shaker *bonne* appeared. He paused for a reply — she gave none — but suddenly cried out, "Fly, Fleance, fly!" — "'Tis now the very witching hour of night, when thieves and dogs walk forth unseen." "By the pricking of my thumbs something wicked this way comes." "Open locks whoever knocks." As it was just twelve o'clock, and a Junior was coming on the ground, the Englishman, thinking those statements rather wild, slop'd for the Crescent club. This matter must be investigated. The town authorities should see to it.

P. S. The whole affair is explained. The proprietor of the Mansion House called on us, and says that he has a lady boarder preparing for the stage. She was merely practising. We breathe freer.

Why is Loring always in wild and frolicsome company? — Because he associates with Miss Cheever's girls (mischievous girls).

Why is the Senior Class like a duck? — Because one part of it is downy (Downie).

Why are the English Commoners all lawyers? — Because they practice at the "bar" (horizontal bar).

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Loring, E. D.,	<i>Marlboro.</i>
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THE MIRROR

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No. 1.

JOHN S. EATON,
THEODORE M. BARBER, } EDITORS.
JAMES B. WELLS,

A BROKEN COLUMN.

“DEATH,” who, in the beautiful and expressive language of the Latin poet, “knocks with equal pace at the doors of cottages and the palaces of kings;” has received our late teacher “into his icy arms.” In looking at the loss of Phillips Academy in the death of Mr. Eaton, we think, “Our fathers — where are they; and the prophets — do they live forever”? It seems, in viewing this sad bereavement, as though a column fairer than architect ever reared has been broken; a picture, growing under the magical touches of the pencil into divine beauty, has been ruined; hopes long grown bright have been blighted by the chilling frosts.

One who for eighteen years has been identified with every interest of education in Andover; who has contributed largely of time and talents for the advancement of science; who made so many warm friends, has been taken away.

To how many firesides the news will come with sorrow! How many who have been trained here, and are now scattered over the world, will grieve with the more immediate mourners! Who can count the widow's tears and the sighs of the fatherless?

When can this gap be filled, or the vacant place in the niche supplied? And how sudden! Who thought a few short days ago that he would lie so low and make the cold clods a covering? But so it is. And, no doubt, in the light of eternity the enigma will be solved.

And does not this teach us, in tones of loud and emphatic warning, the evanescence of human hopes, the uncertainty of human plans? What great hopes may be blasted in an hour! The cherished desires of years, the fond anticipations of visionary youth, the plans and schemes of rugged manhood die in an hour. Statesmen pass away; generals who have marshalled the armies of the world in conflict, kings, the great and good, rich and poor, high and low make their beds alike in the narrow earth. The proudest conqueror, alike with the humblest peasant, can occupy at last but seven feet of earth.

How loudly does this death, with the myriads before, teach us the mortality of man! Go into the deserts, and there the voices of the dead greet you; in the wilderness; in the silent wastes where the feet of man never tread; in the crowded city and in the depths of ocean, are the seals of mortality. As ages pass away, the children gather the fathers in to rest; and, learning no lesson, they chase the same idle phantoms. They learn no lesson from this mortality.

We drape our rooms in the habiliments of woe, we wear her badge on our arms; and it is fitting to do so. The cypress becomes the grave, the shroud the coffin, and tears the mourners; for Jesus wept with the woes of men. But

while we observe these, let us at the same time lay a lesson to heart. He was a shock ready for the sickle. Be ye in like manner ready.

“ So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

WARNINGS OF THE PAST.

MAN is emphatically a creature of imitation. From the cradle to the grave, from century to century, he will look at the actions of those contemporary with or prior to himself, and adopt them as a criterion by which he will allow himself to be guided in a greater or less degree as respects the course he will adopt. History is teeming with examples of all phases of character ever developed or capable of development, and these are ever before the eyes of the generations in their long succession ; and as the ages roll on, there is a continual reproduction of the past, varied indeed by circumstances, but still so near to a perfect reproduction as to justify the assertion that “ History constantly repeats itself.”

Look at the ancient tribes of the East. Note the descent of tradition, legend, and custom, from father to son through hundreds of years, with little or no change in the transmission. Mark how the nations of antiquity followed each in

the footsteps of its predecessor, with customs changed perhaps by the influence of altered times and circumstances, but traceable back through ages. See how Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome, following one another in the path of extravagance and luxury, at last found the same grave in their ruins.

Coming down through the centuries, and following the histories of France and England, one must be struck by the thought that we of the nineteenth century, having displayed before us the record of six thousand years of individual and national policies and their attendant successes and reverses, have ample means to decide which to embrace and which to avoid. There is not one of us who has not read with pride the history of his own native land, and watched with pleasure during his own life her ceaseless progress toward the goal of national supremacy, until at last she has earned the enviable title of the strongest, purest, most just, and in a word the best government on earth. Our Puritan Fathers, reading and profiting by "the warnings of the past," laid the foundations of their settlement in accordance with the principles which in past ages have invariably produced firm and abiding governments. The whole policy of the colony which was the germ of the republic that now eclipses all nations by its power and stability, was one of integrity and frugality, and our present position is the result.

With regard to our future national policy, I may ask, Which course shall we, in view of these "warnings of the past," adopt? Shall we, following the example of the ancient Romans, by temperance and national integrity retain our present height and influence among the nations; or, imitating their later luxury and effeminacy, decline like them, and like them be blotted from the face of the earth? I hear you all exclaim, as with one voice, "Let us pursue

that course best fitted to maintain our honor and success at home and abroad."

Yet the thought frequently forces itself upon my unwilling mind that we are not, as a nation, pursuing that course. The seeds of dissolution are just budding forth in the various guises of intemperance, extravagance, licentiousness, and national corruption, which, unless they are quickly exterminated, threaten ruin to our land. Shall we then, deaf to all the monitions of past ages, rush with open eyes to our certain doom? No! no! you cry.

Then, fellow Philomatheans, let us totally discountenance and oppose, to the extent of our influence, every appearance of those evils which have wrought the ruin of so many nations, and let us give heed to and profit by "the warnings of the past."



A WARNING.

THE night was dark ; a storm went forth ;
 The wind howled fearfully around :
 " A tempest, raging from the north,"
 Swept o'er the earth with fearful sound.

I, sitting in my easy-chair,
 Did strive myself awake to keep ;
 But, giving up, from sheer despair,
 I sunk into a quiet sleep.

The fierceness of the storm without
 Disturbed my over-wearied brain,
 Which, from the habit's force, no doubt,
 Conned Greek roots o'er and o'er again :

When, all at once, 'mid sulphurous flame,
 Which gleamed with supernatural blue,
 A man of spare and aged frame
 Came slowly, clearly into view.

And such a visage as he had! —
 You never could conceive a meaner; —
 A low obeisance then he made,
 And said, "My name is Raphael Kühner;

"Or, rather, Raphael Kühner's ghost:
 For, borne about 'mid wail and dirge, he
 Was buried, as his haters boast,
 Quite without 'benefit of clergy.'

"The Seniors put me under ground;
 The Juniors witnessed the proceeding;
 And calmly there they stood around,
 The one the burial service reading.

"But after I was in my grave,
 And buried out of reach of scoffing,
 No peaceful rest they'd let me have,
 But must dig up, and break, my coffin!

"The pieces then they did divide;
 They tore my winding-sheet asunder;
 And then my poor self did deride,
 And called me names — they did, by thunder!

"And thus my rest they did disturb;
 But I'll repay them for their trouble:
 With paradigms of noun and verb
 I'll ply them till their brains do bubble! —

“That is, if they have any got. —
 (Which is by some good judges doubted),—
 And I will be revenged; if not,
 May I be crucified, or knouted!

“So tell them.” And as thus he spoke,
 He vanished from my presence; seeming
 To “melt into thin air.” I woke,
 And found that I had but been dreaming.

But, Middlers, *that* dream may come true!
 In Bridgman’s “Don’t repeat the question;”
 “Pronounce it right,” etc., you
 Will feel “the force” of his suggestion.

WORDS ASTRAY.

It is an undisputed axiom, that the expression of ideas is the great object of words. But unless the meaning of the words is comprehended, they fail to fulfil their office. A sentence of the *Anabasis* may have been perfectly intelligible to a citizen of ancient Athens, and yet “convey no idea to certain individuals” of the Senior Class. But many sentences of our own language would express nearly as much meaning, to the majority of readers, were they written in Greek. If an author writes merely for the benefit of college graduates, an occasional quotation from a foreign language may not be out of place. But if he expects his work to be read and understood by *common* people, he should use plain English.

It is a high privilege to feel the ennobling influence of

great thoughts in one's own mind, but it is a *higher* privilege to be able to convey those thoughts to the minds of others. This is one of nature's choicest gifts, and hence is granted in large measure only to a favored few. But it is also a gift capable of infinite expansion and growth, when cultivated by persevering study.

Words are the garments of thought. But the *garments* should be so fitted to the *thought* which they are to clothe as to reveal its true form and character. For often, alas! when we have unfolded the ponderous wrappings beneath which a thought is supposed to be hidden, we find that we have unswathed a senseless mummy, and not a living idea.

The choice of words is a theme of such wide extent, and capable of so many subdivisions, that it would be vain for me to attempt to bring it within the limits of a single short article. I will only present a few illustrations of *one class* of misplaced words. They are selected from a book of recent issue, and of high popularity. Though professedly a novel, it is much above the average of the great mass of light literature that is flooding the country.

One of the characters of the story, "a gentleman of color" by the way, upon a certain occasion is in doubt as to his duty. What does he do? He simply tries to "*orient* his conscience." Now, *orient*, as a noun, is very well, and sounds quite prettily; but to use it as a verb, is carrying a good thing rather too far.

Another personage is termed "the *moribund* Professor." A good Latin scholar might possibly perceive that *moribund* is derived from the verb *morior*, *to die*; and, as the termination *bundus*, added to the root, has the meaning of the present participle, that the word simply means *dying*. But probably not one in fifty of the readers of the book know

the definition of *moribund*, unless they have sought for it in an unabridged dictionary. In this age of reading, when there are so many books demanding our attention, is it not worse that folly to employ words that scarcely any one can comprehend, when a simple, common expression would convey the meaning equally well?

Again, while reading a story, which we may know to be *fictional*, we like for the time being to suppose it *real*. But such a pleasant delusion is rudely dispelled when we perceive the characters speaking or acting in a manner completely at variance with what we should expect of persons in their situation.

A quadroon, who has always been a slave, and hence cannot be presumed to possess a very extensive education, tells her master that his future wife should be "*intemperate*." The student of Virgil may chance to recollect the phrase *intemerata fides*, but we could hardly expect this of a slave. It may be perfectly *natural* for negroes to talk Latin, but I can discover no other proof of such a theory.

At a dinner-party, one of the company falls asleep over his wine. Another member of the assemblage addresses him in an eloquent apostrophe. Now, notice the extraordinary conduct of the sleeping hero. "He responds with a *rhoncus*." After searching four lexicons, I ascertain that *rhoncus* means snoring. Behold the refinement of language! But as the poet sagely observes, that "a rose would smell as sweet if called by any other name," so I am of the opinion that a *snore* would be quite as disagreeable to sensitive nerves if called a *rhoncus*.

In one of the pathetic passages of the story, we are informed that the heroine "made a certain convulsed effort at *deglutition*." Should it ever be your sad lot to behold an unfortunate mortal striving to swallow a piece of ginger-

bread too large for his capacity, kindly advise him to make "a convulsed effort at deglutition." It may relieve him.

But enough instances have been cited to show that a single ill-chosen word may mar the beauty and destroy the power of an otherwise faultless sentence. Hence, let me say to all youthful writers who aspire to tread the thorny path of literature, take warning from the errors of your companions, and learn to walk with cautious steps.



THE CHARGE OF THE FIFTEEN.

WE all, no doubt, have read and wondered
Over the story of Six Hundred,
Who, because somebody had blundered,
 Rode to the "gates of hell";
And there, amid artillery gleaming,
And light from flashing sabres beaming,
And shot and shell so loudly screaming,
 They bravely fought and fell.

But no one have we seen inviting
Our minds to the exploits exciting,
Which I am now about reciting,
 Of fifteen daring youths,
Who bravely sat, e'en without moving,
Thereby their manly courage proving,
While among them one towney roving,
 Struck their un murmuring mouths.

It was not on a battle-field,
But in a railroad car ;
The deed was quite without "the pomp
And pageantry of war."

No bugle, with its stirring peal,
Their courage did inspire ;
No booming drum, or fife so shrill,
Aroused the warlike fire.

But yet, the locomotive's shriek,
And rumbling of the car,
Encouraged them, and seemed to speak
And cheer them to the war.

Some Englishmen and Juniors bold
To Lawrence town had been,
To see a show, as I am told ;
And, coming back again,

Provoked a drunken towney's wrath,
Who, coming where they sat,
Dealt round on each side of his path
To each a ringing spat.

And this brave band, in number small,
(There only were fifteen),
Did not, like cowards, one and all
Attack this towney mean ;

But boldly sat and *faced* the blows,
Ne'er moving tongue or limb.
What praise can be too great for them ?
What shame too great for him ?

Just think of it! ONE towney there,
 With soul so small and mean,
 As, in a crowded railroad car,
 To strike that brave *fifteen!*

Wonder o'erflows my throbbing heart,
 And I can only say,
 Honor to each who bore a part
 In that illustrious fray!



THANKSGIVING. 1632-1865.

THE sons of New England are noted throughout the world for their industry, perseverance, and devotion to business. Indeed, so absorbed do they often become in the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," that they seem to have no interest in other objects, and no time for recreation. It is often remarked that our holidays are too few, and too much neglected. But there are at least *two* days in each year when every true New Englander puts the world and its cares behind him, and partakes freely of the joys of society. These are the anniversary of our Independence and our annual day of Thanksgiving. The first is devoted to boisterous mirth, the other to quiet joy; one gathers the people in throngs, the other in family groups; one brings to the mind of the wanderer thoughts of his *native land*, the other longings for his *home*.

The first day of public thanksgiving in the United States was kept by the Puritans in 1632. Although more than ten years had elapsed since the germ of the colony was planted in the wilds of America, yet they were still feeble,

and their progress slow. Their garments and dwellings were inadequate protection from the chilling frosts. Sickness made fearful havoc. The winter of 1631 was unusually severe. Gaunt famine came to complete the list of their trials. In this extremity, February sixth was appointed to be observed in fasting and prayer ; but on the fifth a ship arrived, laden with provisions. The day of fasting was changed to a day of thanksgiving. Thus was their sorrow turned to joy, their want to plenty, their prayer to praise.

More than two hundred and thirty years have glided away, yet Thanksgiving still holds a foremost place in the calendar of New England, and in the hearts of her people. It is to us a day of thanksgiving and praise, in *reality* as well as in *name*, if we fully appreciate the advantages of our condition. It is no slight privilege to be able to call this land of the Puritans our home. New England is sometimes deridingly termed "a good place to emigrate from." It is more truthful to call it a good place to lay the foundation of a successful life, and to form the basis of a true, manly character, — a character firm as the granite hills that surround us, lovely as the clouds that play about their summits. If we have commenced aright our life-structure, let us on the coming day of Thanksgiving offer up a tribute of gratitude for past blessings, together with a prayer for future guidance.

But if we are leading an aimless existence, if we are *not* forming for ourselves a foundation that will stand the test of time, let us defer no longer, but on this day of rejoicing lay the corner-stone of a higher and nobler life.

ELECTIONEERING.

A DRAMA, performed one Saturday, by Messrs. McCLINTOCK, BURRELL, BROWN, and SPERRY, of the Freshman Class of Yale; and Mr. JONES, of the Senior Class of Phillips. Scene — in front of the Old Brick.

Enter McCLINTOCK and BURRELL, meeting JONES.

Mc Clintock. Jones, my dear fellow, how are you? I'm delighted to see you. How you have grown, and how improved you are, to be sure!

Jones. I'm very well, thank you. Have you been hazed yet?

Mc Clintock. Ahem! — well, none to speak of. I like Yale very much. And you'll like it too, when you get there.

Burrell. Jones, you mustn't forget me, either, for I'm real glad to see you. I suppose you like Uncle, and are taking a fine stand under him, as you formerly did under Bridgman? I knew you were a tip-top scholar, Jones.

Jones (modestly). You flatter me.

Burrell. Oh no, I don't; it's no use to try and flatter you. By the way, what a pretty tie you are wearing! I must have one like it. Where did you buy it?

Jones (innocently). I didn't buy it; my aunt Rebecca made it for me.

Mc Clintock. How is Philo getting on?

Jones. Oh, very well. We've got a lot of new fellows in it, — Coolidge and Bass, for instance, — both of them mighty modest and retiring fellows.

Burrell. By the way, speaking of societies, I wish you would do us a favor and join ours — Sigma Eps. If some of the leading men like you will only join, the rest of the class will soon follow, and we shall have a rousing crowd. Promise to join, won't you?

Jones. Oh yes; you may put my name down. [*McClintock and Burrell put down his name, and bid him a most affectionate farewell.*]

Jones. What a nice fellow McClintock is! I don't see how he remembered me, for he never spoke to me last term. Why, there come Brown and Sperry! I wonder if they'll remember me too?

Enter BROWN and SPERRY.

Brown. My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you! (What's his name, Sperry?) How well you're looking! Hasn't he grown, Sperry? You always were a mighty nice-looking fellow, but I declare you look nicer now than ever. Have a cigar?

Jones. No, thank you; my mamma don't like to have me smoke.

Sperry. It is a bad habit. I always feel sorry for smoking, especially when I've finished my cigar. Oh, by the way, you've no objection just to do me a favor, and join Delta Kap?

Jones. Can I join Sigma Eps, too?

Sperry. No; and a leading and influential fellow like you ought to join Δ K any way.

Jones. I've promised to join Sigma Eps already. [*Sperry and Brown look disgusted, and walk away.*]

Jones. They're not as polite as McClintock and Burrell, for they didn't bid me good-by. Hallo! they're talking down on the path with some fellows, and I guess I'll go down there.

THE BENEFITS OF SOCIETIES.

At the present time, in every college and academy of the least size or importance, there exist from one to a dozen societies. These are of every kind — open or secret, of limited or unlimited numbers; those open to all classes, and those for only one class; those for rich, and those for rich and poor alike; and, finally, those for the acquisition of useful knowledge and the improvement of members, and those for gratifying the wild caprices or desires of their members.

All these I believe to be useful, with perhaps the exception of those whose doors are barred to the poor, talented student, but flung wide open to his rich, crack-brained class-mate; and those which aim merely to band together a number of wild, reckless young fellows, whose object is to gratify their love of mischief, and present an organized resistance to the laws and government of the institution.

No young man of sense, be he rich or poor, will wish to join either of these classes of societies; but every one should connect himself to some standard societies, as many as he *can* support *well* and *faithfully*; and having done so, should bear his part in sustaining to the utmost those societies. Does he wish his society to keep up her established reputation? Let him *labor* to do *his* part, and induce others to do theirs, and he will not be disappointed with the result. Does he mourn over the inactivity which retards all her meetings? Let him remember that she demands justly of him all his efforts and influence; and if he faithfully gives these, he will see the result of them, and that speedily. Or does he feel proud of her prosperity and glorious reputation? Let him remember that faithful, earnest, long-protracted labors built up this reputation, and that unless these are continued, the widest-spread fame will sink into oblivion.

To bring the subject nearer home, let us consider the history of our dearly loved Philo. Let us reflect on the many earnest workers she has numbered among her former members. And has she been ungrateful to them? No, never! Think of the honors which have been won in the college strife by those whom Philo has sent forth from her halls. Think of the laurels which are wreathed around the brows of those who owe their start and early training to the opportunities which were offered to them in her halls. No! Philo is not ungrateful! They gave her their honest, hearty support, and she gave them that experience, that confidence, and brought out that latent ability, which carried them so triumphantly and successfully through the opposing difficulties which were thick around them, and guided them to the summit of the hill of science and oratory, at whose base those were struggling in vain to ascend who, when here, were careless and indifferent to the duties which *they* owed to her.

Philo offers to us the same honors which she did to them. Shall we reject them, or shall we too nobly act our part here, and then wear those laurel wreaths which are in store for all of us who shall fairly deserve them?

A LOAD OF STONE.

UPON a certain Saturday afternoon, as I was wending my way to a neighboring city, I chanced to meet a five-horse team drawing a cart heavily laden with stone. There was nothing unusual or remarkable in this. The team and its driver were quite ordinary in appearance; the cart and its load were most unmistakably ditto; yet it awakened a

train of thought, reaching backward over the past even to the years beyond the flood, and forward into the future, over an indefinite and undefinable period of time. This it effected somewhat in this wise :

Those coarse-looking lumps of stone, so devoid of beauty and grace, were yet to be wrought into the walls of a handsome edifice, — were indeed to compose a portion of that many-angled, party-colored, nondescript structure now in process of erection in the Seminary Park. Hence my first musings were upon the creative and transforming power of art. A single instance will serve for an illustration. A block of marble, quarried from beneath the ground, where for long ages it had lain concealed from view, may, under the magic chisel of the sculptor, become a marvel of beauty, whose praise shall be heralded o'er all the earth. I reflected upon what Art had done for man since that far distant time when, according to the poet's idea, she descended from heaven to assist and cheer our common parent, Adam, after his banishment from the Garden of Eden. I thought of the myriads of cities that she erected, of the magnificent structures and mighty monuments of power that she reared in the early ages of the world, and then of the countless inventions with which she has blessed and elevated mankind in our own time, till ready to exclaim, "Wondrous Art, heaven-born handmaid of man, what power upon this earth of ours is like unto thine?"

Yet a careful after-thought convinced me that I had exalted too highly her power and influence, at least so far as they are shown in the erection of splendid fabrics. Where are the powerful cities of antiquity — Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, and hosts of lesser note — upon which the labor of countless thousands of human beings was ex-

pended? In but few cases can even their situation be clearly identified.

Then, by a natural transition, I returned to the building first mentioned, and asked myself, "What shall be the end of *this* also?" We view its *rising*; who shall look upon its *fall*? We see the stones placed one upon another; who shall behold them thrown asunder?

When we look upon a newly erected edifice, we think of it as likely to retain the freshness and beauty of its youth for many years to come. We do not allow our thoughts to go *beyond* this, and, piercing the future, behold the decay and ruin which must, sooner or later, overtake and destroy its usefulness. Employ the most durable material, build in the most thorough manner, and preserve with the utmost care, yet your structure will inevitably grow old. The works of art, equally with the works of nature, at the moment of their perfection enter upon the process of their decay.

But, to return again to the nucleus of these wandering thoughts. We cannot suppose that even a Theological Library will be exempt from the common lot of mortality. Admitting that it will be spared by the devouring flames, unmolested by the "swift fire of Jupiter," and uninjured by the sacrilegious hands of Academicians, — admitting that it will slowly and peacefully subside into a venerable old age, — yet its final dissolution is no less certain.

The time is approaching, indeed is not far distant, when the busy brain of the architect shall have ceased from its labor, the strong arms of the workman shall have crumbled to their kindred dust, the eyes that beheld its erection shall no longer gaze upon things of earth, and all the long series of every-day events which now engross our attention and seem of so much importance, shall have sunk forever beneath

the Lethean waters of oblivion. Yet the imagination can picture to itself the library as it will then appear in that undetermined future, wearing a hoary and storm-beaten aspect, but still frequented by the lovers of books, who shall yet derive pleasure and knowledge from its well-stocked shelves.

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR society is at present in a thriving condition, and don't seem inclined to die *just yet*, notwithstanding certain predictions to the contrary. The membership has increased, the meetings have been well attended. So far so good. What more is needed? Simply this: 1. That each one be ready and willing to accept the part assigned him, and to perform it to the best of his ability. 2. That those present at the meetings, whether members or not, observe proper order. Philomatheans, do you not all assent to this? Then let your assent be *shown* by your *conduct*. Make the next term the beginning of a brighter era in the history of Philo. We hope that the society may then be enabled to transfer its place of meeting to a more attractive room, yet we sympathize with the unfortunate persons who will thus be deprived of the privilege of whittling desks.

The Mirror has not filled its place this term. Its object is twofold: to benefit the contributors and to entertain the auditors. Now, no great benefit can accrue to any one from writing a piece which is not the result of much thought and close study. Yet some will attempt to scratch off an article in an hour or two, without having thought of the subject previously. Hence we have a great deal of writing in this fast age, which, to use the favorite phrase of another, exhibits "great looseness."

Again, to render the Mirror interesting, it should contain a variety. Hence, the editor should not be compelled to write more than one article, as few persons have the happy faculty of being able to compose equally well in two or three different styles.

These difficulties would be remedied if in vacation each member would prepare a short, well-written article for the Mirror of next term. You do not need the whole of the time for recreation, and the quiet of home is much better for writing than the bustle of school.

MR. EDITOR: — The accompanying letter was taken from Dr. Taylor's study, by an individual who has had frequent occasion to visit that delightful place, at eight in the evening.

Aug. 29, 1865.

MY DEAR DR. TAYLOR: — It is with feelings of the deepest solicitude that I take my pen to write to you. You have never been a mother yourself, sir, and consequently can have no idea of the feelings of one who is not only a mother but a widow also. My late deceased husband, having quitted this vale of tears six years ago, left one little boy, Josiah, who now attends the justly celebrated school at Andover.

There are several things which trouble me very much indeed about my little angel Josiah, who after all is not so very little, as he weighs one hundred and fifty, resembling my late lamented husband, who was slightly addicted to corpulency. But why should I recall the melancholy past?

I write to request you to exercise a paternal care over Josiah. I have been very much troubled by one or two things in his behavior. He speaks much of using ponies, and buying them. Oh, Dr. Taylor! I *do* fear he is acquiring a love of horse-racing. You will watch over him, and see that he does not get any more ponies, as I fear they will kick his brains out, as they have so many before him.

I wish, Dr. Taylor, that you would tell the little dear when it is time to wear his flannel shirts, as his lungs are very delicate, as were also those of my late lamented husband. You who have never been a widow, Dr. Taylor, cannot appreciate the feelings of one that is; but if you will only exercise a protecting care over my sweet little darling angel Josiah, Heaven will bless you, as will also,

Your obedient servant,

MARTHA CODLIVER.

P. S. — I wish you would see that Josiah gets some Cough Medicine soon, and oblige
M. C.

ANDOVER, Sept. 15.

MRS. MARTHA CODLIVER :

DEAR MADAM : — Your interesting letter was handed me by your son, and I derived much pleasure from the perusal of it. As some individual, in departing from my study, has taken the letter, I can only reply to some of the principal points which you enumerated. You say that you fear Josiah is indulging in horse-racing, because he speaks of “ponies.” “Ponying” is a specific term, applied to the use of illegitimate translations of those authors which are being read by the individuals connected with the classical department of this institution. Consequently your fears in regard to the corporeal injury of your son may be allayed. But sterner dangers are undermining your son's mind, if this is the case. I need not further say that the habit is a very imbecile and pernicious one, and calculated to directly defeat the objects of the wise and pious founders of this institution.

You need have no fears as regards your son's falling into female society, as I have noticed that the young ladies — “*rubentes puellae*,” if I may be allowed the expression — do not seem to pay the slightest attention to your son. I sincerely hope that no cousin of his will become a member of the Female Seminary, as it is not a beneficial thing for a young man to have cousins in Andover, although the same remark does not hold true of other relatives, as individuals who have sisters at the Seminary do not allow them to divert their attention from their studies or other pursuits. As regards your other fears, I would say, in the words of the Latin poet :

“*Parce metu, Cytherea; manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi.*”

I cannot personally see that he puts on the flannel robes, but I will request his boarding-house keeper (who shows a ready alacrity in attending to other people's affairs) to see that all is correctly arranged.

The new Academy is progressing finely. I visit it but six times in the day, and am much pleased with its progress.

Very truly, yours,

S. H. TAYLOR.

Why should the students of Phillips be able to provide for their wants without the aid of the *obliging* landladies and *low-price* shopkeepers? They have a *Cook* and *Baker* to furnish provisions, a supply of *Bacon* and *Bass* for those who like, a *Butler* to bring on the "liquids" (P. S. He's signed the "rules." His "occupation's gone"), two never-failing *Wells* for the "cold water men," a *Chamberlain* to take charge of their rooms, a *smart little Cooper* to make their cider barrels (Query, Is sweet cider an "intoxicating drink"?), a *graceful swain* (Swayne) with his *bleating herd* (Hird), *tailors* (Taylors) to mend their *breeches* (or *breaches*), *Smiths* to shoe their "ponies," *Wood* (*hard* and *soft*?) of prime quality; and, to complete the list, *easy Graves* for those who fall martyrs to *hard study* or *cruel rules*.

Why must the Senior Class be old? Because only one of its members is Young.

What is the only kind of apples we have in school this fall? Baldwins.

What reason have we to think that Uncle is getting up a menagerie? Because he already has a camel (Campbell) in the English department, and a fine specimen of whales (Wales).

Why is the First Middle Class like a good fish-pond? Because it has good-sized Bass in it.

In what respect does Phillips Academy surpass the ladies? Because, while they have hoops, we have Hoopers.

"INQUIRER." You are mistaken. Dr. Taylor does not write poetry to young ladies, and never dances the polka.

"ANXIOUS MOTHER." We have not seen the billiard-table in the Theological Seminary; however, we have not been through all the rooms.

"MR. A." You feel that you are troubled with self-conceit. Try some assafœtida; it has proved a remarkable cure in one case already.

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F. W. LORING, }
J. B. WELLS, } EDITORS.
F. BROWN, }

DEDICATORY POEM.

When God first formed the mighty sun,
His daily course through heaven to run ;
When first he made this rolling earth,
And spoke Creation into birth,
He gave to man, with love divine,
A priceless, noble gift—the mind ;
And placed upon the boon thus given,
The impress of the highest Heaven.
Restraining then, its pinions light,
On which 'twould take its eager flight
To realms above, whence first it came,
Bright with a pure, celestial flame,
He bound it to the body here,
Our life to bless, our death to cheer.
It is coeval with our breath,
But cannot perish with our death,
But must live on through countless years
Untrammelled by earth's trifling cares.

E'en man to mind does homage pay,
The brute creation owns its sway,
All nature does the power confess,
Of him who does this gift possess.
But yet, of learning all devoid,
Life is a blank, the mind a void;
A desert with no cooling streams,
A world without the sun's clear beams;
A waste with nought its gloom to mar,
A midnight sky without a star;
An ocean, with ne'er ending strife,
Each well portrays an untaught life.
But greatest power, and brightest fame,
A noble life, a lasting name;
Honor and happiness besides,
Follow the path where wisdom guides.
Far from the Past the Eastern rage
Calls to us loud from many a page
Of wisdom, garbed in language quaint,
But which no idle words may taint.
Then Grecian "wise men" take the cry,
And raise it clearer and more high,
And pass it as from lip to lip
To Rome, who with a dainty sip
Of foreign learning, proudly deigns,
Forth to the world o'er which she reigns,
To shout the watchword, echoing far
From pole to pole, from earth to star,
And as the accents earthward reach,
The Saxons, proud the strain to catch,
Transmit it down the vale of years,
With greater hopes, with fewer fears;
And this, the last of earthly calls,
Shall echo in Time's vacant halls,
And shout amid Earth's final strife,
"Life without learning is not life."

For many years, with hand in hand,
And each to each a sister,
Have stood, still stand, and long will stand,
Gazing down Time's long vista,

The two societies, which long
Have been old "Phillip's" glory;
Whose praises have been sung in song,
Their deeds rehearsed in story.

And living on from discord free,
In friendly emulation,
Their names have compassed many a sea,
Their merits many a nation.

And now a sister, young, they greet,
In kindly salutation,
And pledge themselves her claims to meet,
With their co-operation.

We hope that through the years to come,
Her being never ceasing,
She may endure, through sun and storm,
In power and fame increasing.

And as with us she takes her stand,
In common cause contending,
We grasp her warmly by the hand,
A welcome kind extending.

To-night this Hall we dedicate
To literary uses,
With hope that here may ne'er abate
Our fervor for the muses.

Here may oft rise the earnest tones
Of eloquent debaters,
Ejecting literary stones
From literary craters.

Here may the earnest, working-men
Of Phillips show their muscle,
By bravely wielding tongue or pen,
In literary tussle.

And may these walls full oft resound
With eloquence, inciting
The hearts of those who sit around,
To speaking or to writing.

And may they more and more improve,
Those writers and debaters,
When we have left these scenes we love,
And are, it may be, "paters."

Our last debate will soon be done,
And *our* last motion carried,
And we shall be in parts unknown,
Some will be dead or—married!

But let us often call to mind
The pleasant hours here given,
And may we all each other find
Around the throne in heaven.

IRVING AND PRESCOTT.

They were friends, and well may they be called so, for if there was anything in united friendship, they had it. As an example of this, the following short anecdote may be cited:

Both of these eminent writers had the same subject in view for their next book (the Conquest of Mexico), and had really commenced. Washington Irving designed it to be an accompaniment of his "Columbus," but Prescott simply as an original design.

Irving, upon first hearing it, gracefully and kindly, out of consider-

ation of the good qualities and fine talents of the noble Prescott, and also as an inducive to friendship and good feeling, waived all thoughts of writing upon this subject, and gave it entire to his friend. What a noble sacrifice! What greatness of character! Yet, still notwithstanding Prescott's objections, he persisted, and Prescott went on with the work, which won his reputation.

They both were of a genial temperament, kind, generous, free from jealousy. Happy and pleasant, therefore, were they in all their different situations in life. Although of course they differed in the exhibition of the traits I have mentioned, yet I think they characterize both.

I will not enter into a long discussion of the merits of their works, neither attempt to draw fine differences in their styles.

Prescott was more entirely devoted to historical subjects than his contemporary Irving; although I do not pretend to say that Irving wrote little on this kind of subject, but the majority of Prescott's works were historical, while Irving, in addition, devoted himself to Romance, Adventures, Legendary tales and such pleasant themes.

Prescott had much more to contend with than his fellow author. The loss of full use of his eyesight rendered it very hard to study on those subjects a prospective literary man must.

Irving, as it is well known, had full use of his powers, and well did he employ them. What a grand masterpiece is his History of Washington. How charming is his Spanish Romance, the "Alhambra." What beautiful poetic prose he uses. How chaste his characters. How the personages seem to stand forth in a living picture. How strikingly *Spanish* in dress, language and appearance they all are.

The same may be said of his "Legend of the Hudson." How plainly you can see old Rip Van Winkle come to the home of his youth. Without the need of a picture you can imagine the wild hare-trained ride of the terrified school-master.

The same may be said of all his writings. They are all written in that animated, peculiar, untiring style.

Prescott possesses the same good qualities. He may be called an *elegant* historian, or rather one who clothes his ideas in beautiful language. His style is chaste, classical and dignified.

His books, like Irving's, are popular everywhere.

Both are gone.

The United States, in their death, has lost two men of literary talent whose peculiar places, I fear, will never be supplied.

Not only have two great writers gone to the "World of the Hereafter," but two noble, patriot spirits have left us to mourn.

They are indeed dead, yet by their works they *live* among us.

Their busts are encircled with immortelle; not that alone, their sacred memory is treasured by a loving, admiring people.

"So passes the summer clouds away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave upon the shore."

"As sets the Morning Star which goes not down
Behind the darkened West,
Nor hides obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven."

HISTORY OF PHILLIP'S ACADEMY.

The boys that to old Phillips came,
Some ninety years or more ago;
Although they've ne'er been known to Fame,
Although no mighty deeds they show,
Were very much the same as we;
With racket and with noise
They always made townspeople scold
At those Academy boys.

They boarded at the Mansion House,
Judge Phillips kept it then,
And, oh, he was a noble man;
The very flower of gentlemen.
President of the General Court,
He filled that most important place
With an unusual amount
Of dignity and grace.

Oh, they were model little boys,
Alas! there are none like them now;
They never went from out a room
Until they'd made a graceful bow;
They held Judge Phillips in respect,
They always called him Honored Sir,
And when he took his daily nap
They never dared to stir.

They had no turkey suppers then;
Those were beyond their means;
Their food was simple and not rich,
For it was principally beans.
They wore white powder on their hair;
They tied it in a queue;
They had long stockings and cocked hats,
And wore knee-buckles too.

And Pearson was their master's name;
Oh, how it made the fellows fret
When they recited Greek to him,
The stern, severe Eliphalet;
For, oh, he had a savage eye;
And at the very least mistake
He'd leave his seat and cross the room,
And his birch rod would take.

And when he left, his scholars' grief
Was deep but was not loud;
And Deacon Newman followed him
And tried to "do him proud."
And *Pemberton* succeeded him,
And *Adams* long did rule
In peace and in prosperity,
O'er our beloved school.

When *Adams* left, the Trustees could
Choose none to succeed him;
But *Osgood Johnson* now appeared,
Just at the time they most did need him.

When Johnson, Latin did pronounce,
Town boys would come around
To listen at the windows, there,
And catch the awful sound.

And last and greatest of them all,
Our uncle Samuel came,
And under him old Phillips
Attained her greatest fame.
All the exploits he has performed
No mortal can relate,
He was elected Deacon,
And Kuhner did translate.

He stopped the "rambling through the fields;"
Forbade the climbing over fences;
Repelling us from forming cliques
He urged us on to moods and tenses.
All he has done will volumes fill,
What he will do no man can tell;
But whether he does good or ill,
Long live our Uncle Samuel.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

In the year 641, A. D. in the Caliphate of Omar, the second successor of the great Mahomet, in pursuance of the policy of that distinguished impostor, the Moslem hosts entered the fertile country of Egypt, with the avowed design of forcing it either to pay tribute or embrace their religion. Under the skillful Amron they quickly overran the greater part of the province, and sat down before the walls of Alexandria. As the countless myriads encircled the devoted city, well might the sight strike terror into the inhabitants, soon to be in the power of their

ruthless enemies. Bravely was the defence maintained, but the blind fanaticism of the besiegers, here, as everywhere, at length triumphed, and the "Crescent" was flung to the breeze above the ramparts. Amron was merciful, and the Alexandrians obtained the mildest terms in his power to grant.

There was in the city a certain man, who, impelled by his fondness for literature, and emboldened by the open ignorance and disregard of the value of books manifested by the victors, ventured to request of Amron, in whose favor he stood high, the gift of the immense library, which had so long been the pride of Alexandria. Like many others who suddenly discover the worth of that which they had before despised as soon as they see any one caring for this, or else because his narrow minded religion taught him to be suspicious of any book but the Koran, Amron declined to comply with the request until he should have conferred with Omar. That bigot made the following memorable and characteristic reply :

"If these writings *agree* with the Koran, they are *useless*, and need *not be preserved*; if they *disagree* they are *pernicious* and *ought to be destroyed*."

His word was law. The fiat had gone forth, and for six months the 4000 baths of the city were heated by burning the vast number of volumes which the library contained. The consequences of that request can, perhaps, never be rightly estimated. The Saracens might in their ignorance, have entirely overlooked the library had it not been brought so prominently to their notice by this means. At all events, the loss sustained by the cause of literature and science, in its destruction, was irreparable. It embraced the whole Greek and Roman literature, of which we possess but simple fragments. The stores of classic lore which then perished would have been of incalculable value in unravelling the history of the world, in which we now wander, enveloped in Stygian darkness, and which must henceforth remain forever buried in oblivion.

A NOVEMBER HYMN.

Softly fall the wintry showers,
Falls the cold November rain,
Calling not the lovely flowers
To the light and air again.

Sadly sway the leafless boughs,
Mournfully the forest sighs;
On the shore the wild wind blows,
Clouds sweep o'er the dreary skies.

Nature goes unto its grave,
There through winter months to sleep,
While above the bleak winds rave,
And the drifted snow lies deep.

O'er my heart a sadness comes;
Melancholy thoughts do creep
On me, and my spirit roams
Far away, where loved ones sleep.

Loved ones passed and gone before,
To the spirit land unknown,
Where, when earthly cares are o'er,
We shall meet around the throne.

Sadly in the dust we lay
Those more dear to us than life,
Surely passes each away:
Parent, sister, brother, wife.

In the grave they now repose,
In that dark and narrow bed;
Summer's rain and Winter's snows
Fall o'er each unheeding head.

But we know that they shall rise,
Beauteous with celestial grace;
When the trumpet shakes the skies
Each shall leave his resting place.

Like the flowers which withered lie,
Stripped of all their glorious hues;
But when Spring o'erspreads the sky,
Each its life and grace renews.

Let us not then sigh and mourn,
Sad by nature's sadness made;
But by Faith our hearts up-borne,
Let us trust to Heavenly aid.

THE THUNDERVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE LAST MEETING.

The meeting opened at 7½ o'clock, the President, Master Fungres in the chair. The roll having been called, the records of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary, Master Romeo Stubbs. A select reading was then given by Hamadyad comprising selections from Milton, Longfellow, John G. Saxe, and the New York Clipper. An address was then delivered by Master Penquin. Subject—The Duty of America. The debate between Master Fenex and Master Ponex then followed. The question was "Is Luxury or Avarice the greater evil?" Master Fenex appeared on the affirmative. He said that the question now before the society was one of tremendous interest. Was luxury a greater evil than avarice? He contended that it was. He then took as an example the National Government, and requested the society to observe the disastrous effect of taxing these. He enumerated the various evils which had arisen from luxury. He spoke of its effect on women. (Great applause.) After mentioning several articles of female apparel which he considered useless, he proceeded to state the effects of these articles. He said that a girl would put on a corset or a lot of stays to add to the beauty of her form; would insert a rat in her scanty red hair.

The President called him to order, stating that as several members of the society had red hair, no statements of the sort could be allowed. Master Fenex continued his argument, closing with a striking graphic and original comparison of the United States to a ship at sea; also making several remarks complimentary to the American Eagle.

Master Ponex next appeared. After stating that he was unprepared to speak, he informed the society that the argument they had just listened to was weak and puerile. The gentleman had spoken of the American Eagle. What had the American Eagle to do with luxury and avarice? If the gentleman supposed that he could come there and talk about the American Eagle in that style he was mistaken, and he, for one, would inform the gentleman that while the glorious banner of the Union floated over his head and the dear old flag was kissed by the morning sun, he should speak, not about the American Eagle, but about the question for debate. Master Ponex closed by mentioning the evils of avarice, and giving a minute description, in blank verse, of a miser who met with a miserable death.

Master Hamadyad arose on the affirmative. He stated his intention of speaking but a few words. He wished to know what had ruined Greece and Rome but luxury. He quoted the testimony of many distinguished men, including Demosthenes, on the crown, and with some very appropriate words from Hamlet, and the Declaration of Independence, took his seat.

Master Noot next appeared on the negative. He began by stating that he thought nobody who had before spoken had understood the question. (Great applause.) He would give his view of the subject. It seemed to him, on a careful consideration of the subject that no one of any sense would deny that avarice was a greater evil than luxury. He gave descriptions of the evils of avarice, and closed after mentioning, in a pleasant and agreeable way, the tyranny of England.

Master Auk appeared for the affirmative. (This gentleman thinks it his duty never to debate without saying something funny.) He began with a short story about the habits of his maternal grandfather. He spoke of the curse of drink as an evil of luxury, and related his own experience when under the influence of liquor. He also dwelt at some length on the progress of education and spoke of the evils arising from that as results of luxury. Master Fenex, in closing, said

that we had groaned under the evils of luxury until it was impossible longer to bear them. He said that his arguments had not been answered and that under these circumstances he would merely recapitulate them.

Master Ponex having been seized with an attack of the nose-bleed, Master Kayman came forward. His speech will be found reported *verbatim*, as he is undoubtedly the most eloquent debater in the society.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Society: The gentleman who spoke before the last, said that no one had understood the argument beside himself. Now, gentlemen, I think it is very evident that he didn't understand it. [Laughter.] I suppose that he, from personal experience, can tell about the evils of avarice, but I don't see his ability to talk of the evils of luxury. We have heard a good deal of the evils of luxury before, and at one time people said that it would ruin our country, but the dear old flag still waves in the morning breeze, and the sunlight floats over its folds. The gentleman has said that luxury is a greater evil than avarice, but I must say that I don't agree with him, and I don't see how he can persist in his assertion. We had the objects surrounding us as an evidence of luxury's benefits. Without generosity the world would be a dreary blank.

Mr. Kayman closed with some touching poetry concerning a lovely infant, of the feminine gender, who died of starvation through the avarice of her father.

The President, Master Fungus gave his decision in favor of the negative.

The meeting, after the transaction of miscellaneous business, adjourned.

The society was organized for literary improvement, and no one who has witnessed its meetings can doubt that it is fulfilling its mission. Even the most strenuous opposer of juvenile debating societies would be convinced of their value if he could but attend one of these remarkable meetings of the Thunderville Debating Society.

H E A R E R S .

It is a well known fact that the effect of a public discourse depends scarcely less on its qualities than on the character of the audience. It is not to be expected that a polished and elaborate oration would have much effect on the untutored savage. But we can find examples in almost every public audience in our country, of those on whom such a discourse would have even less effect. Such are the listless, idle, gossiping hearers who attend all our lectures, concerts, &c., not for the purpose of receiving any instruction, but merely to while away the tedious hours. They hardly deserve the name of hearers.

Then there is the Bigoted Hearer. One who forms his opinion of a speaker and his subject before ever listening to them, and will not be turned from it by words, or argument.

Next is the Practical Hearer. He may be unlettered and unable to understand all that is said, but he will always find something by which he may improve. A poor woman once went to hear a sermon on the subject of dishonest weights and measures. The following day the minister called upon his congregation, and took occasion to ask of this woman what she remembered of the sermon. She complained of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all that he delivered. "But," said she, "one thing I remembered; I remembered to burn my bushel."

The last, and one of the least excusable class of hearers which I shall mention is the Late Hearer. They may not care for the first part of the discourse themselves, but that is no excuse for disturbing others. A certain minister observed that some of his people made a practice of coming in very late. One day, therefore, as they entered at their usual period, he, addressing the congregation, said: "My hearers, it is now time for us to conclude, for here are our friends just come to fetch us home." Perhaps a blunt, but certainly an effectual manner of effecting a cure.

NOTES ON VIRGIL.

Some centuries since, there existed a Roman,

Who, although a Roman, did not live at Rome ;
 And being brain-cracked on the subject of woman,
 Wrote many soft lays in his Mantuan home.

Yes, softer than all the soft things in creation,
 Which e'er were imagined, devised or contrived,
 Were the imbecile fruits of his *imagination* ;
 Of his *reasoning* powers he was nearly deprived.

By a pinch of the ear, which Appollo once gave him,
 For presuming to write of things out of his sphere ;
 Oh why did the God any sanity leave him,
 By neglecting to pinch the other long ear ?

But since it is so, we must mourn the omission,
 And not censure Phœbus for duty undone,
 As long as he rightly fulfills his commission,
 Which is to control the fierce steeds of the sun.

To return to our poet who wrote the Æneid,
 The Georgics, Bucolics, and others, I think ;
 The first is quite good for a man such as he, id-
 iotic the rest are, and savor of drink.

The Bucolics are foolish and sickening narrations,
 And chiefly relate to disconsolate swains,
 Who pined for sweet boys, and with their lamentations
 For love unreturned, filled fair Italy's plains.

Or priding themselves on their skill as musicians,
 Had occasional trials beneath the green trees,
 Where each in his turn called forth doleful emissions
 Of sound from oat-straw pipes of asthmatic wheeze.

Galatæ, a playful young miss at Damœtas,
 Throws an apple and flees to the willows soft shade ;
 While he, understanding her cunning deceit, as
 He ought, at once follows the artful young jade.

The Georgics are works upon reaping and sowing,
 And ploughing, and milking, and doctoring sheep,
 And hedging, and ditching, and digging, and hoeing,
 With directions for those who a bee-hive would keep.

The Æneid relates to a bold Trojan hero,
 Who ran out of Troy with his pack on his back,
 And after becoming to Dido most dear, oh,
 He left her to pine till her heart-strings did crack.

Thus all through his works runs a "softness" disgusting,
 Which shows he was foolish, or drunk on bad wine;
 He had better have left his weak intellect rusting,
 Than endeavored by nonsense to make it to shine.

MY VACATION.

There was music in the shrill whistle of the locomotive, fretting and puffing, anxious to start, on the last day of the fall term. It seemed to have some of the "milk of human kindness," and wished to start to carry us far from Greek roots and Latin synonyms, together with the long army of corollaries and axioms and problems with which our brain had been taxed by Euclid.

Passing through the "Hub," and through busy New England, "down the Sound," and through the heart of the busy Metropolis, I was soon at home. One can hardly help imagining the student in the good old colonial times, going home to loving sisters and expectant sweetheart by rumbling coach and the old fashioned "one-horse shay." Then one is struck with the progress travelling has made.

But yet one does not think so much of these things when he is nearing home. I was more inclined to grumble at the frequent stopping of the cars, and the slow revolving of the wheels of the steamer. One

station after another was passed in quick succession by the express train that brought me to the Metropolis; but the little branch road from there was slow enough. The managers of this road had never learned by experience the truth of the saying, "the more haste the less speed." Good old grand-mothers, and children, and young girls were on the train, the latter ingenuous damsels, returning from a "boarding-school," where their liberal-minded parents were sending them for twelve weeks. You know there is nothing like education.

But at the station I espied the same old conveyance, the same good-natured old grey horse who had often carried me before. And there was my father. And then the six miles ride in the grey twilight, rather silent, for fathers generally do not ask as many questions as our mothers do. Manhood is reticent and does not descend to the loving sympathy of a woman, which finds expression in her loving inquiries. But ere long we reached the top of the last hill, and there was my home. Five years had changed it some since first I went away. Here was an improvement in the gable roof; here a vine and a tree; but it was much the same. The carriage drew up to the door. There, true to nature all the world over, stood my mother. Ah, the life of home never changes. Sisters grow up and rear families, and forget you more or less. Brothers become engrossed in some profession or business, or in their own families, and forget you, but a mother's heart is always warm and affectionate. You see one who went away with a mother's blessing, and comes home successful and good; there is for him a mother's warm embrace. You see one who went away pure, and comes back like the "prodigal," character, and reputation, and friends gone, yet his mother's love has never changed. What boy of us all who has gone home this vacation, cannot realize the import of that question, "What is home without a mother?"

When the words of welcome and endearment were spoken, I must see the barn, and the hay-loft, where, in more boyish days, I loved to play. I beheld strangers in the poultry yard and amongst the cattle in the barn-yard. It is strange how one misses these accustomed things, humble though they be. In the meadow, by the brook, there was an unfamiliarity. An old beach tree was gone. The brook had taken a turn where I used to put my water-wheel, and the place where I used to catch the finest cat-fishes was filled with gravel, and the stream had taken another course.

The girls were changed. Those who were my companions were married, and even the blue-eyed treble singer in the choir, whose voice used to sound so sweet to me, was married to the num-skull of the village school, and had three children! I met her, called her by the old-fashioned pet name. She blushed some, but I did not discover my mistake till a little shaver came running up and lisped a word which discovered all to me.

The church was changed. It had a more weather-beaten look. There was another minister there; a different leader in the choir.

Our homes change. We go away and change ourselves. A few years at school and we go home different. Our friends see changes in us. We pass imperceptibly from youth to manhood, and the objects that pleased us once, please us no longer. We are taken up in more selfish pursuits than the more innocent pleasures of our childhood. Life is indeed ever shifting. We start, as it were, in youth, in a little stream, and all the way along to extreme old age our course is changing, even till we launch on the ocean of eternity.

The vacation is over. Life bids us make preparations for sterner duties. So farewell scenes of early romps, sweethearts and youthful pleasures, for life's duties are at hand.

THE CARAVAN.

Far o'er the burning waste of sand,
Had toiled the weary caravan;
Full many a league with aching feet,
In hope some grateful spring to meet,
Had they pressed on. But now was spent,
The strength which raging thirst had lent.
Their faithful dromedaries gave
A while the drink they then did crave,
But now the last one they had slain,

And when fierce thirst returned again,
No more could they its calls supply.
They sink upon the sands to die!
And now is heard the stifled groan
Of agony untold, or moan
Of anguish, wrung by fiery darts
Of torture beyond words, from hearts,
Which oft before in battle hot,
Braved wounds and death—and murmured not.
Faint and more faint the wailing grows,
The glaring eyes in silence close,
The parched lips give forth no sound,
They lie as dead men on the ground.
But now a voice the silence breaks;
Young Azim in a low voice speaks,—
And kneeling in the hot sand there,
He faintly murmurs forth a prayer:
“ Oh Allah, who in Heaven above,
Regardest faithful ones with love,
And wilt their supplications hear,
Oh Allah, grant my feeble prayer!
Give me the cooling stream to find,
For which we all so long have pined.
My weary, staggering footsteps guide,
Until I stand the fount beside,
And satisfy my cravings there.
Oh Allah, hear my feeble prayer!”
He ceased, and rising up at length,
He journeyed with a new found strength.
The scorching sun he does not heed,
But travels with unslackening speed,
And follows close his spirit guide
Until he stands the stream beside.
He kneels upon the fountain’s brink,
And Allah thanks, then stoops to drink.
With thankful heart a cooling draught
Of water from the fount he quaffed,

Then dipping from the welcome rills,
In haste, a leathern bottle fills,
And hastens back new strength to give,
And bid his dying comrades live.
He reaches soon the mournful place,
And gazes in each up-turned face.
With doubt and faith, with hope and fear
He scans the pallid features there,
Then stoops, each parched lip to cool
With water from the limpid pool,
And whispers in each deadened ear,
Words of encouragement and cheer.
And now unclothe the glassy eyes,
And soon with thankful hearts they rise,
And Azim guides their wavering steps,
To where the laughing fountain leaps.
And there the crystal stream beside,
They drink till all are satisfied.
They thank and bless and would have given
Azim rewards—he points to Heaven.

LEGACIES RECEIVED.

Of what glorious legacies are we, as citizens of America, this day the inheritors. A free government; civil and religious liberty.

But have we any idea of the price which was paid that we might enjoy these blessings? Had the full price been paid in gold and silver we might indeed feel that the debt which we owe, as the recipients of these legacies, might at some time be cancelled, but when we remember the rivers of blood which have been poured forth to establish, and then to maintain such principles, does it not seem that we hope in vain that we may ever pay that debt?

What were the sufferings and hardships endured by that noble and cherished band of Pilgrims after leaving their loved home and friends, and trusting in their God, crossed the boundless deep for a home upon these, then desolate and inhospitable shores of Massachusetts.

But that was not the end of their trials and hardships. They did not then sit down to await the reward for their labors; they labored on, not for themselves, for they did not expect to reap the harvest, but that their children, that we might enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Still the work thus commenced was not destined to go on without yet greater labor and suffering; and although that Puritan band had all passed away, their children, filled with the spirit of the fathers, did not hesitate to put their hands to this great work, and they, too, by the sufferings of Valley Forge, and on the bloody battle-fields of the Revolution added their portion to the costly inheritance.

We pass over a period of more than sixty years in the life of liberty, and in the chair first occupied by the Father of his country, there sat a man unworthy of the name of an American, a traitor to his country. By the machinations of a band of traitors, civil war again raged in the land, and again the call was made for human sacrifices. And were they withheld? Let the battle-fields of Gettysburg, and Antietam and Cedar Mountain answer that question, and the cry of the mourners rising from every village in the land will re-echo the same. But the cause of liberty triumphed, and although thousands of our brothers now sleep beneath the southern sod and the savior of his country became a martyr for its sake, we still rejoice that to-day the sun shines upon a country where freedom reigns unbounded, and whose watchword is liberty. And now shall we, into whose hands these legacies are to come—legacies whose foundations were laid in blood, and whose walls were raised at the cost of human lives—shall we labor to preserve them hallowed as they are, or leave them to destruction?

PRO PATRIA INTERFECTUS.

The cool west winds are gently blowing
Above his grave;
Each breeze deep blessings is bestowing,
Of the poor race he stooped to save.
Sing little birds on every tree,
Your sweetest gush of melody;
Though cruelly and foully slain,
We know that he shall rise again.

Though storms may come, the sunshine ever
Will linger there;
His honest heart is still for ever,
But o'er us he has still a care.
Sing little birds on every tree,
Your sweetest gush of melody;
Though cruelly and foully slain,
We know that he shall rise again.

Lord unto thee we bend our knee,
Our prayers arise;
Thou gavest us the victory,
And took him for a sacrifice.
Sing little birds on every tree,
your sweetest gush of melody;
Though cruelly and foully slain,
We know that he shall arise again.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The new Academy has at last been dedicated; and old Philo in her fiftieth year has finally received a "local habitation." Too hearty thanks cannot be given to the Trustees for our new Society Hall, and our noble Uncle also deserves praise for his efforts for the good of the society. It was actually his first thought, on seeing the plan of the Academy, to obtain a Society Hall.

The Society Hall was dedicated with exercises by the two societies. Philo and Inquiry. The exercises consisted of orations by Messrs. Strong and Hooper, a declamation by Mr. Wells, addresses by the Presidents, Messrs. Pierce and Sherman, and a poem by Mr. Beach, the class-poet of '66. The subjects of the orations were not made known and so left a broad field open to the imagination. The poem which opens our Mirror will speak for itself. A new society has been formed in the English Department by the name of the Eaton Literary Society. We wish it every success. In speaking of the English Department we wish to insert the following choice gem of poetry from that source:

VACATION.—1st Verse.

Vacation, vacation, there's rest in the name,
No matter who says it 'tis always the same
The student whose studied and Toiled for 12 weeks
In kuhner's greek grammar and lives of great greeks.
Hails with joy the welcome day
When he shall start for far away
Where parents smile and say with joy,
Soon we shall see our darling boy.

2nd Verse.

Now that bright day has come
 When our young student starts for home
 Twould take a week the different journeys to portray
 But I will tell you that in one short day,
 Our student reached his home and met with joy
 His nearest dearest friends and all who know our
 Phillips boy.

Lack of space forbids us to give more than this extract from the poem, but all will recognize the authorship with but little difficulty. The course of things in the Classical Department is calm and unruffled. Save a little excitement about lecture bills, there has nothing happened worthy of record. The Senior Class has had its bills for lectures torn down. Everybody says it is an ungentlemanly thing and everybody denies participation in the offence, so that it is very evident that the Middlers had nothing to do with it, and that the Seniors were harmless, the only explanation that can be given is, that a party of roughs from Ballard Vale came up the hill with the express purpose of injuring the class of '66. Unfortunately their purpose has not been accomplished, as the class of '66 still pursues the even tenor of its way with the utmost tranquility.

There are absolutely no conundrums in this Mirror. Although their literary excellence was doubtful, their popularity is unquestioned, so that the editors have been very unhappy over their scarcity this term. Under these circumstances it has seemed well to publish a list of some names in school, which shall serve as the foundation of conundrums. Each individual who reads this list can arrange his conundrum to suit himself, and so can increase his futility of invention. Take, for instance, the jolly little poet, Beach. Now, conundrums can be made in this style, "Why is '66 like the ocean? Answer—Because it has a Beach. Why is '66 like a small pond? Answer—Because it has a little Beach. Why is '66 like water at low tide? Because its Beach is growing large." When you are tired of the water, come on the land and then say, "Why is '66 like a collection of trees? Because one of its number is a Beach." The number of transformations that can be made is astonishing. Now, take one of the Editors, Mr. Brown. We beg your pardon, gentlemen, we cannot, for Mr. Brown has expressed himself averse to being made a subject for conundrums in a manner more forcible than polite.

One of our contributors has sent us a true and reliable account of the affair at the Fem. Sem., which he calls

A CHRONICLE OF ANDOVER.

Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year of the reign of Samuel, whose surname was Taylor, that certain of the tribe of the Phillipians held a consultation among themselves, saying, verily, verily, we will go as spies to the strong-hold of the Fem. Sems.

Now the Queen of the Fem. Sems., Philena, knew of their coming and sent certain of the Fem. Sems. to waylay those who had come as spies. And the Fem. Sems. harkened to her voice, and went out to the Phillipians, and by cunning device, delayed them until a Theologue came to them. (Now the Theologues are a tribe adjoining the Phillipians, and they have all sore eyes, insomuch that they cover them with spectacles, and their knees are weak, yea, weak exceedingly, nor can they partake of hot biscuit on account of the weakness of their stomachs. And the strong-hold of the Theologues is in the bar of Frank, whose surname is Chapin.) But this Theologue did wax wroth as he beheld the Fem. Sems. in close contact with the Phillipians and striking a Phillipian he mingled in the conflict, but soon was grievously pounded so that he cried out in a loud voice, "Release me, O Phillipians, and I will never more offend against you, and I will pay tribute unto you forever."

Now two of the guards of the Towneys heard this, and coming up seized a Phillipian, and releasing the Theologue bade him go in peace.

(Now the Towneys are a tribe living in the lower part of the hill of Andover, and their food is mostly raw beef, and their drink is made from corn, and is known as whiskey.)

And the Towneys said, "Verily we will adjudge this matter between the Fem. Sems. and the Phillipians." So they called two of their number, once wise men, but whose right hands long ago had lost their cunning. And they summoned as witnesses, first, Zack, whose surname was Taylor, and eight from the tribe of the Fem. Sems., and many others whose names are even now recorded in the records of the court.

Now the Towneys were evil disposed to the Phillipians, yet being ignorant of law they could bring nothing against them; so that at

the going down of the sun the end of the affair was not apparent. Now the Phillipians, sending in the night to the territory of Lawrence, procured a man well skilled and cunning in the law, to come over and plead their cause before Samuel whose surname was Merrill, And the name of this man was not recorded, but his surname was Saunders. And he said, " Verily, verily, I will arise and gird up my loins, and will come to your aid, and will make the evil devices of the Towneys come to naught, for formerly I, too, was a Phillipian, and abode under Samuel whose surname is Taylor." So the Phillipians went away, and on the morrow, Saunders coming in, effected that the Phillipians should go free. Now the Towneys were exceeding wroth at this, nevertheless, because it was the law they could do nothing.

So the Theologues are humbled, and the wicked devices of the Towneys are crushed, and the power of the Fem. Sem's is broken, but the Phillipians are exalted, and shall remain so always. Selah.

THE WALK OF THE THEOLOGUES.

There were six nice young Theologues as nice as nice could be,
 Who would have shunned the wicked thoughts of going on a spree,
 But on a lovely Saturday when lecturing had ceased,
 These Theologues all went away, from studying released.
 One was a jolly Theologue, his nose was brilliant red,
 And as he by the Fem. Sem. passed, he gaily wagged his head;
 A mournful Theologue was there, whose face was full of woe,
 And erysipelas had turned his nose bright red, also.
 Behind these red-nosed Theologues there came another pair,
 The first was tall and thin, and the second was all hair;
 The Theologues who lastly came possessed a fearful scowl,
 And had Minerva been about, he would have been her owl.

They went by Chapin's door,
 Their eyes all turned that way,
 One Theologian swore,
 And one said " Let us pray."
 And on they went unto the place
 Where Shawshine flows in torrents,
 And finally with rapture came
 Into the town of Lawrence.

Assist me now, Oh, Mighty Muse!
 To tell how they went into Drew's,
 And how they scanned the bill of fare,
 Selecting what was cheapest there;
 They had no liquor there, and yet
 When they *came out* their lips were wet.

The Lawrence Towney is a valiant man,
 And wondrous is the way he loves to fight,
 If one *can* lick a Theologue, he can,
 Especially if said Theologue be tight;
 And so one Towney felled the mighty six,
 All through the mischief of a woman's smile,
 Delilah put her Samson in a fix,
 And Lawrence girls did Theologues beguile.

At evening, when within the West
 The orb of day went down,
 Six Theologues with drink oppressed,
 Came feebly up the town.

Five passed into the Fem. Sem. yard,
 One in the gutter laid,
 And then with voices thick and hard,
 They gave a serenade.

"O Biss-hic-McKeed, pray dode-hic-be seed,
 "We want your girls-hic-not you,
 "They are so fair hic-we want them-there-hic,
 "Oh, send us out a few."

And as they sang, their voices rang,
 In the dear lovely night,
 It seems to me, 'tis sad to see,
 Six Theologues so tight.

Philena, she, came out to see,
 She bade them all be off,
 And said, "Now go, your houses unto,"
 They went to Mrs. Gough.

And when they came to that good dame,
She only shook her head,
But uttering not a word of blame,
She put them all to bed.

We have received a full description of the interior of the new Seminary Chapel, which is shortly to be built, with which we most respectfully close our Mirror :

“The seats are to be of oak, and the floor will be paved to avoid the expense of a carpet. The pulpit will be constructed of the benches of the old Brick Academy, and will be large enough to hold the five Professors and their families at one time. The pews for the Academy boys will have their seats thickly ornamented by nails, in order that the Academy boys may not sleep during the services. An arm-chair for Dr. Taylor will be provided, which will be suspended like a hammock, from the ceiling of the church, and access to this seat will be provided by means of a rope ladder. Only one window will be provided near the Academy seats, in order that the boys may not have their attention diverted from the service. That all may have an opportunity of looking through this window, it will be portable, and Master Burdick will carry it around for that purpose while the hymns are being sung.”

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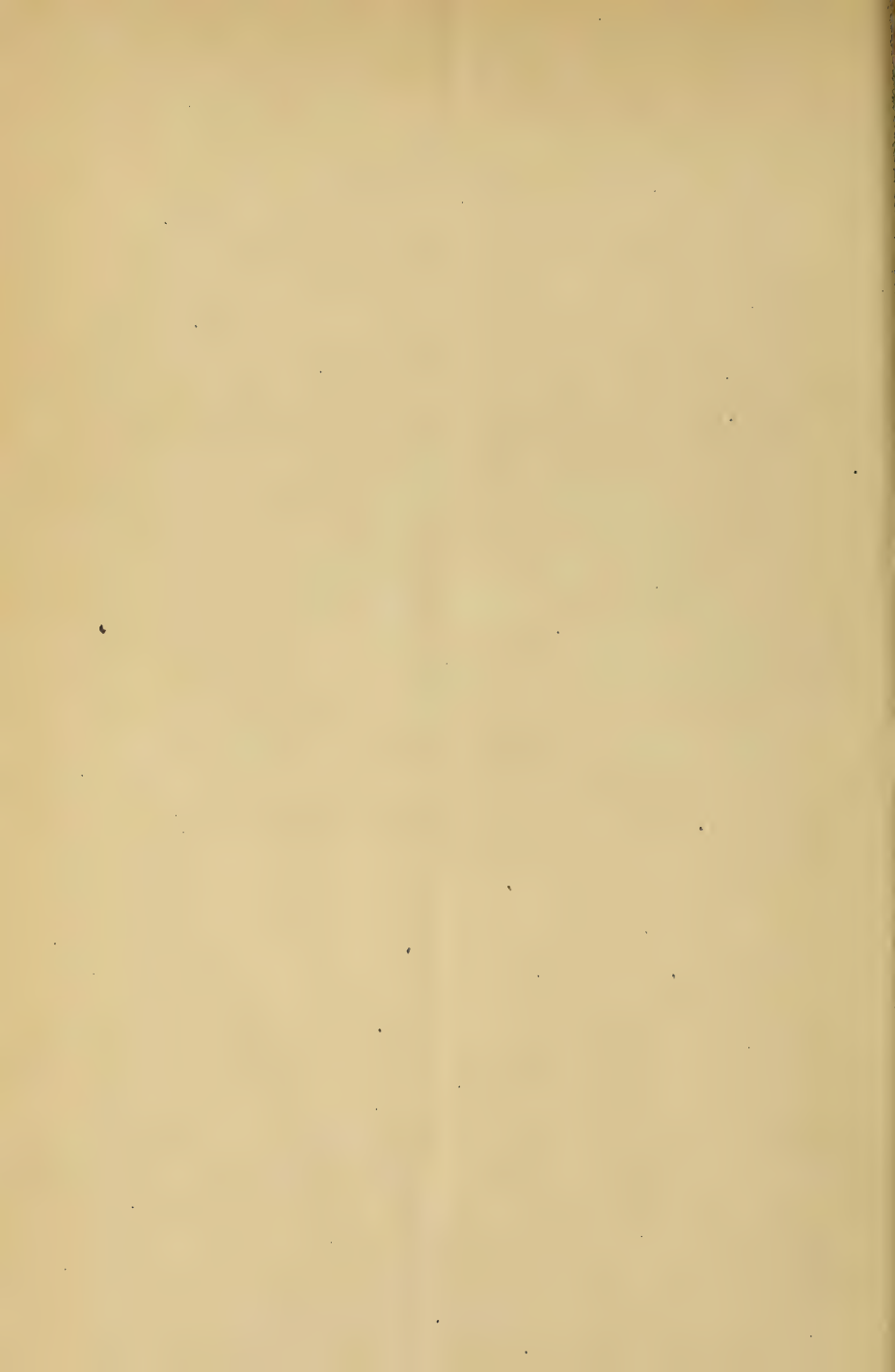
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G. A. STRONG, }
S. B. JACKSON, } EDITORS.
H. G. TALCOTT, }

GOD EVERYWHERE.

As we pass through the budding wood,
When Spring is making bright the fields;
We only know our God is good,
Before his love all evil yields.

When Summer comes with burning heat,
And deeper fragrance fills the air,
Whene'er with loveliness we meet,
We know a loving God is there.

And when rich Autumn fills with grain
The fields, and paints the glowing trees;
Our grateful hearts can know no pain,
For Heavenly love loads every breeze.

In Winter when the skies are drear,
And all around is veiled in snow,
E'en then God's love is always near,
His power doth ever with us go.

Thus in Spring's freshness, Summer's bloom,
In Autumn ripe, in Winter's air,
All filled with love we fear no gloom,
We know that God is everywhere.

F. W. L.

THE NOBILITY OF LOW BIRTH.

THE nobility of low birth! A contradiction of words, says the aristocratic nobody, who values himself on the wealth or positions of his ancestry, and relies on these to hand his name down to posterity, with its appropriate meed of fame. Hold! my dear sir, not so fast, if you please. We insist on the truth of our subject, and we appeal, in its support, with perfect confidence to the history of the world. In looking over its pages, what do we behold? We see a nation springing into life. Who are its leaders? Are they those in whose veins flows blood, ennobled in past ages by the smiles of kings and emperors, honored by the insignia of knightly orders, and distinguished for the pomp maintained in their palatial abodes? History answers, "No, they are men whose frames were early inured to hardships, whose minds were trained and strengthened by the continual buffetings of adversity, and who, rising from obscurity, have carved out for themselves a name and a fame which will outlive and withstand the decay of time, and exist till time is lost in eternity." We see an old-established dynasty, venerable, indeed, in its antiquity, but despicable in its incapacity and hollow worthlessness, being overturned amid the heavings of a revolution. Who are the men who direct and control the stormy waves of insurrectionary sentiment, so that its object is triumphantly gained in the removal of its cause, but the self-made men. The men who possess nothing but stout arms, brave hearts, and sound judgment; who are unable to point to their ancestors, as their recommendation, and would scorn to do so, if they could. Who are the men who explore the trackless wilds of unknown continents, who enrich the literature of their age and of the world, who extend the limits of scientific knowledge, who penetrate the boundless realms of space; and, in a measure, reveal the secrets of the future? They are *not* the scions of a *so-called nobility*. The records of history prove, beyond a doubt, that the successful commanders, the sound statesmen, the eloquent orators, the talented authors, poets, professional, and business men, have, as a rule, risen from the lowest walks of life.

Especially in this country are the leading men the self-made men. In the land of Washington, where every station of government, from the highest to the lowest, is equally accessible to all, it is found that those who rely on their family or their wealth for their advancement in life, are daily distanced by those of humble birth, but royal intellect, who depend only upon themselves.

The grand distinction between America and the nations of Europe, is the distinction between an aristocracy of intellect and an aristocracy of birth. Let us hope that this may ever remain the distinction, or, better still, let us hope that the time may soon come when the aristocracy of the *world* shall be the aristocracy of Intellect.

PASSING AWAY.

I STOOD once by the side of the ocean while a fierce storm was raging in the inclement air, and pouring down its blinding floods of rain upon the drenched earth and the raging deep.

Below my feet the mad billows were foaming and chafing as they wildly dashed the waves high in air, or impelled them with resist-

less force against the sounding shore. The lightning darted to and fro in the heavens above, illuminating the scene with a strange and supernatural glare, while the deep rolling thunder made the black and heavy clouds reecho, with its grand and mighty volume of sound. So I left the scene, and entering the house sought shelter from the storm. When morning dawned again I stood on the beach where the night before I had witnessed the contending elements, and lo! all was changed. The wind that had howled so terribly through the midnight air had died away.

The mad billows that so recently were raging in their water fury, and dashing high the foam in air were now smiling calmly and peacefully as though their gentle slumbers had never been disturbed by the fierce strife of the elements. The thick, black clouds that had met mid air in the shock of conflict, and had made the earth resound with their muttered thunder were all dispersed, and the sun in cloudless majesty was shedding his beams upon the rejoicing earth. The storm, the conflict, and the darkness, had all passed away in a single night. And as I stood contemplating the scene the thought forced itself upon my mind that even thus were all mortal affairs destined to pass away. Sorrow comes to the human heart, and the eddying tides of grief sweep over the soul. But morning comes with new joys and brighter hopes, and the heavy load passes away. Pleasure and hope thrill the heart with glad delight, and the soul rejoices in the attractive objects which are spread around on every side full of beauty and interest. But these, too, pass away, and are succeeded by darkness and gloom. Bright forms of beauty are around us, upon whom we shower our choicest love and affection.

We gaze upon them with tender, yearning interest; we clasp them in our arms; we call them ours, and lo! they are passed away, and we are left with broken, bleeding hearts, to mourn the treasures we have lost. Passing away! It is the song which the stars ever murmur as they sweep on through the trackless heaven. The wild winds take up the mournful strains and waft them far over land and sea. The deep, boundless, and majestic ocean, as it rolls on unrestrained by human power, owing allegiance to none save the Almighty, from its deep unfathomable caves, ever echoes the same mysterious words, — passing away. And upon man himself, God-like man, created little lower than the angels, is writ, in living letters of fire, the same mournful, unalterable decree — Passing, passing away.

C.

"TIMES AT ANDOVER."

In the land of "pork and beans,"
 Where the snow-king rules supreme,
 When the winter winds do scream,
 There is found a little village,
 Where the men do strive, by tillage,
 To get fruit from stony ground;
 Or "do business in the city;"
 Or devote themselves to teaching;
 Or devote themselves to cheating
Stupid boys and men sent to them
 To receive the *sweets* of study.
 But they see the damsels ruddy,

And they leave their books and study,
 And go roving round the town,
 And they make all sorts of fusses

'Bout oyster stews,
 Store-keeping Jews,
 House-keeping shrews.

Shall I tell you of this place,
 This trim, old-fashioned, stupid place?

Who live in it and what they do,
 And try to make a story show
 Enough to let you know

What we poor sinners have to do,
 And make you fellows squirm and screw,
 As we recount what we go through?

Of our "Uncle," *stout* and *handsome*,
 (He will make you, if you say so.)

How they feed on Greek and Latin,
 How they make us sign the rules,

How they make some fellows sorry
 That they cannot go to Lawre—,

I will not speak that awful name;
 Name in which such vice is centred,

Billiards, short-beer, and tobacco,
 Which are not a benefactor

To young fellows sent to
 School to fit for college.

In my haste I did not mention

That here's a school of some *dimenison*, —
 School that we may well be "proud" of.

To this far-famed school called "Phillip's,"
 Called, I believe, from some "old fellow,"

Who gave money, in donation,

To build up this institution,
 Come many fellows, from all creation.

In this heterogeneous crowd,

In the language of another,
 Many fellows do them "proud";

Many, also, do them "green,"

As I myself have often seen;

Yet, in case I might be thought so,
 I will not mention any names.

Here we *flunk* and here we *fizzle*,

Over lessons dry and dismal;

But we soon forget the troubles,

And have jolly times again.

Shall I tell you of our new building?

Of our pleasant walks and views?

Of our hard and flinty church pews?

Now one word in close for "Philo,"

Noble, brave, successful "Philo;"

Long may the banners of her glory

Wave in triumph to the breeze,

And friend and foe bring honor to her,

'Till time shall end, gray-haired and hoary.

MOODS.

In the first place, we venture to assert that few of us are aware how much our actions are influenced by our moods, although we often notice this in others.

Undoubtedly, each one of us has some acquaintance or friend, whose mood is as changeable as the color of the chameleon.

If we are fortunate enough to find him in a hopeful, cheerful mood, going into his presence is like going out into the genial sunshine, on a bright spring morning, when it spreads life and gladness all around, causing the dew-drops to glisten like diamonds, the merry songsters to pour forth their matin song clear and loud, and filling our own hearts with hope and joy. But, alas! if we find him in a desponding, discontented, or, possibly, in an angry mood, we gradually become enveloped in the dark, heavy cloud of doubt or despair, which seems to have fallen upon *him*, and which hides from our longing eyes the sun of hope and happiness, and causes our unpleasant duties, troubles, and afflictions to pass before us in grim array, magnified and rendered formidable by its presence.

Now this fickleness of the moods of many is a prolific cause, we think, of the variance which often exists between those, who otherwise might be bound together by the ties of a mutually pleasant and profitable intimacy.

And it is a duty, we think, that we not only owe to others, but also to ourselves, to maintain as cheerful and even a mood as possible. Again, waiting for the mood which would be altogether desirable, before we attempt a known duty, is not calculated to produce those traits of character which are necessary to the accomplishing of great and good things. He whose actions are not governed by well-formed habits and fixed principles, but by his capricious moods, which are changed by ever-varying circumstances, is like a sailless and helmless vessel, which is tossed to and fro on the waters, entirely at the mercy of the wind and wave. Let us, therefore, discipline ourselves to follow on where duty leads, even if personal feelings have to be sacrificed; for thus we shall get strength of character, hold the reins of our moods in the grasp of our will, make smooth the paths of others, and raise up friends for ourselves, who shall be to us, on life's journey, like the clear, cool water of the wayside spring to the toilworn, thirsty traveller. T.

REST vs. LABOR.

LIFE is not eating, drinking, and sleeping; it is thinking, feeling, and acting. The business of life is not to *kill* time, but to *use* it. These are truisms, which we constantly meet with, in one form or another, but which we too often merely hear and repeat, and do not feel and obey. The question which demands our decision, as we rise to greet each new morning, is not: "How can I shirk my duties to acquire time for amusement?" but: "What ought I to *do*, and how can I best *accomplish* it?" There is a strong tendency in this age of ours, especially among those who are students, — in *action* if not in *reality*, — to regard leisure as the natural condition of life, and labor of any kind as the sworn foe of happiness. Duty, they consider a cruel master, from whom they long to escape, that they may flee

away, and roam unrestrained over the sunny fields of ease, which, by a delusive beauty, constantly attract their wondering gaze. But, to the *true man*, labor is a faithful servant, by whose aid he accomplishes the noble objects which his busy brain conceives. Rest is not an *end*, but a *means*, and hence should be made subservient to action. The object of labor is not to obtain time and means for an indolence falsely termed rest; but, on the other hand, the object of rest, whether it be the passive rest of sleep, or the active rest of amusement, is to acquire new strength and vigor for the performance of the great duties of life.

When this view is made the guiding principle of conduct, rest is no longer the *enemy* of labor, but its true and faithful *ally*.

T. M. B.

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

IN the bloody civil war through which we have just passed, countless are the instances of heroism which, had they taken place in ancient days, would have forever enriched the renown of those who figured in them. Yet though they are severally unknown to the nation, no less dear because unknown, are the braves who went forth and perilled their all for their country, and in her defence enacted exploits which many an old Greek or Roman warrior would joyfully have died to claim as his own. Still in olden time deeds were done, by the recounting of which hearts have been nerved to strike blows for Liberty and the right, which shall win for them the like distinction. It is of one of these tales I am to write.

In a mountain pass surrounded by rugged and impassable cliffs are gathered a few hundred men, the only barrier between the myriads of an oriental monarch, and all they hold dear. I said impassable cliffs. 'Tis true there is a way by which those cliffs may be scaled, and their present impregnable position be rendered untenable, but the Persian knows it not, and surely the secret is safe in the bosom of a Greek. Thus assured they turn their attention towards their foes. The gleaming dusky bands of these are swarming up to the mouth of the pass, and, confident in their numbers, deem themselves invincible. Ah! they have yet to learn what Spartans can do, though few in number, when they battle for their country and their loved ones. The shock comes, and the pampered minions of Xerxes recoil, their ranks shattered and broken. Again and again they advance to the contest, and as often are driven back. The Spartans are filled with joy. Their brave hearts throb with the hope that the haughty invaders are to be checked. They know that their country looked to them for her safety, and they feel that she has not looked in vain. Alas! that there should ever be found at such a crisis human beings, I cannot call them men, who for a small portion of shining dirt will deliberately barter their country. Yet so it often is, and so it was in this case. Like a thunder-bolt came to the little band the news that a party of Persians were advancing along the secret path. Nothing now was left but to die like men. This is no novel, sketched to excite your passions only to allay them. No overwhelming succor comes to their relief just when death stares them grimly in the face. But under the canopy of heaven they fought to the bitter end, and then died, an immortal band of heroes, never to be forgotten. For while men remain brave and true, they will worship the memory, and emulate the example of Leonides and his Spartans.

NOBLENES.

IN this tumultuous, self-interested world it is seldom you find a man who, by his marked character, honorable principles, and sterling worth, lifts himself above mere worldliness, and lives a noble life.

A man, who not only strives with heart and soul to successfully and nobly pursue the particular part allotted him in life; but also by purity, thoughtfulness, and firmness, endeavors to elevate himself and his fellow-man to a nearer approach to that state, which the Creator designed, when he created him.

It takes a great deal to be truly noble. A man may profess to be a Christian, and yet fall far short of spending an exalted existence.

For many Christians, even, too much mindful of self, forget that they have a work to perform for their fellow-men and the world. Yet it is an impossibility for any one to be noble who does not let the influences of christianity enter into his character. For if he does not, he will have lost all connection with God, the concentration and centre of all nobility.

Nobility, what a great quality! What a grand being, is man with it! He has all the virtues. He is generous, kind, and pure. What is man without it!

How great the inducements to be, that is to try to be noble, and to pass an exalted existence!

But there are many ways to elevate one's self above the world, and to be noble. The pious Luther, in his dark and dismal cell, by translating the Bible, and then by his energy in spreading the good tidings; the philanthropists, Wilberforce and Howard, by visiting the prisons; Huss, Alfred, Calvin, Melancthon, Washington, Edwards, Rogers, and Lincoln, by their great deeds and exalted examples, all passed an illustrious and noble life.

The world is all activity and excitement for advancement and improvement.

The field is open for the lawyer, mechanic, farmer, and every one, and the fields to be cultivated, and the harvests to be gathered, are almost infinite.

It becomes men now, if ever, to enter with zeal into the grand work of pushing the world higher and higher towards greatness and goodness.

Yet how can this be done successfully, if men do not try to be purer and more upright?

Let each one purify himself, and then his fellow-man.

What a splendid work, — the elevation of mankind, of beings so “wonderfully and fearfully” made us men!

Then let each and every one strive with all his power to do the good work.

S. B. F.

THE VIOLENT DEATH OF MONARCHS.

IN times when law and order are subverted, either by civil dissensions or foreign invasion, the minds of men are often wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that they can witness, without an effort to prevent them, — nay! even themselves perform, — deeds from which in moments of calm reason they would recoil with horror.

It was in such times as these, without doubt, that spirits were found sufficiently degraded and reckless to raise their hands against their

sovereigns. It is true that assassinations have taken place in countries and at times when all was tranquil, but these cases are the exceptions, and the rule still holds true. In the eyes of most men the bringing down a crowned head is a stupendous enterprise, and few care to enter upon it, even with every prospect of success. Be the crimes of the monarch as heinous as they may, the change from a powerful potentate whose word is law, to an executed criminal, is so vast, that it never fails to awaken feelings of commiseration for the unhappy victim and anger towards his executioners.

Take the case of Charles the First of England, as a single example. Perhaps no monarch ever had more bitter or determined enemies, for the fanaticism of religion was brought into play on both sides of the struggle which terminated so unfortunately for him. Had the party of Cromwell been contented with simply dethroning him, it is possible that Charles the Second might never have existed as such. But the fate which befell the unhappy king aroused for him the burst of sympathy which, though smothered while the strong arm of Cromwell held the reins of government, nevertheless broke forth with all the more power when he had gone, and lavished itself upon the monarch's son. Charles the First in exile might have lived and died without ever being recalled, but Charles the First on the scaffold presented a spectacle which harrowed with remorse the English people, and left them no rest until reparation in part was made to him in the person of his son.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

How little is known of this statesman, who fell a victim to that foul practice of duelling. A man fast approaching, if he had not already attained the first place as a statesman, and in whose full America was deprived of one on whose character political hostility and private malice strove to fix a stain with no success. Not an American by birth, but having at an early age chosen this country for his home, he soon became one of the most earnest in opposing the oppressive acts of the Mother Country, and urging the colonists to resistance. His voice rang through the country with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, as, in the words of his biographer, he "insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed out the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of rebellion sparkling with fire, and washing back upon the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory." Having so strongly embraced the cause of his adopted country, he longed to lend his help in fighting her battles as well as in giving counsel at home. He felt that she had need of his arm as well as of his pen, that he must act as well as speak, and accordingly devoted himself to the art of war. A man of such abilities could not remain unknown in *any* position, and soon he was an active member in the councils of the Commander-in-Chief.

Thus he rose, distinguished in peace for his eloquence, patriotism, and for abilities unsurpassed, if indeed equaled, by any of his contemporaries; in war for his bravery, firmness, and military skill. As a member of the convention which framed our Constitution, he exhibited the purest patriotism, "throwing upon every subject which was discussed the blended lights of his genius, experience, and learning." We can have but an imperfect knowledge of the proceedings of the convention, as the sessions were held with closed doors; but on the

authority of one who was an impartial student of our Constitution and history, — a profound statesman and philosopher. — “there is in our political system scarcely an element of order and durability for which we are not indebted, in a great measure, to the genius of Hamilton.” Such extraordinary exertions in behalf of the Constitution did he put forth, both with his tongue and pen, that he may well be called “the pillar of its support,” as was Adams of the Declaration of Independence. Having taken so prominent a part in the formation and adoption of the Constitution, he could not be permitted then to retire from public life, but was appointed to the office of Secretary of the Treasury — the most important place in the cabinet; for on the skilful and successful administration of the Treasury, more than on any other office under government, depended the accomplishment of the great purposes for which the Constitution was formed. For his success in this office we will only quote the words of Webster, his eulogist. “He smote the rock of national resources, and abundant streams of revenues gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprung upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden, or more perfect, than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton.” From this prominent position he retired to private life, and the practice of his profession. Just in the prime of life, and endowed with “unrivalled natural powers, which had been exercised and improved by his practice in the camp, the senate, the forum, and the cabinet,” he was looked up to by all as one of the pillars of the state.

So glorious, so full of patriotism, so wholly devoted to his country was his life, that his death cast a gloom over the whole country.

Thus passed away a man who was distinguished as a soldier, a statesman, and a scholar.

To his bravery, we owe the victory of one of the most important battles of the Revolution.

Through his eloquence, those noble principles which constitute this government were instilled into many a heart.

X. Y. Z.

DEATH OF A SPY.

The night was dark and drear,
 Not a star illumed the sky;
 The winds were murmuring far and near,
 And the clouds were drifting by.

Along a silent, well-known street,
 Through the darkness and the gloom,
 Came a band of youth, whose names I'll not repeat,
 “Each from his own respective room.”

To the gloomy realms of Uncle Sam,
 These youth did all belong,
 Who is kind and gentle as a lamb,
 And famed in word and song.

Another teacher lives there, too, —
As mean a chap as you can find;
For brains he only has a few,
And these are of a musty kind.

And 'tis said that, of all men who ought to die
For crimes both black and dread,
The most deserving is this mean old spy,
With gloomy brows and solemn head.

Thus thought that noble band of youth,
As on they marched, with stately tread,
With hearts so full of love and truth
For the fair Fem. Sems. with hair so red.

Each grasped in hand, with manly might,
A weapon which, though white and fair,
Was strangely terrible in fight
With spies and traitors everywhere.

They reached the house where dwelt Old Spy,
In shanty, small and mean;
And lo! within they heard him sigh,
From spirit lank and lean.

Then one daring youth approached,
And did the door-bell ring;
The others stood around the porch,
With ready eggs to fling.

Old Spy, aroused from slumbers deep,
Approached with cat-like tread;
And giving one tremendous leap,
Thrust out his ugly head.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then flew the eggs like shafts from heaven;
While louder yet, and yet more dread,
Flew half-hatched eggs around his head.

Old Spy did stamp and rave and swear,
Provoking Zeus and Juno too,
And wildly tore his beard and hair,
As still the yellow missiles flew.

There came another heavy sound, —
A hush, and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky;
The work of death was done.

THE TRUE CRITIC.

AN idea seems to be prevalent, that criticism and fault-finding are synonymous. That to criticise a book, the critic must, if possible, destroy all chance of success. It would follow, that the critic and author must always be at variance, and that hatred and strong personal feeling should influence each. This fallacy has prevailed so extensively, that many a good author has been ruined by this style of butchery. A critic of this stamp sees only faults and blemishes. This style of criticism and its surroundings is aptly described by Swift. "The malignant deity of criticism dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; Momus found her extended in her den upon numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age: at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked and headstrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill Manners." A critic should examine a book as an architect examines a building, — not to destroy it, but with care to find the imperfections, and in kindness to point them out. We do not say a critic should praise wholly, nor is it his office to seek out beauties alone. His is a middle course. He must both praise and blame. "A critic ought justly to weigh the merits and demerits of authors, but his office is *rather* to blame than to praise. Just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also, that the reason and foundation of excellences and faults be accurately ascertained." With his duties thus plainly defined, what critic can so err as regards his duties? The critic must view the work submitted to him with perfect impartiality. He cannot hesitate, but must praise the good work of an enemy, and blame and censure the imperfections in that of a friend. The true critic is a man of letters and taste, a good judge of *poetry* as well as of *prose*, and is himself able to write. He is never a disappointed writer, for, as has been remarked, "the weak and insipid white wine makes, at length, excellent vinegar." An ignorant critic, like an ignorant workman, destroys what he never can rebuild. The true critic corrects and refines the structure already reared.

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that the author writ,
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 When nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be pleased with wit."

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

It was about five hundred years after Christ, upon the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, that chivalry dates its existence.

The nations of Northern Europe were left almost destitute of all forms of government, and the people soon fell into all the lawlessness and degradation for which the middle ages are so infamous.

At such a time the rights of the poor were at the mercy of every

bold, unprincipled man, and consequently the whole *morale* of the people received such a severe shock, that it was with difficulty, that the majesty of the law and the influences of religion were in any way restored.

There is, however, one redeeming feature amidst all this degradation and brute-like way of living.

There are always men in every age of the world like Alfred the Great and Charlemagne, who seem to stand forth, in intellect, ages ahead of the men of their day.

This was the case in the middle ages.

The men who had the principle and respect for law and order organized themselves into a body, for the protection of the rights of the poor and oppressed, and although a great many of their actions are myths, and a large amount of their helping the miserable is ascribed, in the legends, to the love of some fair mistress; still even the very legends and tales contributed to advance the literature, and consequently the civilization of the world.

Still some may ask how simple stories about the extravagant love of foolish knights and ladies; how the jostling at the tournaments, and the pages' gorgeous apparel, and paraphernalia of knights errant could affect the education and enlightenment of the world.

Let those, who ask this question, remember what is the whole tenor of the stories and legends. Is it not for the advancement of truth and right?

Are not all the deeds of the knights done for the protection of injured people? Besides the stories themselves are beautifully told, and contain many noble sentiments. Without the redeeming feature of knighthood, what a miserable blank would the history of the northern nations during the middle age be. The history is indeed disgraceful, even with the good influences of chivalry; but what would it be without it!

So much evil, to a great extent, counteracts the good.

The legends of chivalry, like the tales of Mythology, form a very valuable part of our literature.

The occurrences and the beliefs which occasioned these tales have passed away, never to return.

Never more will the world be in such a state as to need the knight errant. Never more will the whole world believe in Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Apollo, as did the ancients.

The tales are valuable, just like antique vases, and busts, for they are old and quaint. When will the noble principles of the good knight Arthur and his companies of the Round Table be again enacted?

I fear never, as they were of old.

Yes the fascination of the tournament, of the crusade, of the mail and the noble horse, have passed away, and left the world more calm and staid, but less poetical. However, as one of our great men says, the age of humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, conferred the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. And although the effect of the chivalric age on the dark ages was for good; still there are fields of bloodless victory, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered.

“ There’s a fount about to stream,
 There’s a light about to beam;
 There’s a warmth about to glow,
 There’s a flower about to blow;
 There’s a midnight blackness changing into day,
 Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way.”

THE VALUE OF DETERMINATION.

"WHERE there's a will, there's a way," is an old proverb which has held true for many a year, and will continue to do so in time to come. "Where there's a will, there's a way," but, alas; how often "where there's a way, there's no will." Battles have been lost, opportunities of making fortunes slighted, prospects in life blighted, and, worse still, the certainty of obtaining happiness hereafter neglected, till it was forever too late — because there was no will.

In days of yore a little nation just springing, or rather struggling into existence, was forced, in order to avoid total destruction, to engage in a war with a powerful state, rich and prosperous, maintaining an army, and the most efficient fleet of the day. The chances of coming out triumphantly in the approaching contest seemed fearfully small for the little republic; and men less brave and determined than its hardy defenders would have abandoned hope, and given way to despair. But with valor unsurpassed they resolved to dare those fearful odds, knowing *themselves*, and that for their country they were ready to lay down their lives.

For their army they had no concern; but, alas, they had no navy, not even a single galley. What could they do? Being in its infancy, the republic possessed no ship-builders, and if she had, there was no model for them to go by. Accidentally a vessel of the enemy was wrecked on their coast. Eagerly they took advantage of the mishap. To them it was a godsend. They applied themselves diligently to the task of building a fleet, modeled after this galley. While this work was going on, they placed benches on the *land*, and daily instructed and drilled squads in the art of rowing, that not a moment might be lost, after the ships were ready, in putting out to sea. At length the last stroke was given to the last galley, and the first Roman fleet started forth to meet the foe, each ship being equipped with an invention, by the aid of which, if they could once grapple with an antagonist, they could fasten the ships together so that there might be no escape. The idea of *their* wanting to throw up a struggle until victorious, was entirely unthought of.

It is needless to go into the details of the war. They sailed, they met, they conquered: and in after years, the feeble little republic grew to be the mistress of the world.

E. R. G.

FORGOTTEN.

WHERE are the days of childhood now,
With joys we knew, ere Time's rude plough
Had furrows left on each smooth brow?
Forgotten?

Where are those later days and years,
Marked, some by joy and some by tears?
Are they, with all their hopes and fears,
Forgotten?

Where are our youthful loves and friends?
Does memory cease when breathing ends?
Are they — though where each mortal tends —
Forgotten?

The home which smiled upon our birth,
 The dearest spot of all on earth,
 Is it, and all its gladsome mirth
 Forgotten?

Have we, like mariners who roam
 And to the Lotus-eaters come,
 Tasted, and all the journey home
 Forgotten?

Ah, no! these memories ne'er shall die
 Until we heave our parting sigh
 And in the grave's cold depths *we* lie
 Forgotten.

W. R. B.

A DREAM.

ONE Saturday afternoon, wearied in mind and body, I left my room and directed my steps toward the old churchyard, which, surrounded by pleasant shades and lofty trees, had been for many years the last resting-place of man.

Having wandered about for some time, gazing at the various tombstones which had been erected as the last tribute of love and affection, I paused before a beautiful monument which had been reared in memory of one who, in the very bloom of youth and health, had been snatched away by the relentless hand of death. Endowed with beauty and grace, with intellectual power and genius, with a heart that beat response to every pure and noble desire, he appeared in every way fitted for the solemn and responsible duties of life. And why, I asked, throwing myself on the green grass that surrounded his tomb; why should he, the darling of his family, the hope of his friends, the noble, the great and good; why should he, from whom so much had been expected, and upon whom such lavish love had been showered, be resting here, wrapped in the sable mantle of death, while the impure, the ignorant, and the base were suffered to live a useless and unhonored life?

As I thus communed with myself, a strange mist appeared to envelop me on every side, shutting out the light, and obscuring the objects around me. A strong hand was laid upon my shoulder, and, impelled by some mysterious and unseen influence, I was lifted from the earth, and borne through the air. For hours, in company with my unknown and invisible guide, I swept on through the heavens, till, at length, all consciousness left me. When I regained my senses, I discovered that we were hovering over some far-off and unknown city. It was night, and swiftly descending from on high, we traversed the streets now solitary and deserted, pausing, at length, before a gloomy prison, whose dark sides loomed upward toward the heavens, seeming to pierce the black and sombre mass of darkness. The massive bolts and bars yielded to our touch, and hastily wending our way along the winding corridors, we paused before the cell of one of the condemned prisoners. Entering the room, which was dimly lighted by a flickering taper, I saw, reclining upon the cold floor, the sleeping form of a man who was tossing to and fro in restless slumber. Ever and anon wild muttering would escape his lips, while his haggard features were distorted with anguish and despair.

As I turned, shuddering, from the sight, the invisible guide whispered in my ear the name of my friend, whose untimely death I had so bitterly lamented. I raised my eyes, and as the light flashed upon the countenance of the prisoner, I discovered, to my intense amazement, that the features were indeed those of him whom I had so recently followed to the grave. In my utter bewilderment a voice whispered, "Such *would* have been his fate, had he been permitted to live." Just then a voice seemed to ring through the air which grew louder and louder, and opening my eyes, I discovered that I had been beguiled by the drowsy god of sleep, and it was all a dream. c.

AMERICA'S BASTILE.

IN reading over the history of the French Revolution, we learn that when the lawless mob gained the ascendancy in Paris; among the first objects of revenge was the Bastile. There for centuries had lovers of liberty pined and died; there had the friends of the French people suffered for their sake, and this same French people razed it to the ground.

America, with its freedom of speech, its free press, and its republican institutions, also, has its Bastile. Yes, in the great metropolis of this country, on its principal thoroughfare, not only now, but in years gone by, has a man had a prison-cage, not a Bastile in name. Ah no!!! It is a museum, a repository for curiosities, the home of dwarfs, and giants, filled with the relics of past ages, and the wonders of this. This gentleman delights in changing names, he makes a poor, imbecile negro, a wonderful unheard of animal from the Island of Borneo, and calls it the "What is it?" He covers an old crow bait with wool, and advertises it as a great curiosity, — the wonder of the nineteenth century. Is it a wonder, then, that he calls his cage a museum? Is it surprising that he designates a collection of chattering monkeys, snarling cats, growling dogs, and two surly bears: a *HAPPY Family*. Is it remarkable that he has been able to find a bearded lady and two beautiful Circassian girls, who but for their woolly heads would look very much like American maidens?

Can it be wondered at that a gentleman who has accomplished all these things has been successful in making a seal worthy of the name "*learned*," inasmuch as he knows enough to eat when food is proffered to him. O Barnum! Barnum! How long? Oh! how long? will you, for the sake of swindling a few poor, verdant countrymen of thirty cents a piece, keep so many poor animals in durance.

Repent! oh repent! of your cruelty, lest your *happy* bears will fall upon you and kill you: lest the learned seal will lose its accustomed vivacity, and lest you may finally be unable to procure wigs for your beautiful Circassian girls?

EDITORS' TABLE.

“ANDOVER is still progressing in the arts and *demoralization*.” There has been more of real fun within the quiet precincts of Zion's Hill, this term and year, than there has for many past. The *Boston* scrape, the *rope* scrapes, the *egg* scrape, have rendered some individuals quite famous. The fellows have become quite *lawless*, in Uncle's opinion, but they have had good times. Poor Uncle has been *too* much tortured !

Cherries *have been* ripe, as will be seen by the following effusion of our highly-honored poet, of the *Mirror*, who again favors us. Here it is *verbatim* : —

CHERRIES.

It was on a fine day, ninety-five in the shade,
When on some fine cherries I made a bold raid;
The cherries were ripe, and tempting they looked, —
Fair, sweet, luscious, and meant to be hooked.
I had eaten near a quart and a half
When, all of a sudden, I heard a scream and a laugh;
What can it mean ? I thought to myself,
As I climbed down the tree like a spirit or elf.

In a minute, I heard awful sounds,
As though a lion had burst his bounds;
I heard a voice like the roar of the sea,
What did it say !

“Boys, *down* from that tree !”
That voice belonged to Uncle Sam.
He the lion;
I the lamb.
I in the tree,
He on the ground.
I was caught, but no cherries found.

MORAL.

No more I'll hunt for cherries wild,
But stay at home, and eat them *biled*.

Andover never has looked prettier. The beautiful trees around the Seminary park, and “around town,” seems to have budded and shot forth with new vigor and greenness; and then, both by the completion of the Academy, the Library, and by the other improvements, great advantages have been added to the means of education.

Base ball — the national game — has had full sway over a large part of our “Phillips Boys,” and we have only to watch the playing of our school nine, and to look at their victories, to be proud of them, and indulge in great hopes for the future.

There seems to have been something *inspiring* in the air, for our jolly "ex prex. of Philo," finds hard work in restraining, from that "soul-inspiring air" —

" Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
Or any other man,"

Or, with interspersions from the audience and himself, of the "Death Rattle," he bursts forth in pathetic peals of love, to the "Gay girl dressed in blue." And then, oh! the Fem. Seams. walk up by our Academy, affording peculiar *attractions* for some well-known Philo-matheans.

"HOMER" IN ANDOVER.

Mr. Editor, — The following lines, bearing the signature of "Homer," were found in the cellar of the fourth house, Latin Common. It is extremely likely that Andover will be added to the towns that claim "Homer" as their citizen.

Sing, O muse! the destructive wrath of the much drawing Bridgman,
Which brought ill on the heads of three mighty seniors of Phillips,
And made them a prey for the tongue of the far-seeing Uncle.
What was it, then, that caused the wrath of the drawler?
The voice of Andrews the rosy, for he and the note-taking Sherman
Went together to visit the jovial Beach, the joke-maker;
And the ears of Bridgman heard them, for he was visiting Proctor,
So he came to their room, and his eyes shone like glowing fire.
Then the joke maker addressed him, and he gloomily eyed them,
And said, in reply, "Do all of you sleep here together?"
Then answered Andrews the rosy, "I board at John Quincy's."
And Sherman the surly, said, gruffly, that he did not room there.
Then said the much drawler, "I will give you a minute
For you to go to your rooms in your primitive dwellings."
Then Andrews the rosy answered, "The hours for study are over,"
But the diaphragm of the reporter grew black, and he answered him roughly,
"That is not the point, nor will we argue it, Andrews."
Then the good *writer* went out, and the staircases rattled beneath him
As he descended, enraged in his heart at the drawler.
Then also Sherman departed, and left the joke maker,
And then the reporter plunged into the darkness and left him.

Such was the terrible wrath of the much drawing Bridgman.

I suppose it is too bad to joke our little *goak* maker, Beach, now that he is out of "Philo."

In one of the rows, a famous *bell* was stolen, which occurrence gave rise to the following inspiration: —

Toll, Bumhead, toll!
At morning, noon, and night, when meal-time came,
The great bell Bumhead rang.
Lucretia was its lovely ringer's name,
And clear and loud it sang,
Calling the boarders, as soon as they were able,
To come and eat at Mrs. Abbott's table.

Toll, Bumhead, toll!
To breakfast didst thou call,
And quickly down the stairs the boarders came.
Each plunged his fork into a hot fish-ball,
And ate four biscuits without shame.
So acted men
Like vultures then.

Toll, Bumhead, toll!
One night thou disappeared, —
Some robber bore the part,

To lose thee Mrs. Abbott ne'er had feared.
 She heard thee toll thy last.
 Lucretia, in despair,
 Tore her nice auburn hair.

Toll, Bumhead, toll!
 No more in Mrs. Abbott's hall
 Thy echoes cling;
 No more shalt thou the boarders' hearts appall
 With thy fierce ring.
 Toll, Bumhead, toll!

F. W. L.

If, then, such sober fellows as ex prex. sings ditties of love, and such sedate fellows as some chase "fairy elfs" from "Fem. Sem." bowers, what can be expected from the crowd of fine fellows who

Strike for the last flunk and fizzle,
 Strike him on the head and noddle?

The boys are happy; I am sorry to say that they do not

"Improve each shining hour,"
 In conning Greek roots o'er and o'er.

The commencement of our *sister* institution, the Abbott Academy, and all the exercises, passed off finely.

Gentlemen of Philo, our school-year is passed. Let us take warning from any mistakes, and profit from any successes of the past: making it our principle to try to do better and nobler. Society and school-life is one of the greatest pleasures to look back upon; and to him who has done his duty, it is of double gratification. The first experience, the first debate, and then the familiarity with the society, rise up in the mind, and lead to a pleasant train of reflection.

Yes, let us do our duty "with noble aim as nobly dare."

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